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MEMOIRS OF KAROLINE BAUER.

VOL. II.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS (Continued from First Volume) on the FIRST EDITION of this Work.

Spectator.

"This is a strange, yet singularly interesting book. . . . In addition to personal matters, the book, as we have already remarked, contains much that is interesting. While curious as a psychological study, it shows us several historic characters in a new light, and gives some striking pictures of the Court and theatrical life of fifty years ago. But it is quite evident that the object of the author in writing her memoirs was rather to avenge her wrongs than to vindicate her memory. More than forty years after her mock marriage her hatred of Prince Leopold and her cousin was as great as ever, and of that hatred this book is the outcome."

St. James's Gazette.

"This is a book that will find troops of readers. Scandal, where great people are concerned, is eagerly discussed, and the scandal which salts these 'Posthumous Memoirs' of the celebrated Berlin actress happens not to be of a kind to vex the fastidious. They demolish a reputation which once stood second to none amongst kings and kaisers. . . . But, whatever view we may take of the strange freak of fate which linked Leopold of Coburg and Karoline Bauer together for the space of twelve months, there will be no two opinions about the literary merit of the 'Posthumous Memoirs.' They swarm with anecdotes and with graphic sketches of celebrities of every kind. Were it not, indeed, for our confidence that this is a book which will make its mark at once, and may, perhaps, number more readers than any other that will be published in the season now commencing, we should feel it necessary to quote some of these sketches and anecdotes, to give our readers a similar assurance that the perusal of these well-printed volumes will afford them more than ordinary pleasure."

Contemporary Review.

"It is chiefly on account of her relations to Prince Leopold that the memoirs of Karoline Bauer have interest for us. First attracting his notice through her resemblance to his dead wife, Princess Charlotte of Wales, she became morganatically married to him in England, with the title of Countess Montgomery. Here she passed a period of dreary retirement, till, disgusted by the Prince's indifference and neglect, she returned to Germany, to liberty and the stage. The story of State morals under the Regency is no new one; but quite novel is the light that the authoress throws upon the character of Prince Leopold. This Monsieur *peu-à-peu*, as he was called, the indefatigable 'drizzler,' the pedantic, ossified egotist, is painted by his victim with a hand that disabuses and spares not. Baron Stockmar, too, cousin of the actress, adviser of the Prince, and promoter of their marriage, does not escape censure. As a *chronique scandaleuse*, these memoirs are marked by a coarseness of realism exceeding even the fashion of an age that demands the most unsparing details in biography."

Truth.

"I should think that everybody who reads anything will read the Memoirs of Karoline Bauer, which, in their revelations of Court scandal, and in the light they throw upon the real characters of many notable personages, surpass in interest even the works of Hervey, Walpole, Wraxall, and Greville. Karoline Bauer draws a most shocking picture of Court life in Germany during the early part of the present century, and her reminiscences enable one to form some idea of what brutal wretches most of the German Princes really were. She gives a startling account of the late Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg, the father of the Prince Consort, whose proceedings in respect to his mistress, Pauline Panam, prove him to have been a consummate scoundrel, and his mother, the Dowager Duchess, appears to have been even more villainous."

Pall Mall Gazette.

"The most interesting book—the book that will cause most stir—is the posthumous Memoirs of Karoline Baur, the pretty and gifted cousin of Baron Stockmar, whom that most respectable of personages induced to become the mistress for a year—under false pretence of morganatic marriage—of that most esteemed of monarchs, Leopold of Belgium. Apart from the scandal with which it is spiced, the book is full of vivid pictures of life in high places and lifelike sketches of such people as Paganini, Sontag, &c."

Whitehall Review.

"As a history of the times in which Karoline Bauer lived it is vastly amusing, albeit she spares no one, but slashes right and left, laying bare their faults and weaknesses, and walking hand in hand with the skeletons, which but for her would have remained in the family cupboard for ever and a day. She was the friend of queens and the plaything of princes, keeping in both capacities her eyes very wide open, and detailing in language by no means select, but which is, on the contrary, very open and 'spade'-like, all their little weaknesses, their *liaisons*, and all the other weak spots in their characters. The sketch of Prince Leopold, luckless Princess Charlotte's royal Consort and Karoline Bauer's *bon ami*, is particularly good, yet particularly unpleasing, we should imagine, to his living relatives, as he is described in forcible, glowing, and presumably true language, his relations with the author having been quite close enough to allow of her forming a pretty shrewd estimate of the man as he was, not as it was the fashion to represent him. Other portraits are drawn with an equally clever, unsparing hand."

Fortnightly Review.

"The surrender of his English pension had been made an indispensable condition of Prince Leopold's elevation to the throne of the new kingdom; and under the terms of this surrender the Prince had stipulated for the allowance remaining liable for a number of very considerable charges, including 'the payment of suitable rewards to those persons who have claims upon me for their faithful services during my sojourn in this country.' Among the 'faithful services' thus requited at the cost of the English taxpayer were those rendered by Christian Stockmar and his cousin Karoline Bauer, both of whom (shade of Joseph Hume!) for their remaining days drew from her Majesty's Treasury the pensions settled upon them by the widowed consort of the Princess Charlotte of Wales."

MEMOIRS

OF

KAROLINE BAUER

From the German.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THIRD EDITION.

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CHAPTER I.

THE DIE IS CAST.

KAROLINE ACCEPTS AN ENGAGEMENT AT ST. PETERSBURG AND LEAVES BERLIN—THE JOURNEY TO RIGA—A SHORT ENGAGEMENT AND A BRILLIANT SUCCESS—ON TO ST. PETERSBURG—A FATIGUING RECEPTION—WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS—FIRST APPEARANCE—A HARD-EARNED VICTORY—A NOVEL ENDING TO ROMEO AND JULIET—GOOD-BYE TO ST. PETERSBURG—BERLIN ONCE MORE—PRINCE LEOPOLD REAPPEARS ON THE SCENE—HE PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO KAROLINE AND HER MOTHER—FIRST IMPRESSIONS—THE PRINCE PROPOSES—KAROLINE GOES TO KOBURG AT HIS REQUEST—BARON STOCKMAR AND BUSINESS—THE DUCHESS LUISE—THE PRINCE RECEIVES KAROLINE AT FÜLBACH—SHE RETURNS TO BERLIN—DOUBTS—RENOUNCES THE STAGE AND LEAVES BERLIN—THE DECISIVE STEP IS TAKEN.

MY various evil experiences in Berlin with Prince August of Prussia, Mdme. Kracau, and at last with "Count" Samoilow, which had become widely known, and which gave an only too welcome opportunity to my enviers and rivals, especially to Prince August and my colleague Mdme. Stich and her followers, to under-

mine my reputation, made it rather desirable for me to change the scene of my theatrical activity.

Two other causes helped to drive me from Berlin. The old objectionable privilege of seniority at the Berlin court-stage so rarely allowed a good or congenial part to fall to my lot—at best those very youthful ones for which Mdme. Stich, Mdme. Unzelmann, and Mdme. Devrient-Romitsch had become absolutely useless, owing to their years. I grew more and more tired of playing again and again saucy lady's-maids, unripe girls of fifteen, colourless, moonstruck maidens, and pert pages. I felt daily more and more that what talent I had could never develop largely on this soil.

Add to this the pecuniary cares and troubles which my mother and I, the longer we lived in expensive Berlin, had the more difficulty in fighting with. My salary, it is true, had, by the king's favour, soon risen from 1000 thalers to 1200, and in 1827 it amounted to 1500 thalers. But my toilettes, both for the stage and society, cost large sums. The circle of society in which we moved was no doubt very agreeable; but not only is the giving of parties expensive, but the going to, or rather driving to, them is so likewise. Even the tender marks of regard which were offered to the young artiste and pretty girl swallowed up a small fortune in drink-money in the course of the year. For example, we were always greatly put about when a royal lackey brought us a little basket of Sans-souci grapes, peaches, or pine-apples, from the Privy Chamberlain, Herr Timm. Such a royal present always required a royal drink-money. But much worse than all were the continual

demands which my light-headed brother Karl, the smart Baden lieutenant of horse, made on my purse.

My mother had long ago given up to him her entire widow's pension of 600 gulden. But even this supplementary grant never sufficed him. Sister Lina was obliged annually to discharge ever so many large or small lieutenant's debts.

Therefore, in the spring of 1828, I was glad to accept an honourable and advantageous offer for a season's performances in St. Petersburg, with a view to permanent engagement.

But a journey from Berlin to St. Petersburg at that period, compared with to-day's, was quite another thing. To-day you enter the soft, warm coupé of the express at eleven p.m.; wrap yourself in furs and rugs; awaken for the morning coffee in Dirschau; have luncheon in Königsberg; dine in Eydtkuhnen at four o'clock; the next day, at six o'clock, you dine with great comfort in St. Petersburg.

To-day a professional trip trom Berlin to St. Petersburg is a trifle, a jaunt; at that time, especially in winter, it was a serious affair—a great deed; nay, a sacrifice which one imposed on one's self. For what troubles and expenses were entailed, not merely in the journey itself, which it took weeks to accomplish, but also in the preparations for it! Travelling-furs had to be got as if you were going to Siberia; it was necessary to purchase a comfortable and strongly-built travelling-coach which would possess the rare quality sturdily to overcome the 103 German miles of dismal, unpaved, muddy roads to Polangen, and the still more dismal 840 versts of the bottomless Russian tracks. Nor could you do without a reliable, sturdy

man-servant, who, if necessary, would have the courage to protect two helpless women from German "galanteries," against Russian Cossacks, custom-house officials, and drunken peasants.

To-day a journey to St. Petersburg costs ten—at that time, one hundred—Friedrichs-d'or.

And let us examine the golden prize for such an art-martyrdom. The conditions on which now-a-days a contract for a season's performances in St. Petersburg is signed, are ten times more favourable than at that time. At least in that respect we are living at present in the *golden* period of art; the *silver* period fell into the fourth decade of the century. I had to battle through the *iron* one.

But how?—has art likewise grown tenfold during the fifty years that have since gone by?

Scarcely; not art, but virtuosity.

To-day the starring tour of a first-class art-virtuoso through Russia is a triumphal procession; at that time the journey of an artiste was a pilgrimage. Still, the former manner of travelling was much more poetical than to-day's, at least for a young, gay, and courageous heart. I recall with particular pleasure the quiet, clear, moonlight nights which I spent awake, sitting in the snug corner of the coach beside my mother, holding in my lap my merry little dog Lisinka, when villages and woods flew past us as in a dream, and the postillion blew on his horn the "Dessauer" march or the "Mantelleid," in his melancholy way.

And how much you saw and heard on such a slow journey of several weeks' duration!

We left Berlin in the beginning of March, 1828, in

order to arrive in St. Petersburg immediately after Lent. For two days and two nights we drove on without stopping, with the exception of a short stay in Elbing, as soon as fresh horses could be procured for our coach.

From Königsberg our journey lay through barren, desolate regions, partly along the coast of the Baltic; the same road which once the unhappy Queen Luise, sick with fever, had pursued in her flight before the French. We had been told awful stories about parties being buried in the quicksands; but did we not drive with Prussian postillions? On then, without fear!

The Russian Consul in Memel, to whom I had been recommended, had given me, for protection, his secretary, who spoke Russian, as far as Polangen. "However, some drink-money you will have to give, I fear; the custom-house officers are, in a way, dependent on it, as they are poorly paid."

But soon we were to have the disconsolate certainty that our knight was utterly useless for us, as he was entirely without energy.

"I hope you do not carry with you new things?" he asked nervously.

"Certainly; my travelling necessaries."

"That's a pity, great pity."

"Why?"

"You will be bothered."

"Just you make the money chink; the officials look forward to good gratifications."

"I have none on me," replied our champion with some embarrassment.

"Here, sir," I said, handing him some roubles.

A league on this side of Polangen we saw armed horsemen galloping up to us. Our protector said, "Don't be afraid, they are merely frontier-guards."

"And what have we to do with them? What do they want?"

"To accompany us as far as the custom-house."

"But for what purpose?"

"In order to escort you; or if you appear suspicious, or carry with you contraband articles, they would conduct you to a place which I am sure you would not like."

"Very gratifying!" I said, and watched the horsemen with curiosity. The latter, however, looked pretty enough, sat with ease and gracefulness upon their spirited little horses, and looked at us from their martial, bearded faces good-naturedly, brandishing thier lances as they surrounded our coach. Just as if we were prisoners of war they held us surrounded, not leaving us till the coach stopped at the custom-house.

Dante's words, "Ye who enter here, leave Hope behind," should have hung as a sign-board outside, then we should have been worthily prepared for this diabolical apartment.

A terrible smother of heat and pestilential air rushed into our faces. The double windows allowed little light to enter through the dim panes. A multitude of Jews sat or stood around, looking at us inquisitively. The officials received us with a growl, and slowly commenced the examination of our luggage, which our man-servant helped to carry in. A lurking glance from time to time was darted at us from their bloated, greyish, pale faces, when some piece of the luggage

attracted their special attention. The secretary wiped the very sweat of anguish from his brow, when one of the searchers held out to him, with the dirtiest fingers, a pair of satin shoes, speaking eagerly at the same time. I stepped up to them.

"What does the rude man ask?"

"Why you carry new shoes with you."

"Am I to play in old shoes before their Majesties in St. Petersburg? Or shall I have shoes made there to order first? Translate that to him please, word for word, and do emphasize that H.M. the Empress Alexandra has personally invited me to play before her in St. Petersburg."

That availed. The unpacking continued a little more quickly; when I suddenly heard behind me a sound like that of slapping, and angry speaking. I turned round and saw a mere pigmy of an official, hardly eighteen, box the ears right and left of a venerable old peasant, with snow-white hair and long beard, who in embarrassment drew his bonnet through his fingers, and stammered some excuses. Indignantly I quickly placed myself before the old man, and protecting him with outspread arms, I cried, beside myself, without thinking that my words would not be understood, "If he has erred he will be punished, but not by you, young man! Honour to old age! Does one slap the face of an old man who stands with one foot in the grave already?"

Now the room became astir. The Jews clamoured, the officials approached us, the guard rushed in, and our servant cried, drowning all other voices, "We are Prussians." My poor mother had sunk upon a chair, hardly able to restrain our little dog, which barked

like mad, wanting to defend me. The puny official clenched his fist, and sought to get at the peasant. The secretary said, pale and trembling, "What are you doing? You will not be allowed to continue your journey."

"So much the better, so much the better!" I retorted more and more excitedly, and remained standing and shielding the old man. "I don't want to proceed; I will return to Memel; I have lost all pleasure in making the nearer acquaintance of a country into which one is introduced by armed men, like a criminal, where one is treated as a smuggler, and where poor hoary old people are slapped in the face. I wish to return. Interpret that, and tell them that I shall report the whole occurrence to the Russian Consul in Memel, and at the same time desire him to announce my non-arrival in St. Petersburg, and also the cause of it. Then when Prince Wolkonski hears in what manner the subaltern officials exceed the orders of their superiors, the punishment will not be long in coming, and that malicious pigmy there will get his due reward!"

At last the secretary spoke with energy. I heard several times the word "Knas" (Prince) Wolkonski. The officials ordered the ear-boxer out of the room, and when at last—unfortunately too late—our knight chinked his, or rather my, money ostentatiously, the examination of the luggage proceeded with greater expedition, and soon we could proceed on our journey.

My old peasant wiped one tear after the other from his face with his trembling hands; I put money into his hands, stroked his outraged cheeks, com-

forting him with kind words as though he could understand me. He thanked me by looks that seemed to say, "Happiness and bliss accompany thee, oh stranger! Thou art the first being that was ever kind to me!"

The Jews escorted us with friendly nods to our coach, the officials even saluted, and the peasant waved his bonnet, wishing us "God speed!" The secretary had recovered a little from all these vexations, and promised to make a report of it to the consul; we endeavoured to sweeten that anxious hour for him by a present in money.

And on we sped towards the Dwina, with our first Russian postillion. He was a very young, exceedingly handsome lad, supple, and playfully wild, like a kitten. Wrapped in a long tunic, trimmed with sheep's wool, which was held by a leathern girdle round his slender waist, on his head he wore a fur cap, and he had such brilliant, wild eyes. So he stood, now on the pole, then he sprang down and ran shouting and cracking his whip alongside the horses, which did not require to be urged on, as they flew onward with us like the wild chase, over "Knüppeldämme,"[1] frozen ditches, and water-pools. In vain our servant invited the little savage to sit beside him on the box. He only laughed and showed his beautiful shining teeth, and ran on friskily, so that his long hair was flying about his head. When I sang a few notes of the Russian anthem, nodding to him at the same time, he immediately understood me, joined in with a clear voice, and sang to us all his melancholy Russian national songs, so that the fourteen versts (about nine English

[1] Roads made of slender tree-stems laid one beside the other.

miles) to the next station passed away very quickly and pleasantly.

I added to the fee previously arranged an extra "na wodky" (for liquor); this I had been advised in Memel to do. Then his white teeth were shining still much more merrily, and he would again and again kiss the good "matushka's" (dear little mother) hand. He also showed the present to the postillion who took his place, and now we were all right. Quickly and cautiously we were driven on, till we came to the banks of the Dwina, which separated us from Riga.

But, oh misfortune! Here we found watchmen on the banks who forbade us to attempt passing on the rotten ice. The ice might begin to move at any moment, they said. Still, I was expected by Director Dölle in Riga to appear on his stage next night. In this dilemma the theatre-servant, who had just arrived from Riga, brought me a letter from the anxious director, who asked me in the most touching terms not to leave him in the lurch; the tickets, he wrote, were all sold already for to-morrow's performance. From special regard for me the governor, who was a theatrical enthusiast, had permitted him to manage the crossing in small sledges drawn by one horse each. But everything was to be done with the greatest speed; saddler and smith would take the coach to pieces. I might risk it; there was no danger as yet. The cannon-shots might be fired at any moment, which were the signal that no further passage was to be attempted on any account. How long communication might be interrupted when once the ice had commenced to move, it was impossible to foretell; and

where should I and my mother find a shelter in that case?

"With God's help, forwards, then!" said my mother. Now there arose a great bustle about our coach. Some men were busy unloading the luggage, others took down the carriage; we beheld the work of destruction with resignation. Upon one sledge the wheels were shipped; upon a second the trunks; upon the third and largest followed the cumbrous box of the carriage; upon the fourth sat mother and I, the little dog Lisinka, who seemed very much displeased at the bustle, between us; upon the fifth our servant with the cash-box. That faithful soul had vowed to save us if we should be in danger of drowning. In front went the smith, saddler, and theatre-servant, always shouting and warning us against rotten places.

We shut our eyes, held each other embraced, and felt that we were proceeding at a great pace. Might not the merry chiming of the sledge-bells betoken our funeral knell? The water that stood on the ice to the height of a foot came splashing upon us. Often we thought we were sinking. Oh, how dismally the ice creaked! Then we started up in terror and looked out for the saving shore. At last the horrible drive was accomplished. Director Dölle, with his whole theatrical staff, received us at the bank; he was agitated about equally with joy and fear. The ladies embraced us amidst laughing and weeping; in fact we were welcomed like old friends. With beating heart all had watched the winding of the sledge-caravan; they now led us in triumph into Riga, to the hotel

"Stadt London," where we found everything most carefully prepared for our reception by the amiable hostess, Mdme. Seemann.

Half an hour afterwards the portentous cannon-signals reached our ears!

The success of my short engagement was in every way gratifying. The receipts covered all travelling-expenses. I met with most acceptance as "Agnes," in Ziegler's "Mann im Feuer," a naïve drawing-room part. I played "Agnes" five times, and altogether performed fourteen times in the course of three weeks I sojourned in Riga. The members of the theatre supported me in so friendly and hearty a manner, that I really fancied myself among old friends. The pieces were most carefully studied by the cast. Director Dölle had succeeded in engaging for his theatre a very excellent company, and the good people of Riga quite spoiled me by their hospitable and amiable reception.

The remainder of our journey to St. Petersburg was very tiresome and fatiguing.

Nothing tires the eyes more than to look for days and days on snow-covered plains. One village resembled the other in appearance; tidy wood-houses of pleasing architecture, little stir, all quiet,—one might term it a torpid state. In the post-houses of the various stations we found everywhere large rooms and sofas covered with black leather; the innkeepers and post-masters were courteous,—nay, they spoke German, but they appeared to me dull and resigned, without either wish or complaint, oppressed by an everlasting monotony. The peasants stood out as a handsome type, especially the men, with their good-natured,

kindly faces. The females, although possessed of regular features, were not so attractive; little intelligence spoke out of their eyes; besides, they were mostly too stout, a circumstance all the more striking as the national dress in Russia is very becoming. The belt which the men buckle over their short tunics or coloured shirts shows their figure to be well-proportioned and not without gracefulness. The natives only showed the merry side of their character when in a certain stage of intoxication. A peasant who looked particularly happy bowed to me again and again with radiant face when I passed near where he sat, seized my hand, kissed it, and said, "Matushka! matushka! be not angry with me for being a little jolly!"

Sometimes the monotony was broken by a "telega," a one-horse vehicle without springs, with very high wheels, which swept past at terrific speed. It was thus we met the beautiful Grand Duchess Hélène, with her suite, on their way to Germany. With the swiftness of the wind all her carriages and telegas swept past us.

About five miles on this side of St. Petersburg we passed stately country houses, called "datsches," much grander than those in the Berlin Thiergarten. And then we entered the residential capital of Peter the Great and Katharine. Like a fairy town in the "Arabian Nights," it emerges from the vast desert through which we had hitherto sped. The high, gilded church cupolas, the gigantic palaces, the endless broad streets, especially the magnificent Alexander Newsky Prospect, at first sight caused a peculiarly foreign impression, also the numberless four-horse

vehicles with little boys on the front horse, their clear juvenile voices calling out constantly, "Padi! padi!" (look out.)

Our reception in St. Petersburg was anything but agreeable, strange, as we were, to Russian ways. We alighted in a large chaotic hotel. The director of the German theatre, Herr von Helmersen, awaited us, accompanied by his factotum, Herr Damier, whom he placed at our disposal to help us to look out for apartments, adding, "for here you cannot possibly live!"

"Why not?" I asked in astonishment. "I thought we were in an hotel here?"

"Certainly! But Russian families always bring their beds, victuals, servants, and cooks with them to an hotel!"

"Then there is no bed for us to be had in this hotel, and no food?"

"No, not the least!"

"Very comforting, that!" I said.

Helmersen—to use the mildest term that sympathy and regard for his old age can prompt in order to excuse his want of energy—was a gentle, amiable man, who was at this moment full of one idea only, namely, how he could manage my appearance at court! And that had to take place the very next day, for on the day following the Imperial family would leave St. Petersburg for their annual spring sojourn in the Crimea.

And thus Helmersen neither thought of our fatigue nor of offering us refreshment; he only urged us on. He said,—

"Hasten, as fast as you can, to see Prince Wolkon-

ski;—no, first you must see the Chief Lord Chamberlain to the empress, to hand him the letter of recommendation of Privy Chamberlain Timm in Berlin; then you must call at Prince Dolgoruki's, then at Prince Cutaizow's."

"Why call on four noble lords? Are you not director of the German theatre?"

"That is quite true, but Prince Cutaizow is its intendant; Dolgoruki is the intendant of the French theatre, who has also to prepare his actors for the performance at court, for the latter play after the Germans. The Chief Lord Chamberlain has to announce your arrival to Empress Alexandra; and Prince Wolkonski has then to inquire if a performance can take place at all, and when it may take place."

"Stop, stop!" I said, interrupting Helmersen, "how can I remember all that?"

"Not a moment is to be lost," Helmersen said urgently; "quick, quick! I shall send for a cab!"

"But we have not unpacked yet," I replied, greatly excited; "surely you don't mean that I should make these calls in my travelling-costume? My cheeks are hot, and my eyes are burning with dust, heat, and fatigue."

"And above all, surely my daughter must first eat something!" my good mother cried anxiously.

"Why?" asked Helmersen very naïvely, opening his pale blue eyes very wide.

"Why? Because I am hungry!" I answered, indignantly. "Just think, to have travelled the whole of the night and not even had a cup of tea or coffee as a refreshment!"

"Well," Helmersen sighed, "then you will not

perform at the court. If the necessary orders are not given this very day, it will be impossible to get ready the theatre in the large hall of the winter palace, and the day after to-morrow their Majesties leave town."

He grew silent and downcast, his wisdom was exhausted.

So, quickly the pink satin costume and the black velvet hat were unpacked, the curls loosed from the paper, piled up high, desperately high, the hat clapped upon them, and away we went. The servant met us in the corridor carrying a roast partridge, which he had purchased from a cook. I ate some of it, standing on my feet, almost choking with hurry, for Helmersen cried despairingly, "We shall be too late, too late!" as we rushed down the stairs, entered the carriage, and made for the winter palace; Helmersen delighted, I half killed by the hurry. On the road the prudent director asked me what I would play if the choice were left to me. I decided—prompted by my success in Riga in this part—in favour of the "Mann im Feuer." Helmersen, by not objecting to this, exhibited great ignorance of the merits of his actors.

At last we alighted in front of the enormous winter palace, in which dwell over 3000 people. Up several flights of stairs we went, through endless corridors, till we reached the apartments of the Privy Lord Chamberlain. I bowed to a man of distinguished appearance, and handed him friend Timm's letter of recommendation. After he had perused the letter, he assured us in a very amiable manner that he would immediately inform his mistress, and he was very hopeful that I had arrived in time yet. "You may

say so to Prince Wolkonski," he added, as we withdrew.

Helmersen, as if rejuvenated, again traversed with me endless winding passages. Then we reached Prince Wolkonski's apartments too. In the antechamber there sat and stood a number of military men of high rank; there was a perfect galaxy of stars of orders. I was stared at with wonderment; and I felt my cheeks burn only too hotly and my eyes glow. Helmersen had to speak to the prince first, and soon returned to introduce me to him. Wolkonski's appearance was not prepossessing,—little, old, ugly,—but he improved greatly during the conversation, for besides possessing the manners of a perfect gentleman, he understood how to entertain one cleverly and in an interesting manner. He likewise promised to see the empress at once, made Helmersen write down the name of the play, "Der Mann im Feuer," and gave me a few lines for Prince Dolgoruki. I am sure we drove for half an hour before we reached the latter's palace.

Dolgoruki looked at me with a strange look. Afterwards he laughingly gave me the explanation: "Your crimson-coloured cheeks, the feverish-looking eyes, the hat you had put on so boldly,—all that almost frightened me."

But after I had handed to him Wolkonski's note, and communicated to him all my adventures and how I had been harassed, he became very courteous, promised to aid me to the best of his ability, and advised us to visit Prince Cutaizow.

The latter was the most taciturn of all, but he was obliging and civil.

Then I had to ask the good offices of young Prince Wilhelm of Prussia (the present emperor), who happened to be on a visit in St. Petersburg at the time, to help to bring about my appearance at court.

But now I was so exhausted that I sank into the carriage cushions, sobbing. I cried, "Now back to my mother! Whether I play or not, I require rest." Helmersen remained quite unmoved by my lamentations, for my season promised well, the first performance taking place at court. Fortunately very nice private apartments had been engaged meanwhile; the servant conducted us into the new lodgings, and mother greeted me with a much-needed supper. At last we could abandon ourselves to a refreshing rest, the sweetness of which I felt as never before.

Next morning at eight o'clock I was driven to the winter palace for the rehearsal; in the evening the performance was to take place. I admired the magnificent hall in which the charming little theatre was erected; the actors I could not admire. I hardly knew the merry comedy again in their manner of representing it. In Berlin we had played it in an hour and a half, here it extended over two and a half hours. There was not a trace of conversational dialogue, no humour. The tall, stout Barlow, who performed the "General," did not speak; he recited his part. His "Good morning, dear Agnes!" he pronounced like: "Go into a cloister, Ophelia." Wiebe, who played the part of the young lover, played gravely, and spoke monotonously, like one making his confession; his smiles were unnatural, as if they cost him terrible muscular efforts. All the actors anxiously caught up each word from the prompter. Enough! I

came home from the rehearsal completely discouraged. In despair, I unburdened my bosom to my mother and told her all my fears for my success.

The conviction that the august audience must be bored by the performance, and the consciousness that I had myself suggested the choice of this piece, deprived me of all courage and cheerfulness. Indeed, I once thought of even going to Prince Wolkonski, to tell him everything, and forego the performance before the court. But then it struck me that I should not in that case be able to carry out my engagement at the German theatre in St. Petersburg, for the actors would, of course, have learned the ground of my present refusal to appear before the court, and the object of our expensive and fatiguing journey would have been lost. It was hardly possible to look forward to distinction with a sadder heart.

Before the overture commenced, I looked through the peep-hole of the curtain and watched the brilliant audience. Prince Wilhelm of Prussia sat beside his august sister Alexandra, both engaged in lively conversation; the empress-mother Maria, a Princess of Würtemburg, I noticed sitting beside Nicholas, and I could hardly realize that this beautiful, blooming lady, who looked scarcely forty, was the emperor's mother.

With beating heart I entered the stage; I had to pronounce the first word.

The other actors seemed now to have lost their memories completely. Slowly, sleepily, and unrefreshing, the cheerful little comedy went on. Barlow, who had been in St. Petersburg for years, to make things worse (which was very unnecessary indeed), committed the stupid blunder of appearing in the last

act as "General" in an old-fashioned dressing-gown with large flowers. Beschort in Berlin had chosen a surtout, and Barlow strutted about in a loose dressing-gown: he, the stout, tall fellow on the small stage. It was awful to look at!

I could not endure it any more. I disappeared behind the large screen of the temporary dressing-room, which was put up in a corner of the vast hall, behind the stage. I felt I was pale even under the rouge. Then I was called; very down-hearted I came forth from my place of hiding, and saw Prince Wolkonski before me. He put into my hand a very handsome set of jewels, with the words, "De la part de l'impératrice!"

"My humble thanks!" I replied in a depressed tone. "The august audience have been terribly bored, my prince; is it not so? I have bored them too, I fear. And Barlow's costume in the last act—"

"Yes, indeed, that was not very edifying; but *you* have pleased. Did you not perceive how heartily the empress laughed and the emperor applauded?"

"That is balm for me; but, for all that, the playing was not less awful. I am in despair!"

Wolkonski smiled in a friendly way, saying, "That should induce you to accept of an engagement here with us. We shall provide better actors; you must give an artistic impulse to the German theatre here. Through your talent, your activity, and love for art, much can be improved, and the whole theatre be raised, and then you will like to stay with us."

I honestly confessed that I should like to stay in St. Petersburg, to be able to my heart's content to play in

all *genres;* but, of course, the public would first have to pronounce its verdict about me!

And the German public *was* favourably disposed towards me from my very first appearance on the stage. They would gladly at once have kept me altogether.

The lovely spring sun, as well as the brilliant success of my season, had soon banished my sadness. The pieces in which I played in the German theatre were better studied than the performance at court. I found that Barlow was a thorough artist, who played with feeling in tragic plays; and Weibe and the other actors appeared less stiff and stupid.

Only good Barlow suffered from a fixed idea that he ought to surprise and carry away the audience to admiration by repeated newly-invented theatrical *coups.*

What annoyance did not this cause me in "Romeo and Juliet!"

I played "Juliet," which I had studied in Berlin with Duke Karl of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, here in St. Petersburg for the first time in my theatrical career.

In memory of Pius Alexander Wolff as "Romeo," and Mdme. Stich as "Juliet," I had arranged with "Romeo" (Barlow) in rehearsal to form a touching group in the last act, after a famous painting. "Juliet" lies in her coffin, which stands on a platform to which seven or eight steps lead. After "Romeo" has for the last time embraced his apparently dead mistress, he retires a few paces, takes poison, and breathing out his soul under torments, drops down at the coffin, his dying glance directed at his spouse, so

that the body leaning against the coffin is supported by it. When "Juliet" awakes, and "Lawrence" has fled, she kneels down beside him, stabs herself and dies, her head leaning on "Romeo's" breast. Their fathers ascend the steps, and over the group of "Romeo" and "Juliet" they grasp each other's hands in reconciliation.

Everything went well enough in the rehearsal, but in the evening, thanks to Barlow's ingenious surprises, there was no small confusion.

After the fourth act had passed off more successfully than could have been expected, and the difficult poisoning scene was over, I lay, in very good spirits, near grim Tybalt in the tomb, quietly enjoying the effect which the picturesque concluding *tableau* would produce.

"Romeo" bade farewell to my corpse. I heard him descend the steps, but I wondered that the erection did not shake with the fall of the heavy body of Barlow, as it had done in the rehearsal. "Lawrence" comes, and I awake, asking the question, "O comfortable friar, where is my lord?" and receive the dismal answer, "Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead." According to the part, I have to utter a cry at seeing him dead; I cry, but see no "Romeo" dead at my feet. I could not help noticing that "Lawrence" wanted to draw me down the steps, but took it for a finely conceived device to snatch me away from the terrors of the place. "Lawrence" flees. I continue, "Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. What's here?—a cup, closed in my true love's hand. Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end." But I do not see my husband upon the steps near the coffin

and still I had to kill myself with the dagger attached to his girdle, if the play was to have its tragic end.

Well, then I descend the steps, trying to fill in the pauses with a desperate wringing of my hands; and not far from the prompter's box, I see my lover lying on his back, head downwards, his feet turned towards me, his eyes wide open, his face as red as purple. I saw at once how matters stood.

Barlow, disdaining our agreement, in order to produce a greater effect, had intended to fall down headlong to his whole length; but, unfortunately, had entirely forgotten that the floor, as on all stages, formed an incline. The stout man, who, in order to appear slender, had laced himself very tightly, lay there nearly choking, and I came just in time to avert this punishment from him, or to compel him, by his rising, to make the lofty tragedy end as a farce. For a moment I stared at this dreadful "Romeo" like the head of Medusa, then threw myself down beside him, lifted up his head, and held him affectionately in my arms. "You save me from death!" he whispered to me in the tragic pathos peculiar to him. It was no easy task for me to support the thick, honest "Jovis"—or more correctly "Bovis"—head till our dear fathers had been reconciled; for it must be kept in mind that I had meanwhile stabbed myself. And all this time "Romeo" wanted to describe to me his agonies in this desperate situation, but my patience and my seriousness were at an end. I pinched fat "Romeo's" neck pretty smartly, and whispered the awful words, "Be quiet, or I let go your head!" This had the desired effect immediately. "Romeo"

remained silent, and afterwards thanked me heartily for having thus saved him.

Also the Russian chorus-singer and members of the ballet, and the machinist, were destined to furnish me with strange, real Russian experience.

"Why"—I had never done with "whys" at that time—"why did the dancers laugh during my solo?" I asked the ballet-master after the first act of "Preciosa" in the rehearsal. "If my dance passed in Berlin without being laughed at, I should say that it ought also to find favour with these disciples of Terpsichore."

"They are Russians," the French ballet-master answered, shrugging his shoulders. "They are not fond of German artists."

"I see," I remarked; "that accounts also for the cross looks of the Russian chorus-singers, and their jabbering delivery of Weber's glorious melodies; instead of 'Heil Preciosa, heil der Schönen,' they cry, 'Hil Pitschoso, hil di schnula.'"

The band-master laid the fault upon the conductor of the chorus; the latter censured these automatons for their jabber, and during the performance there was no singing of Russo-Chinese, or laughter of the dancing-women.

Again, the stage machinist seemed to be quite indifferent in the fire-scene, in "Käthchen von Heilbronn," as to whether the German actress broke her neck or not. In the rehearsal he caused the pillar which "Käthchen" was to cling to in her fall, to come down with such lightning swiftness and by such starts, that it upset. Fortunately, I had made them show me the machinery, and when I expressed

my apprehension as to its safety, the machinist answered very coolly, "Nitschewo."

"What does he say?" I asked.

"Nitschewo, means it's all right, or does not signify," I was told.

I walked up, somewhat excitedly, and said to the harmless man, "My dear Mr. Nitschewo, if I should notice to-night that you don't pay attention during the fire-scene, I won't go on the bridge, and the pillar will come down without 'Käthchen;' you will then have to answer for it to your superiors. But if you urge on your men to be circumspect, that I may entrust myself to the pillar, then you will get 'nawodka' (money for whisky)." This appeared plain to Nitschewo, and that night I glided very pleasantly with the pillar from the burning bridge, into the arms of Walter von Strahl.

Altogether I appeared before the St. Petersburgers twelve times during this season, not counting the performances at court, and with ever-increasing success. The sixth and twelfth nights were for my benefit. For every other performance I received 300 paper roubles, about fifteen pounds sterling.

Then the intendant offered me an engagement for three years, with a salary of 8000 paper roubles, and one benefit, for which 3000 roubles were guaranteed.

Now, as I was well pleased with the social German life in St. Petersburg, I gladly signed a contract for three years. I promised to return to St. Petersburg as soon as I could; but my Berlin contract still ran till April, 1830. I hoped, however, for the grace of the king, who would let me go earlier, especially as I went to his beloved daughter Alexandra.

The thought that I should be principal lady here, and could play to my heart's content important and agreeable parts, and that no Mdme. Stich would be able to claim them for herself, was my chief attraction in St. Petersburg.

On my return journey I played again in Riga, Mitau, and Memel, with gratifying success, and arrived in Königsberg on the 5th of July, for a short engagement. On the 22nd of July we returned to Berlin.

From here my mother wrote, the 31st of July, 1828, to her faithful aid and my former guardian, Bayer, counsel to the High Court of Justice in Rastadt, concerning our circumstances :—

"We returned safely from St. Petersburg a week ago, and I am glad to have to report to you nothing but good this time. This long and fatiguing journey has been very fortunate for Lina; our situation is entirely changed by it. You know what salary Lina had here. Everybody knows that here in Berlin one cannot cut great capers with 1500 thalers a year. That my Karl will require to be largely assisted for years to come, and that he has no other support than Lina, you, dear friend, alone know. Therefore Lina, after mature reflection, has accepted the engagement to go to St. Petersburg. She will there receive about 5000 thalers. We only await the return of the good king from the watering-place, to ask his permission that Lina may soon begin her engagement. We hope for his grace, as the king holds nobody back from his fortune.

"It is very nice in St. Petersburg. Dear educated people have received us like old acquaintances. Lina's

good character, her natural, cheerful ways—so free from every coquetry, have won for her every heart in society. In the German theatre she was honoured with receptions like those accorded to the greatest artistes. She is only required to play twice a week, and only beautiful parts, which she enjoys; whilst here in Berlin she had often to play four or five times a week during the last three years, and Mdme. Stich takes care not to give new good parts to a younger artiste. But all this must remain the greatest secret till the king's decision.

"My son Karl is on a visit here at present. During the two years we have not seen him, he has grown stronger in body and mind. The day before yesterday he was twenty-five years old, and I fondly hope that he may have sown his wild oats by this time. His journey here, his outfit in private clothes—as officers of other countries do not appear in uniform here—the payment for a new horse, for two other horses of his have turned blind in a year, so he asserts, and declares himself able to prove—all that will cost us again at least 1000 gulden. How fortunate that Lina drew such good houses in Russia! The journey to St. Petersburg has brought her a net gain of 3000 thalers, after deducting expenses for dresses, coach, servants, post-horses, and hotels, without counting a present from the Empress Alexandra, valued at 400 thalers.

"While still in Riga we paid some of our debts to relatives in Brunswick. A few more such fortunate tours, and all cares and debts will be a matter of the past. The last ten hard years, however, Lina and I shall never forget. If the king grants Lina's prayer for an earlier release from her engagement, she will,

before going to St. Petersburg, undertake a great professional tour through Germany, and expects to make much money by it."

But suddenly there stepped between all these golden dreams and plans a new apparition, which thwarted not only those, but my whole after-life, cruelly and irreparably—it was Prince Leopold of Koburg.

With what exultation I returned home from the rehearsal of Töpfer's comedy, "Der beste Ton," one day at the beginning of September, 1828, calling out merrily to my mother,—

"Mother, I bring pleasant news. Fancy, your early playmate, Prince Leopold of Koburg, has arrived in Potsdam on a visit to the king, and I am to play before him upon the small stage in the new palace on three nights. Perhaps cousin Christian Stockmar is in the prince's suite; if so, he will be able to judge for himself what his little cousin Linchen has made of herself during the six years that have elapsed since we were in Koburg, and I had to recite to him, and he allowed me to become an actress. I hope I shall be able to pass honourably before him. I wonder whether the prince is still as handsome as he is represented in the picture that we saw of him in Ketschendorf, at the residence of the proud dowager duchess. Handsome and melancholy, like the Prince of Homburg. How old may the prince be just now?"

"He was almost five years younger than me," said my mother; "he must be thirty-eight years of age. As a boy, he was exceedingly handsome, well-made and flexible; he had dark curls, and large, quiet, auricula-eyes, which always looked as if he

were deeply absorbed in thought. I always liked his merry brother Ernst, the now reigning duke, much better, despite his many wild pranks, than the reserved, cautious, calculating Leopold. Nevertheless, I should like very much to see my early playmate again, after so many years. If he should visit the Berlin theatre, you will have to get me a good place, not in the actors' box, but in the dress-circle opposite the royal box. But I am surprised that cousin Christian has not given us a hint of this distinguished visitor in Potsdam. Could it be that Baron Stockmar, as the king's guest, would not know a cousin actress, and an aunt a theatrical mother ?"

"No, mother, I am sure not; that is not at all like cousin Christian. Perhaps he is not even in the prince's suite in Potsdam. Well, of course, I shall learn that through Papa Timm to-morrow. But what puts me about most, is that I am to appear first in the silly piece which the king is so fond of; and to sing and dance as a Hottentot in the abominable faded scarlet frock that was made for Johanna Eunicke eight years ago, and from stinginess lengthened for me by adding to the skirt a border of loud-red cloth, a hand broad, because I am taller than Eunicke. What will Prince Leopold and his Stockmar think if they see me spring about *à la* Hottentot, like a half-boiled lobster. My only comfort is, that I can appear the following night in the charming part of 'Leopoldine von Strehlen,' when I can try to make them forget the silly Hottentot. As my third part, I shall play 'Fanny' in the 'Launen des Zufalls.' I must pack the wardrobe basket to-day, for to-morrow morning, at seven o'clock, Zäger will come for me with the green theatre

coach. But for those three days I shall bring home twelve thalers sterling as play-money. We will enjoy ourselves with them, and you must buy for yourself a new velvet bonnet for autumn. Amalie Wolff, Ludwig Devrient, and Rebenstein, will also go in the green coach. I shall lodge, together with Amalie Wolff, in the castellan's house of the Potsdam town theatre. I am sure to be invited along with the dancers to dinner at Timm's, and shall bring for you a large bagful of sweetmeats."

Thus I prattled away harmlessly with my good mother. Next morning I set out to meet my fate.

I learned from the Privy Chamberlain Timm, during the dinner he gave us, that cousin Christian was not in the company of the prince. He did not know whether he had remained in London or gone to Koburg; but he promised to ask the prince's adjutant about it.

During the dessert the king appeared, as was his habit, for half an hour's chat, and said kindly to me,—

"I am looking forward to the enjoyment of the 'Hottentottin;' you sing and dance charmingly. I have chosen a merry piece to cheer up my very taciturn guest. He has made inquiry for you; you are a cousin of Baron Stockmar's, who has unfortunately not accompanied him here; he is in Koburg; the prince will give him a report about your play—do your best—be very merry—also stir up Devrient."

Whilst the orchestra played a merry overture previous to the commencement of the "Hottentottin," I looked through the peep-hole in the curtain, and there I saw, scarcely five paces distant from the

stage, beside the king, a tall, well-made gentleman in the scarlet uniform of an English officer, glittering with gold, with a pale, finely-cut face, short black hair, and large dark melancholy eyes. His face was more interesting than handsome, and he looked considerably older than I had fancied him to be. In his whole appearance I was soon struck by a look of weariness, almost amounting to exhaustion; there was weariness in his relaxed features, weariness in his bearing, weariness in his slow conversation, weariness in the dull look of his eyes.

"So this is cousin Christian's darling; more his friend than his master," I thought within me. "How sad he looks! I wonder if he still mourns so deeply his early lost spouse, Princess Charlotte? It must be sweet, indeed, to be loved so hotly. The poor, melancholy prince! Well, the Hottentot will do her utmost to-night to cheer him up."

And I did my best. I had repeated the king's words to Ludwig Devrient, and we had arranged among us various novel Hottentot surprises. Master Ludwig played splendidly the bragging, swaggering old bachelor, who pretends to have been in all the countries of the world, and to speak every language.

I first entered the stage as "Countess Florentine," in an elegant travelling-costume of light blue silk, singing,—

> Der Männer Herzen zu bestricken,
> Gab uns Natur die Grazie und Verstand. . .

I noticed even then with satisfaction that Prince Leopold did not take his opera-glass off me, and that he sat there quite a changed person, in lively animation, all eyes and ears.

"Countess Florentine" loves her cousin, but he is possessed by a mania for admiring only the beauties of distant countries which he never saw. To convert him, my old confidant, Ludwig Devrient, devises a remedy.

I appear in the second scene before the beloved cousin as a real Hottentot, in a short scarlet frock, with a tiger's skin, coral ornaments, head-dress of variegated feathers, and sing a Hottentot duet with Master Ludwig, set to the air of the duet between "Papageno" and "Papagena" in the "Zauberflöte."

Devrient began with an arch-comical, hoarse, croaking voice,—

Ritsch li clum ru britsch brätsch tschum tschi.

I answered in a similar manner; then we sang, both with a loud voice,—

Bim squam letsch bu natsch qual brum schwa.

Devrient was inexhaustible in the invention of the most awful Hottentot, and I endeavoured to keep pace with him, and the king and his court laughed heartily, and even the melancholy Prince Leopold I caught several times faintly smiling.

Then followed my mad Hottentot solo dance, which the little ballet-master Lauchery had taught me, and Prince Leopold's opera-glass was again very busy following my merry leaps.

Also my "Leopoldine von Strehlen" and my "Fanny," on the second and third evening, found the same favour before the eyes of the foreign prince. Besides, the thought recurred to me again and again: should he perhaps find that I bear a

great resemblance to his late spouse Charlotte, as did once the Duke of Wellington at one of the Brühl balls? But strange it is that he never for once during the pauses comes to the stage to say to me a kind word about cousin Stockmar. What will the prince tell the baron afterwards, I wonder?

I heard from Papa Timm that the prince lived at court very quietly, had earnest political discourses with the king, and had been decorated by the latter with the Order of the Black Eagle. The Greeks wanted to make the prince their king, but he had to overcome a great many difficulties.

Happy as a queen, my twelve thalers of play-money in my pocket, rich in news, and provided with a large bagful of royal confectionery from the dessert, I returned after the third performance late at night to my mother, but noticed at once that something had gone wrong. She was in a deeply depressed mood. I learned the cause of it only too soon.

My brother Karl had written, and it appeared that, although we had made the greatest sacrifices for him only so late as the last summer, he had again contracted nearly a thousand gulden of debts of honour. If we did not save him "only this once more—for the last time," he would have to resign his commission and emigrate to America.

That was a melancholy sequel to my merry trip to Potsdam. How paltry the twelve shining dollars now looked on the table before me, that I had laid down upon it so proudly only a few minutes ago! I said, sobbing with indignation and anxiety —

"My wretched brother will finish by ruining us completely. His everlasting debts will follow us even

to St. Petersburg and clean us out. No—let him go to America, I cannot help him any more."

Next morning, however, pity came over us again, and we resolved to help my light-minded brother once more—but really for the last time.

As we sat there in a gloomy mood considering in what manner we could raise the money, what jewels we might sell or pawn, one Herr Hühnlein was announced. A stout gentleman, looking very fresh and merry, elegantly dressed, his hair frizzled, stood before us, and introduced himself to us as chamberlain to Prince Leopold of Koburg.

"Ah! you bring us news from Baron Stockmar, I suppose," said my mother. "I understand he is staying in Koburg with his family at this moment?"

"And this time the baron will remain in Koburg for many months, for the prince is going in a fortnight to Italy for the whole winter. But—" and stout Hühnlein put on a very significant air—"properly speaking, I am not here on an errand from the baron, but his Royal Highness Prince Leopold has sent me to inquire if H.R.H. can pay his respects to 'Frau Rittmeisterin' and Fräulein Bauer, at twelve o'clock to-morrow. On the day after to-morrow we continue our journey to Koburg. I look forward to it with great pleasure, for I too am a native of Koburg."

Of course my mother promised to be the whole day at the disposal of his royal highness.

"How courteous it is on the part of the prince to look us up!" I cried gaily. "I am sure he is the bringer of greetings from cousin Stockmar—and wants to see again Christelchen Stockmar. I am

very curious to see the interesting prince with the melancholy eyes opposite me in a room. I wonder what he will say about my Hottentot and 'Leopoldine von Strehlen!' I hope that he will report to our good cousin that I have become a decent actress and do him no discredit."

Then we went busily to work to deck our modest little drawing-room with fresh flowers for the reception of the prince, and to discuss our own toilettes. I was in a very peculiar excitement, but without having the faintest idea that the most portentous hour of my life was approaching.

Next morning we made a pretty house-toilette, choice but simple. My handsome, stately mother, in black silk and with a graceful lace head-dress, looked very aristocratic; and I thought myself, too, looking fresh and blooming enough in a light blue dress with white tulle trimming. And then, about twelve o'clock, an ordinary hired carriage drove up to our house, Mohrenstrasse, 48. It was characteristic of the ever cautious prince that he had not employed the court equipage at his disposal for this visit to the house of an actress.

I slipped into the adjoining room, the door of which remained open, because my mother thought it more becoming that I should only appear before his royal highness when he desired to see me.

I heard how Figaro Hühnlein announced his highness in all formality, then a slow, heavy step was heard, and a sonorous voice said very slowly and deliberately —

"I am delighted to be able to salute once more, after so many years, my happy, early playmate, the

gay Christelchen Stockmar. I am the bringer of the kindest regards on the part of your nephew, Christian, who has become to me a dear and faithful friend—to you and your Fräulein daughter, whom, as you know, I have already had an opportunity of seeing and admiring as actress. I heartily congratulate Christelchen Stockmar on being the mother of so sweet a daughter, and so excellent an artist as well as general favourite."

"Did Lina perhaps remind your highness by her looks of her poor late father, whose very image she is, and with whom you used to ride and fence when he was my suitor in Koburg?"

"Certainly, her great resemblance to good, merry Heinrich Bauer, who, alas, had to die so young, did strike me. I am, however, still more struck by her literally astonishing likeness to my lamented and ever beloved wife, Princess Charlotte. I am happy to be able to repeat to you and my good Stockie his Majesty's words, which were to the effect, 'Karoline Bauer is not merely an ornament to our theatre, but she and her worthy mother are, owing to their blameless private life, likewise universally esteemed and beloved!' 'Frau Rittmeisterin,' may I not compliment your daughter on her graceful performance?"

"Lina will feel greatly honoured—Lina, you are wanted!" And I stepped artlessly and cheerfully into the room, making my prettiest curtsey.

The prince rose and stared at me speechless for some seconds, as if surprised. He afterwards confessed to me that I had appeared to him like the goddess of youth and spring; so blooming, so rosy,

so cheerful and sunny! What he had taken for white and red paint, when I performed on the stage, had been put to shame by the natural freshness of my cheeks.

To be sure, under this long, searching glance, I felt how I grew hotter and hotter and very embarrassed. An uneasy feeling, foreign to me, came over my heart, and my voice, otherwise so clear and ready, seemed paralyzed. The consciousness of this served only to increase my confusion, so that at first I could take but little part in the conversation about Berlin, Koburg, my journey to St. Petersburg, &c. It also created an unpleasant sensation in me that the prince, who sat on the sofa beside my mother and opposite me, stared at me frequently and long through his glasses.

The impression the prince's outward appearance made on me was not so favourable as in the light of the theatre, and in the scarlet full-dress uniform of an English officer. He wore an unusually long surtout of black cloth, tightly buttoned from top to bottom. His short black hair, glossy with pomatum, seen by daylight, turned out to be a very ingeniously made wig. Add to this his pale, languid complexion, his weary, weary expression, his stooping, relaxed gait, his slow, deliberate, subdued way of speaking; all this reminded one more of a pedantic, recluse professor and old bachelor of upwards of fifty than of a gay prince of eight-and-thirty. Only his finely shaped mouth, with its pleasing smile, and his large, dark, melancholy eyes were exceedingly interesting and attractive.

What had made the prince, who was so brilliant in

his manly beauty, and so gay, full of life, and confident of victory, who had conquered the heiress to the throne of England as by storm,—I ask, what had made him, before his time, so old and weary—weary nay, such a melencholy ruin? Was it the undying grief over his short-lived conjugal happiness, which had, to be sure, also carried to the grave the prospects of a throne? Was it some other great sorrow that had so early withered the bloom and delight of youth? Or—?

I was innocent enough then to take the poor prince to be a sorely-tried mortal, and to feel for him the deepest pity.

After a rather tedious conversation of about an hour, which was, moreover, borne mostly by my mother, the prince said suddenly, with a forced laugh and embarrassment,—

"Apropos, friend Stockmar has, besides, commissioned me to examine his cousin a little—'unter vier augen' (quite privately). May I do so, 'Frau Rittmeisterin'?"

My mother looked up perfectly non-plussed—but then tried nevertheless to jest as she stood up, saying,—

"Without ceremony, your highness! Lina will answer the *paternal* examiner and the kind patron of her cousin, Christian Stockmar, as duty and conscience prompt her; for she may do so, your highness,—my daughter has nothing to conceal!" So saying, my mother went into the adjoining room, after having cast at me an encouraging glance. The door of the room remained open.

For a while we sat opposite each other in silence.

My cheeks and temples glowed, and my heart beat audibly. I cast down my eyes, and folded my hands, in which the blood was throbbing hotly down to the very finger-points. What did the prince desire to ask me at which my mother durst not be present? Did he really speak at the request of cousin Christian? Had my sad experiences with Prince August and the luckless Samoilow Grimm already reached my cousin's ears? Or had the king talked about it to the prince? And why did he not speak now? Could he not find the first word? At last I cut short the painful pause, and said as cheerfully as possible,—

"Your highness, I am ready for the confession. I shall answer openly and truly what you may please to ask me, for I am sure you will not ask me anything that I ought not to answer." The thought that my mother heard everything heightened my confidence and strength.

And now began that remarkable conversation, which was to be decisive for my whole life—to force me on ambiguous paths, and to make me unhappy for the rest of my existence. And yet, during that hour, I never spoke a word that I should repent to-day. It was just my fate to become unhappy. Till then I was good and pure. This conversation brought me into perplexities, discord, and false positions, for which I was unfitted by my impulsive, vacillating character. I was obliged to play comedy also in life when I renounced the play on the boards; and that does no good to the character or the heart.

I remember every word of the conversation between the prince and myself, as if we had sat thus opposite each other yesterday, and not half a century

ago. For how often have I had to refer to these my words of truth, when the prince afterwards received anonymous letters which slandered me, and even cast suspicion on my maidenly honour. I had concealed nothing, answered every question frankly and honestly. This plain truth was often afterwards the shining shield, which, with indignation, I could hold before the faces of the narrow-minded, mean prince, and his obsequious friend, Baron Stockmar, when they accused me of having cunningly planned everything, and thrown out my dangerous nets after the guileless, golden prince.

However, my agitated, abused heart is running away with my pen; I must try to bridle it.

At last the prince began, at first in his old pedantic, deliberate, slow way of speaking, gradually growing more lively and warm,—

"May I assure Stockmar that you have not rued having become an actress?"

"Never, your highness, have I repented that, and I hope I never shall. I am, if possible, even more enthusiastic to-day than at the commencement of my career. Whether I have the true talent for an actress, your highness will be able to answer from personal observation. My tour to Russia succeeded beyond expectation. In Königsberg, Riga, Mitau, St. Petersburg, I have been overwhelmed with applause and love, and soon I shall enter on a brilliant engagement in St. Petersburg, which will, I hope make my future secure."

"What prospects for this future offer themselves to you?"

"My engagement in St. Petersburg, with extra

performances, will bring me 5,000 thalers a year, and after having completed twelve years, I am to receive an annual pension for life of 1000 thalers as Russian court actress, which I can spend wherever I like."

"And if you became ill?"

"Your royal highness, that stands with God."

After a long pause, the prince resumed, not without hesitation and in evident agitation,—

"I was thinking, I confess, of another future. Should you never have thought of it? It would be strange if, considering your great personal attractions, your heart or your hand had not yet been claimed."

"Oh, the one or the other, or both together have often been *claimed* already. But under no auspicious star."

"And you have never had any little love romance?"

"Oh, many, many; and, indeed, great and scandalous ones."

The prince jumped off the sofa as if stung by a viper, and stood before me, looking quite pale.

"Your highness, permit me to tell you all. You must hear *everything* now, for I feel that you, and probably also my cousin Stockmar must have already learned *something* of that two-fold misfortune which has befallen me here in Berlin, within the last few years, without my fault; yes, your highness, without any guilt of mine. I have had many an honourable offer of marriage, but the rich suitors were not lovable, and when I marry I must choose a *rich* man, for I am the only support of my mother. Many a dishonourable proposal has made my blood boil, and the hundreds that were laid at my feet I have spurned with indignation. Lina Bauer does not sell herself,

not even to a *husband* whom she does not love. One day there came a handsome young man, apparently rich and of high birth, who loved me warmly, and whom I liked;—I was publicly betrothed to him, and three days later, I learned that the wretch had disgracefully deceived me. That, your royal highness, is one of the misfortunes that befell me and of which I spoke; the other is Prince August, who endeavoured to seduce, and now tries to ruin me. I beseech your highness to ask his Majesty whether I have told you one untrue word."

The prince, visibly agitated, walked several times through the room. Then he again stopped in front of me, who also had risen and was leaning against an arm-chair, and his wonderful eyes looked steadily into mine, and his hot breath touched me, as he said in a whisper,—

"I know that you tell the truth, even if his Majesty had not already confirmed it to me when he told me of that unfortunate betrothal. Prince August I know, —the world knows. And your heart was never conquered?"

"Never!"

"Is your heart quite free even this day?"

"Quite free!"

The prince seized my two hands, drew me quite close to him, and breathed into my ear,—

"And if a poor, weary, sorely-tried man, whom the world envies on account of his high birth and worldly possessions, but who often feels very unhappy and lonely, if he came to you and said, 'Come with me into my golden solitude! I will love and honour thee as my dear wife, and guard thee against any new mis-

fortune of thy heart! Thou shalt be relieved of all earthly cares, and also thy family shall be provided for; but thou must also be able to resign thyself, to renounce the glitter and glory of the stage, renounce homage and the loud pleasure of this world. Thou must devote thyself wholly and entirely to this man in true love, and sweet, happy domesticity.' If this question were addressed to you, what answer would your heart prompt?"

I trembled from head to foot, the tears rushing from my eyes, for this poor, weary, sorely-tried man stood before me. Much touched, I uttered these words with difficulty, and hardly audibly,—

"If I were to follow this man into his solitude, I should need to love him more than my life!"

"And would you be able, in time, to love *me* so that you would sacrifice for me the stage and the world?"

"I do not know, your highness, but I would try to do so, and then I should tell you the truth only—" I felt giddy, and had to hold on by the arm-chair, lest I should fall with agitation.

I felt a soft kiss on my brow. Then the prince joined my mother in the next room, and I heard him say,—

"Dear friend, you have heard everything, and I have but little to add. For years I have been yearning for a faithful female heart who might brighten up my deserted home, a noble, unselfish being, to whom I could confide in love. Many brilliant beauties would gladly have thrown themselves into my arms, but only from frivolous worldly motives to make use of me and plunder me. I have remained lonely since the death

of my wife, all these long years. At present I believe that I have found that sympathetic being in the person of your daughter. At the very first sight my heart inclined towards her, because she bears such a wonderful resemblance to my lamented Charlotte. What kind of position I can offer your daughter by my side I hardly know as yet. But that it will be a thoroughly honourable one, founded on a moral basis, and that I stand before you with the purest intentions, I believe I cannot better prove to you than by confiding all particulars, formalities, and your Lina's future to the pure hand and to the faithful heart of Christian Stockmar. I shall hasten to Koburg to-morrow, and shall at once make a full confession to your nephew, who is also my best adviser. He will advise you as well as me, so well and rightly as no one else can. He has not merely to consider the welfare of his friend, but also the true weal of his cousin and his family, to guard the purity of his name. So I would beg of you to come on a visit to Koburg, together with Lina, whilst I am still there, that is, within the next fortnight. There I hope that everything will be arranged to our mutual satisfaction, and that a pleasing alliance for life may be formed. The hearty affection I conceived for Lina, when I first saw her, has turned into passionate love to-day. Let me depart from here with the sweet hope of a speedy, happy 'wiedersehn' (meeting) in our old home!"

This was the longest speech I ever heard from the lips of the prince, who was usually so taciturn. He for once, perhaps the only time in his life, followed the impulse of his cold heart, which had suddenly grown warm, and did not weigh and calculate

pedantically what he said, as was the common custom of the *Marquis peu-à-peu* and *Monsieur tout doucement*, as his father-in-law, King George IV., called him.

We must have presented a strange picture, when the prince, holding the hand of my puzzled mother, stepped up to me again, breathless, drawing me gently to him, and with his beautiful melancholy eyes beseechingly resting on me; I ordinarily so resolute, full of spirits and gaiety, in tears, glowing red, intimidated, not at all clear about my own feelings, and yet pleased and gratified and flattered by the love declaration of a prince; my mother, her hands folded, deeply moved, completely out of countenance.

Such is the picture that still stands before my mind's eye.

"What may I hope?" the prince asked.

Then my mother, with difficulty trying to recover her composure, said with the dignity peculiar to her,—

"Your highness, you have so surprised us that it is impossible for us to be able to give you an answer to this vital question to-day. Lina will have first to examine her heart; and also you, my prince, must examine yours, to see if your quickly kindled passion may not as quickly vanish again. But so much, I think, I may promise you already to-day, that we shall be happy to revisit my native town, if Baron Stockmar should invite us kindly and of his own accord, and if Lina obtains a short leave of absence here, a very questionable thing, however, considering her recent long leave for her tour to Russia."

"Oh, if the worst comes to the worst, you will yourself ask his Majesty for leave of absence, on the

ground that you have to confer with Baron Stockmar on family matters. If you take post-horses, I should say six days would suffice for the journey. I shall count the hours till you arrive. But I beg of you to preserve the strictest silence about my present visit, and the motive for your journey to Koburg. Everything might be shipwrecked by a single inconsiderate word. My public and private life are very much pryed into at this very moment. I have many friends, but also enemies. And now I bid you a hearty farewell, and please do think of me, if it can be, in love. Well, then, may we meet again under happy auspices in Koburg!"

And the prince was gone, leaving mother and me behind in a sort of stupor. All this had come over us so suddenly, so like a *coup de main*, that it appeared to us a vague dream. Deeply moved, I locked my more than agitated mother in my arms, and said sobbing,—

"Mother, what will come of this—the height of earthly bliss, or a new bitter disappointment? Shall we proceed to Koburg—undertake the second portentous step on this new way? Or shall we at once write to the prince and decline? Who is to advise us in this dilemma, since the prince has expressly forbidden us to confide in any one?"

With wonderful firmness my mother said,—

"There are but two advisers and guides possible in this matter: cousin Christian, and your own heart, Lina. Christian has been the head of our family since the death of his father; he is a gentleman through and through. Moreover, nobody knows Prince Leopold and all circumstances that have to be con-

sidered better than he does, he who has been conducting the prince's affairs for years, and possesses his fullest confidence. Let us, in the first place, therefore wait to see if Christian will invite us to this meeting with the prince at Koburg. He will do so only if he deems this step beneficial for his beloved master as well as for us, his nearest relatives —and if he can justify it before his conscience. But in the second place, your own heart must advise and guide you, and on this point I myself should not venture to either persuade or dissuade you. Do you believe that you can love that prince, and devote to him your life in the desired stillness, of course in all honour?"

"I don't know, mother," I cried, weeping and laughing in a breath. "He is much older than I, and there is nothing of a fiery lover about him. I am sure if he appeared on the stage in that part, he would be hissed off the boards. He rather made the impression of a good papa on me, or of a learned hypochondriac, or of a recluse professor. And did you not notice his wig? Shocking! And the tiresome surtout that hung loosely around his long, thin legs like a dressing-gown, and buttoned up to the throat, as if his highness was afraid of catching cold, despite the sunny weather? But, notwithstanding all this, the prince has fascinated and touched me by his beautiful melancholy eyes. He must have greatly loved the Princess Charlotte and deeply mourned for her, and must feel very unhappy in his lonely state. I think it must be very nice, and would make one very happy, to revive the lost happiness of a noble man. But why has the prince not, long ago, chosen a spouse

of equal birth with himself; he who in his former beauty of youth had surely the choice among the most beautiful princesses of reigning houses?"

"There you are mistaken, Lina. Christian explained that to me six years ago in Koburg. Prince Leopold was quite poor, like all the Koburg princes. He has merely got a position and a rich allowance in England as the husband of the late Princess Royal. He would lose both if he married another princess. And for this same reason you too can only become his morganatic spouse. And did you notice how purposely the prince emphasized several times the word 'still life' that awaited you, and that you would need to possess that power of resignation to dedicate yourself entirely to him, far away from the noise of the world? Will you, who have received ovations on the stage, and been spoiled by society, would you be able, I say, to bear such a 'still life?'"

I had never thought of that. These words, for the first time, fell like a damper on my heart. I almost wished that the invitation to Koburg might never arrive, and that I might be able to look upon the whole event, with its temptations, as an old dream. Only the concern about Karl's new debts called up in me the longing for a quiet, still life, free from cares.

Then, on the fifth day after the prince's departure, a short friendly letter arrived from cousin Christian, who invited us to come to Koburg for some days, as soon as possible. All the rest by word of mouth.

Not a word about the prince, and the object of this journey. Neither encouragement nor warnings. Just as one might have expected of my prudent diplomatic cousin, who would allow no one to see his cards. Of

course the effect of this laconic communication was to make us more anxious still, as he did not even tell us what he thought about the prince's plan and hopes. In order to calm my mother, I said, however, as gaily as I was able: "God wills that we shall meet Prince Leopold again. Otherwise cousin Christian would not have called us. Now I shall venture the last great test of fate, and see if I shall receive leave of absence for the journey."

But our intendant, Count Redern, roundly refused to give me the desired leave for six days, because, he said, I had only returned from a leave of absence of six months from Russia six weeks ago, and had to play a chief part in Raupach's "Ritterwort" in autumn, and must of course be present at the necessary rehearsals.

I hastened to Papa Timm with cousin Christian's letter in painful excitement, and he readily procured for me from his Majesty a leave of absence for six days "to go to Koburg on urgent family affairs;" and the very next morning my mother and I sat in our Russian travelling-coach, a bugling postilion on the box, and with an agitated heart we launched into the sunny September morning, through laughing districts, away to cheerful Koburg, my mother's home—away to meet a golden fortune.

Yes, the further we went the more our hearts filled with gladness and hope. I remembered that my first journey to Koburg, just six years ago, had been fraught with much joy and good-luck for me. It was then that cousin Christian had spoken the decisive, propitious words, "I shall be happy to be able to call an artiste, cousin, and a cousin, artiste." And thus I

had become an actress, and in doing so the most ardent wish of my heart had been fulfilled, nor did I ever have to rue it. Well, then, my mother and I resolved with the fullest confidence to leave to our clever, noble-minded cousin to pronounce the decisive word about my future, and this resolution had made our hearts light and joyful. Moreover I felt it a sweet satisfaction, after six years of the most persevering struggles and efforts, to appear once more before our dear relations in my mother's native town as a recognized artiste; in the place where Linchen, the maiden of fifteen years, had taken such great pains to exhibit her small histrionic talents in the best light in order to be allowed to enter the stage. And how many things we had to discuss on the way! How many things had changed since, around us, within us, and with our relations!

Arrived at the village of Eishausen, we found no more the genial parson Kühner; he had been laid in the churchyard there a year before. His enigmatical friend over the way in the mysterious castle, continued to live on with his unhappy partner just as quietly and invisibly as he did years before. But the sun shone so warm and bright that not the faintest thought entered my head. Poor young light-hearted child of man, let the example of that invisible "countess" yonder in the gloomy castle, and her mysterious "still life" deter you from proceeding; turn, turn, flee before it is too late, before the golden cage has closed upon you! You might be unhappier still as "countess" than this nameless countess in the castle of Eishausen.

In Rodach we found much that was changed. Our uncle, the "Justizrath," had died of apoplexy in con-

sequence of the terrible conflagration in the little town, three years ago; and his widow and daughter, cousin Riekchen, had gone to live in Koburg. Also the revered "patriarch of Rodach," the poetical "Superintendent" Hohnbaum, had followed his friend Stockmar into the grave.

On the second day after our departure from Berlin we arrived in the quiet Koburg, late in the afternoon, and alighted in the only good hotel which the small residential capital possessed at that time, and where cousin Christian had ordered apartments to be in readiness for us. The genial landlord told us that, at the request of Baron Stockmar, he would immediately inform him of the arrival of the ladies, and that his lordship intended to call at the hotel in order to welcome us that same day. We noticed with satisfaction that "his lordship" was evidently a person of great consequence in our landlord's eyes.

And hardly had we made fresh toilettes after the long and fatiguing journey, when we heard the approach of quick steps, and cousin Christian stood before us, affectionately embracing my mother and me, saying in his lively, rattling way —

"Welcome in our old home, aunt Christiane; welcome in Koburg, cousin Lina;—ah, how tall and handsome you have grown since we met here last! Yea, now I understand how a certain heart could catch fire so quickly and thoroughly. But more about that by-and-by. May heaven grant us light that we decide on the right thing, and one day look back with pleasure to the *romantic* cause of your visit."

My cousin was very much agitated. One could hear in every word he pronounced how his nerves vibrated,

and that he endeavoured to conceal his agitation by jesting. He looked pale and fatigued. How peculiarly he pronounced the word "romantic," and how his intelligent eyes looked at me as if they wanted to penetrate me, and would read into the most hidden folds of my heart!

I lost all self-control, and burst into tears.

I suppose my cousin was satisfied with his scrutiny, for he said in a kind tone, seizing my two hands,—

"Now you, Miss Comedy, must not be sentimental. No, I won't allow that *to-day;* besides, you have not the smallest occasion for tears yet, and it shall be our aim to spare you, also for the future, tears of disappointment and repentance."

Mother wanted to clear up to some extent the "romantic cause of our visit"—to ask various questions with reference to the prince and the opinion of my cousin, but with a somewhat forced hilarity Christian interrupted her saying,—

"Don't let us talk of business to-day, aunt Christiane. You are fatigued by the long journey: Lina's tears have told me that. I have come to take you to my mother, who expects us to supper. Also my wife and sisters, Karoline, Opitz, and Riekchen are there. Take care not to betray yourselves to them by a syllable. *Nobody* must know for the present why you are here. That must remain, for a long time to come, the most perfect secret between Prince Leopold and us if we arrive at an understanding, and a secret for all time if the fond dream of the prince remains a dream. But about this we shall speak together freely and frankly, and without ceremony, to-morrow morning—I say without sentimentality of any kind. I have no

sympathy with it. It is *my* aim to guard my master, who deems me worthy of his confidence and friendship, against a hasty step, especially at this moment, where he stakes another golden hope,—yes, let me say it frankly,—a royal crown; but also to guard you, my beloved blood-relations, from bitter disappointments. But now let us go to my mother."

Aunt Stockmar and her two daughters, genial "Präsidentin" Opitz, and the very lively, indeed over-merry, Riekchen, who was dangerously nearing old-maidship, received us very kindly; on the other hand, Fanny Stockmar, Christian's wife, behaved all the more demurely; her surly disposition had grown all the surlier and harsher during the seven years of their strange loveless wedlock, in which the husband lived in English court circles, and the spouse, with the children, in small, secluded Koburg. Her large intelligent eyes examined me coldly and unsympathetically. She did not like a cousin who was so much younger and prettier than herself, and to whom her husband showed so much attention. This lady afterwards became my bitterest enemy, from jealousy.

Also cousin Christian watched me closely during the whole evening, although he tried to conceal by merry jokes that he was doing so. I had become for him the object of a diplomatic study, which he had to dissect and examine even to the smallest fibre before he could pronounce a last decisive opinion. Is she suited to be the mate for life of my prince or not? Shall I favour the alliance, or throw in my veto? These questions I read in every glance of my cousin's sharp, intelligent eyes, and that did not make the family meeting more enjoyable.

Christian Stockmar was forty-one years old at this time, but just as slender, thin, and active as six years ago; only the German had become more decidedly Anglified in his dress and manners. I was also much struck by a strange mixture of the *bourgeois* and courtier which showed itself in his deportment. However, his peculiar talent for dictatorial rule had developed itself most perceptibly in him.

I felt this especially when my cousin appeared again in our hotel for the conference, on the following morning. Then he was every inch the *chargé d'affaires* of Prince Leopold of Koburg, who with diplomatic coolness and acuteness considered the pros and cons, and with an almost pedantic frankness unveiled to us all emergencies in their pure nakedness, so that my mother and I sat there as if stunned. Unmercifully he tore off one by one the poetical blossoms which my heart had brought to Koburg for the august admirer; he stripped them even to the dry stalk—business. And he suffered no contradiction.

Leaning back in his sofa-corner, his eyes firmly fixed on me, Baron Christian Stockmar, whom the prince was fond of calling "*mon fidèle soutien et ami*," with clear voice began thus to speak:—

"That my master longs for a quiet domestic happiness, I understand and heartily approve. The silly *liaisons*, with which his royal highness amuses himself, to pass the time that hangs so heavily on his hands, ruin body and soul. Now and then more serious relations seemed to be forming. Beautiful ladies of rank threw out their nets after the prince, who really was formerly of seductive appearance, partly from a

romantic love of adventure, as in the case of the love-mad Lady Ellenborough, who has since contented herself with the Austrian *attaché* to the embassy, Prince Felix Schwarzenberg; or from selfish motives, as in the case of Countess Fiquelmont of Vienna. But when these ladies heard of the 'still life' in which they were to live solely for the prince, far removed from all noisy society,—as it were, dead to the world,—and that their allowance, too, would of necessity be small, then they generally shrank back in nervous fear, or else the prince himself sent them about their business when he learned that he had merely been the object of a vile money-speculation. Prince Leopold is not rich. He only possesses, in his capacity of consort to the late Princess Royal, an annual allowance of £50,000, and with his great economy has saved out of that in the course of time. Yes, the prince is very economical. Great wealth, therefore, will not be obtained from him.

"After so many love-disappointments, the prince for the first time really seems to have seriously fallen in love with Lina now, as much, indeed, as his constitutioual phlegm permits. And I understand that perfectly, for Lina is not only pretty, blooming in the freshness of youth,—she is likewise an amiable girl. That the prince's intentions are honest, and that he wishes to conclude nothing but an honourable union, is understood; for otherwise he would not have put the matter into my hands and given me *carte-blanche*. He knows that I am not to be trifled with where the point of honour is concerned, and that Lina's mother was born a Stockmar. The prince thus

places both of you under my protection, to begin with, and voluntarily gives himself in me a critic and censor of his actions.

"A morganatic marriage would then take place, and Lina would receive the title of 'countess,' of course quite privately. For if both were to be trumpeted abroad, the enemies of the prince might raise an alarm about this union in the English newspapers, and perhaps even in Parliament, and Prince Leopold might, in consequence, even lose his annual allowance and his position in England.

"Moreover, the crown of Greece has been held out to the prince these three years, and at the present moment negotiations on this point are about to be resumed.

"For this end my master will spend the winter in Italy, in order to be nearer Greece. Well then, if he should eventually be made King of Greece, it is evident that he cannot take with him to Athens a morganatic wife. Political considerations would make it necessary that he should marry a legitimate consort. In such an emergency the secret bond which alone can unite Lina to the prince, would require to be untied again just as privately as it was perhaps tied. Thus, pray mark, only before God and your nearest relatives would you appear as the prince's wife; in the eyes of the world, however, if indeed it should find again your lost track, in perhaps not quite so pure a light. I consider it my duty thus to draw your attention to all the worst contingencies and all possible dangers.

"If children should issue from this alliance, which I, sincerely speaking, do not wish, for the compli-

cations would only be increased thereby, the children would receive the title of their mother and be provided for decently, just as provision would be made for you, if the bond should have to be loosed again by circumstances sooner or later.

"You would have a settled income that would make you independent, but not more than that! Christian Stockmar's cousin would, in that case, be expected to be less exacting still than a stranger. If you wish to devote yourself in love to the prince, you do so at your own risk. As for me, the thought alone would pacify me—that I know the prince to be in good hands, and that otherwise he might fall into the worst. Thus you must discard all covetous and interested motives, Lina! For else your cousin Christian would be the first to turn against you.

"One other thing is to be considered: will the prince's love that kindled up so quickly be a lasting one? As I know him, I scarcely believe it. But the hearts of these high-born gentlemen are cut in very peculiar wood. And what if the little flame should be extinguished even after the bridal night? You would then only be so much more unhappy.

"My urgent, honest advice, as your near relative, as well as the prince's faithful servant and friend, then is: Do not do anything rashly! Don't bind yourselves before your hearts and strength have been carefully proved; also the prince will have to examine himself. He will leave here for Naples in a few days. Perhaps the question of the Greek crown, in which this affair of the heart is involved too, will be decided there.

"And now, Karoline, give me an honest answer—

will you follow my faithful advice unconditionally and in all respects, and entrust yourself to my experienced guidance now and also later? Or will you, allured by your rapid victory over the prince, give ear to his renewed and urgent prayers—for he wishes to see you alone again to-morrow—and go your own way self-willed into the golden happiness, or blindly rush into your ruin? I expect a decisive 'yes' or 'no'!"

And I wept aloud, crying, "Yes, yes! cousin, I will blindly follow your advice and your guidance!"

My mother cried, deeply moved, "Good God! What cliffs have we got between. My heart tells me, Lina: remain free! remain an artiste! We are not a match for these dangers!"

Would that we had followed the warning voice of a faithful mother's heart.

* * * * * *

That same afternoon I was to see the prince again. A kind of popular festival was to be held at the Rosenau, the magnificent summer residence of the reigning duke, in honour of the prince's visit, and cousin Christian had promised to take us there. I have scarcely ever dressed myself for any party in a more depressed mood.

My cousin's businesslike explanations were lying on my heart like a heavy burden. How much uncertainty, how many painful doubts were spread out before me! And was that which was perhaps beckoning me from a great distance—was it really the much-longed-for happiness of which my young heart dreamed?

"Oh! mother, what new confusions and struggles,

what mental troubles lie before us! The poor life of man is not an easy one, indeed!" I said sadly. "But the worst of all is that I do not know yet whether I shall be able to love the prince as much as of course is needed if I am to renounce stage and world! What could most urge me into an independent 'still life' would be the perpetual fear of Karl's ever new demands on my purse!"

My mother tried to pacify me by remarking that at least, according to cousin Christian's assertion, we had yet fully six months for considering and proving, and that it would not be too late in the following spring to pronounce a decisive "*no*." Notwithstanding, my good mother, with pardonable parental vanity, dressed me as a bride. I wore a charming pink dress with a mantilla of white cashmere, also a Spanish bonnet of white velvet with feathers.

At two o'clock cousin Christian drove up to our hotel in an elegant open carriage. In it sat cousin Riekchen, laughing and making signs to us. Christian, who drove himself, came running up for a moment hastily, to enjoin us not to betray ourselves by words to Riekchen, or to the august party at the festival even by looks! "I have also counselled the prince only to notice you from a distance, and to be very cautious with his words and looks. The dowager duchess is very suspicious, and has the eyes of Argus and spies everywhere. She has not been my friend for a long time, and has done all in her power, though in vain, to prevent me, the former simple body-physician, from occupying so prominent a position at the court, and in the confidence of the prince, her favourite son. If she should notice anything now, she

would move heaven and earth to prevent my fair cousin increasing the influence of the Stockmars! The most scrupulous caution, then! On the other hand, to-morrow, when we drive to the quiet Fülbach, you may ogle and chat with the prince to your heart's content."

The pleasant drive to the beautiful Rosenau, a creation of Duke Ernst's, and the bracing, sunny autumn day, improved my spirits. I sat beside my cousin, who drove, and who chatted and jested in his irresistibly amiable, humorous way, whilst Riekchen prattled and laughed so gaily that the many pedestrians who were going to the festival stopped at the two sides of the road, looked at us in wonder, and greeted most respectfully the universally revered baron and his party.

Now and then I had a chance of exchanging stealthily a few cordial words with Christian. He was much more genial and cheerful than at our first meeting.

I only learned afterwards that my mother had showed him my diary that morning, and that the pure and childlike effusions of my heart had touched him.

When I expressed to him my determination never to leave my mother, he at once removed this objection by saying, "Of course she will come to England, too, and inhabit the same house with you. I should surely not permit you to be sentenced to absolute solitude!" That sounded like jest, but I never forgot it, because it turned out, by-and-by, the saddest reality.

On the large lawn in front of the splendid chateau

of Rosenau, built in the Gothic style, we found a great bustle of gay townspeople and country folks, dressed in their original gay-coloured Sunday garb. Tables and forms of rough planks had been erected in a wide semi-circle.

Foaming beer was being tapped from huge casks. On red-hot gridirons were roasting the little fat sausages called Koburg larks, the national dish at all popular gatherings, such as fairs, shooting-matches, and *kirmesses*. A brass band performed merry dance-music, to which townspeople and villagers were circling merrily upon the close-shorn turf.

We had scarcely joined the crowd when Christian Stockmar was surrounded by acquaintances. There was no end to saluting, introducing, and bowing. Also my mother was heartily welcomed by old friends. I was fetched to the lawn for a dance, and noticed to my gratification that everybody was looking at me. Well, was I not young, and a *comédienne?*

I was just dancing a "ländler" (slow waltz) with a smart farmer's son, when I noticed an unusual movement in the crowd around me. The whisper went from mouth to mouth, "They are coming—their highnesses are coming!"

Upon the terrace there appeared the reigning Duke Ernst with the dowager duchess, and Prince Leopold with his two nephews, the princes Ernst and Albert. They were greeted with "hurrahs." I noticed with satisfaction that Prince Leopold at once raised his glass and scanned with it the motley crowd. At last he had found me.

Immediately afterwards the duke and princes walked through the scene of the festival, greeting cordially in all directions, and stopping to converse now here, now there. I saw the distinguished party approach and felt my heart beat; now they stood before us. The duke spoke to Stockmar, saluted my mother and me politely, and jested with gay Riekchen. Prince Leopold welcomed me only by a look; but there was a sort of understanding in our looks that made me blush. The prince then said aloud:—"I am delighted to see the charming 'Hottentot,' who delighted me so in Potsdam, spin round so merrily with our young Koburg farmers, here upon the turf!"

I replied: "Your highness, it makes me very happy that you remember the poor 'Hottentot' at all! The risk of dancing here upon the turf is hardly less than upon the little stage of the 'new palace,' before such critical eyes!"

The prince bowed with a smile, whispering to me as he did so, "I long for the hour of meeting you again in Fülbach! Meanwhile, God speed!"

This was accompanied by a bright flash from his eyes, which pierced me to the heart.

I felt how my cheeks burned. The prince captivated me more and more. I was hardly able to answer the curious questions of my lively cousin Riekchen regarding the dancing "Hottentot," and how I liked the prince. Fortunately Christian offered me his arm to show me over the place. Laughingly he whispered to me, "So I have seen you play comedy for the first time little cousin, and you played it very well, *ex tempore:* it really looked as if you spoke to the

prince for the first time. He also behaved very well. But did you notice how the old duchess did not take her eyes off you, and how many inquisitive looks were directed at you? Therefore caution; also for the future I recommend the greatest circumspection."

On the scene of the festival dancing was varied by games such as climbing greased poles, sack-races, cock-throwing, and the like. The young Prince Ernst, the now reigning duke, then a vigorous dark-complexioned boy of ten, and the delicate Albert, a boy of nine, who afterwards became consort of Queen Victoria of England, romped about, followed by their greyhounds, and mixed with the people. Happy children, you never dreamed why your poor mother lived far away, for ever separated from her tenderly loved children!

On the occasion of my first visit to Koburg, in 1822, I had seen the beautiful fair Duchess Luise, of whom the worthy old "Superintendent" Hohnbaum, five years previously, on her entrance into Koburg as the duke's bride, had written so enthusiastically and prophetically, "She is a most natural and amiable creature. But in Koburg they will put her through the polishing-mill and under the calendering-press until she has turned quite flat and smooth like the rest. Altogether I do not think that any court vice can have spoiled her heart. She is, in my opinion, an extraordinarily rare being!"

And how well this rare and amiable princess had been put through the polishing-mill and under the calendering-press in Koburg! As early as 1822 the ducal matrimonial union was a most unhappy one. When immediately afterwards there appeared

the memoirs of the "beautiful Greek," Alexandra Panam, printed in Paris, and bearing the impress of the elegant initials of the authoress—the first book prohibited by the German Confederation, after the severity of the censorship had been greatly increased by the resolutions of the conference in Karlsbad—then the estrangement between husband and wife grew ever greater. The people of Koburg mostly took the part of the poor beautiful princess. In the summer of 1824, there broke out a sort of revolt of the people in favour of their ill-treated duchess. The people stormed the ducal castle, and the military openly declared for the duchess. The favourite of the duke, M. de Schimbowsky, had his windows smashed and his garden laid waste; the Duke Ernst fled to Vienna, and lodged a complaint with the "Bundestag." The latter appointed a commission, consisting of officers from the kingdom of Saxony, who were to inquire into the revolt and restore peace.

The duchess demanded a divorce, and as this was refused her from "political" motives, because Koburg did not wish to forfeit the heritage of the Duchy of Gotha, whose last princely descendant was the Duchess Luise—the unhappy lady tried by her compromising life to force the duke to divorce her. Concerning this, the Count Korneillan related: "The duchess has indeed committed mad pranks with her lovers, and has by no means concealed them. She is possessed of wild naiveté, and carries on with an artless bold frankness what others conceal; at the same time she is lovable and seductive."

Not before 1826, after having lived apart from her

husband and her two sons for two years, under the name of Countess of Pölzig (or Belzig) and then of Beyersdorf, at St. Wendel on the Rhine, was the duchess formally divorced from the duke. Hereupon she married the Koburg Lieutenant Alexander von Hanstein, who had been raised by the Duke of Altenburg (according to others, of Hildburghausen) to the dignity of a Count of Pölzig, and lived with him in happy wedlock on the Rhine or in Paris. There I met the remarkable lady again afterwards, and there she died in 1831, without having seen her sons Ernst and Albert again. But even in her death she was eccentric. She settled a considerable annuity upon her husband, Count von Pölzig, on condition that he should *never* part with her body! Should he pass even one night only in a house which did not at the same time harbour the mortal remains of his deceased spouse, he would lose his annuity.

For years the luckless Count Pölzig dragged about with him the embalmed corpse of his spouse from place to place; but one morning to his terror he found that the precious coffin had vanished. He had, in the meantime, married a Fräulein von Karlowitz. When he found that his annuity continued to be paid to him, he soon got reconciled to this loss.

The house of Koburg-Gotha had put an end to the ever-renewed newspaper remarks about the wandering corpse.

* * * * * *

On the morning after that merry public festival in the Rosenau, which concluded with a brilliant display of fireworks, Christian Stockmar called for us with his carriage, and we drove away to pay that

momentous visit to the estate of Fülbach. My cousin drove again in person, lest any talkative coachman might catch a word; he was in the gayest of humours and brimful of that satire peculiar to him. Only when the cheerful Fülbach came in sight he suddenly turned very grave. Pointing to a modest house almost hidden under old trees, he said, "Perhaps your future will be decided there for life! I pray that it may take such a form, that all of us can one day look back upon this country house and this hour without remorse! But once more I conjure you, Lina, do not be induced to bind yourself by promise to-day. Reserve to yourself your fullest freedom till the spring, till the prince's return from Italy, leaving the same freedom to him too. Perhaps he may bring back a crown with him; in that case you will go to St. Petersburg as Russian court-actress with the consciousness of having gained in the King of Greece a true, helpful friend for your whole life. I sincerely wish, both for your own and the prince's sake, that this may be the happy solution of the short love-romance. Neither of you would then have to reproach the other."

Yes, why was it not to be that this happy solution made me free before I was bound?

For half a century I have been brooding over this "why?" accusing, asking ever anew, "Why? Why?" Shall I have a good answer in yonder world, one day?

* * * * * *

We drove through the park and stopped in front of the cheerful little country house. Everything was as quiet as in an enchanted garden—not a human being to be seen, not a voice to be heard. Only a few pheasants strutted slowly across the turf; upon the

roof in the sunshine there sat white doves with black heads, billing and cooing tenderly.

When the carriage stopped in front of the garden saloon, the little stout factotum, Hühnlein, hastened up in a white cook's apron to take charge of the horses. He was panting under the burden of his duties, and his good-natured round face shone like a peony, and around his fat mouth played a radiant, cunning smile. "Figaro" was quite in his element: groom, cook, butler, valet, confidant, uniting all in one person to prevent any stranger from prying into the secret.

In the open door of the garden saloon there appeared the tall form of the prince standing out to advantage in the sunny air. He received us in a friendly—nay, hearty manner. He appeared to me younger and fresher than he did at our first meeting in Berlin, and his manners also were freer and less constrained. He took my two hands and, looking deep into my eyes, said, "I thank you that you have come! It is a good omen, and I may hope!"

This homely reception restored to me likewise my cheerful, easy bearing, and soon I was seated at the prince's side in gay conversation at the lunch-table, almost forgetting that my neighbour was his royal highness. Master Hühnlein displayed great skill as butler; the luncheon consisted of a very respectable *déjeûner à la fourchette*, sweet golden Bordeaux and splendidly cooled champagne, and we lunched quite simply and sociably *à quatre*, as if we had thus sat together many a time before, just like ordinary mortals. Cousin Christian was overflowing with wit and humour; the prince melted more and

more, pressed my hand tenderly underneath the table, and touched glasses with my mother and me, expressing the hope that we should soon meet again in England under happier auspices still; and my glass and heart joyfully and full of hope joined in.

When coffee had been served, the prince led me jesting into the adjoining room. The door remained open, and I could hear my mother and cousin Christian talking together. Their neighbourhood gave me confidence.

The prince clasped me tenderly in his arms, and kissed me on the brow and mouth, saying feelingly,—

"Thus I may hope that your heart is favourably inclined towards me, and will gradually learn also to love me a little, me who am so much older than you, and who have been tried so deeply. I cannot expect more at present, but to you I declare at once that you have become dearer to me from hour to hour since we first met; and that I hope to find again by your side the happiness I lost so soon, together with quietness and peace. Only one thing I beg of you to tell me even now, frankly and openly: Is there a man whom you like more than me—whom you would find it at all hard to give up?"

I was able to reply from the bottom of my heart and with perfect truth,—

"No, your Highness, there is no man whom I like better than you, and my heart feels more and more drawn towards you!"

"I thank you. That is quite sufficient for me to-day. Good Stocki insists on a longer period of reflection, both for his cousin and for me, till indeed

I shall have returned from my Italian journey; and I have agreed. We will, in the meantime, write to each other and improve our acquaintance. Your cousin has also frankly acquainted you with my position. Will not the necessary stillness of your new life frighten you? Will you not repent having sacrificed the brilliant life of an artiste for the sake of one poor lonely man?"

"I hope not, as long as I possess your love and your confidence. And my mother is not to leave me?"

"No, she will remain your faithful friend, and be always with you when circumstances oblige me to leave you alone. I shall be thankful for it to your good mother."

And again the prince embraced and kissed me tenderly. Then he took my hand and led me back into the saloon.

Cousin Christian looked cross and annoyed, but the prince said gaily,—

"No, Stocki, you have no occasion to be angry. All remains as your dictatorial will arranged it. Not before the spring, after my return from Italy, will the blissful love-knot be tied, if your lovely cousin should then please to have me still."

Then the prince took Stockmar's arm, and led him out into the garden.

I threw myself into the arms of my mother, shedding happy tears and sobbing hysterically. I said, "Everything will turn out well! What a happy lot will be mine by the side of this noble man!"

When the prince and Stockmar returned after a while, my cousin looked cheerful again, and nodded to me approvingly.

Hühnlein had put the horses to the carriage. My cousin urged a speedy departure, that we might not be missed in Koburg, nor the prince at the Rosenau. Once more the prince pressed me tenderly to his heart, and whispered in my ear,—

"Preserve for me your love! May we meet again in spring to confirm our happiness! I shall write to you from Naples and expect an answer there. Everything else we shall put confidingly into the hands of your good cousin Stockmar. Farewell!"

The horses started, and the carriage rolled away with us. The prince remained standing at the door of the garden saloon in the bright sunshine waving salutations to us till the carriage had vanished behind the trees.

My heart was so full and happy, and I thanked God for being thus loved.

It further made me happy that cousin Christian was so cheerful on the drive home and praised me and my behaviour. He said: "Lina, you have made such a deep impression upon his heart, as never a woman did since I have known him. Let us then hope for the best for both parties. But be cautious in your correspondence. Don't allow yourself, even in a letter, to be carried away to write a rash word that would bind you. There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and before the spring much may be changed. Moreover, as my mother says, these high-born gentlemen are made of a peculiar paste, and one is never sure about them. Therefore, caution, caution! Also at my house, my wife is burning already with curiosity to find out what your sudden visit and our mysterious drives may mean. Be it understood, then, and do you

adhere to it, that you wished to ask my advice about Karl's extravagance and Louis' future, and that to-day we have revived aunt's early reminiscences in Fülbach and the Glockenberg."

So we drove to the Glockenberg, with the cheerful country house and beautiful garden where my mother had passed her childhood. Everything was at that time, 1828, in the possession of Minister von Wangenheim.

The evening we spent in Christian's house with his mother and sisters. Here I also saw for the first time his five-year-old little son Ernst, who, under his direction, afterwards became treasurer to Queen Victoria, and came to Berlin later on as private secretary to the Princess Royal (Crown Princess of Prussia). But a bad trouble of the spine has long ago forced him back into private life. Christian Stockmar's little daughter Marie, who was then one year old, died young as the wife of the historian and professor, Hermann Hettner in Dresden. Her daughter Elizabeth has repeatedly visited me upon my Swiss Broëlberg during the last few years, accompanied by ever-youthful, merry old grand-aunt Friederika Stockmar.

Frau Fanny von Stockmar was in very bad humour, and was poking at me the whole evening with her sharp eyes and pointed tongue in order to learn what I wanted in Koburg! That something was concealed from her by Christian and me, her ever-ready distrust had guessed long ago. But what? Only later I learned that the unfortunate lady was even then jealous of me.

I was glad when our travelling-coach pulled up at the door at 11 p.m., and the postilion merrily sounding

his bugle, drove us out into the moonlight night. How many things my mother and I had to communicate to each other from the abundance of our happy hearts! We drove the whole night. The second night, punctually at the expiration of my six days' leave of absence, we arrived again in Berlin. In unpacking we found in the box of the carriage a parcel containing a beautiful pink stuff for a full evening dress, also a paper upon which, to my delight, were written in my cousin's hand the words, "In pleasant remembrance of Koburg."

Did the present come from my cousin, or from the prince? My heart told me, "From him who loves thee so tenderly. Pink is the colour of love!"

Oh, poor simpleton that I was!

The very next morning I had to attend a rehearsal of Raupach's "Ritterwort." I entered the stage with very peculiar feelings. During the whole rehearsal I could not get rid of the thought, "This play is even now a farewell to the beloved boards!" And my heart was sore at the thought.

This repeated itself at every performance. Ever the question forced itself painfully upon me, "Wilt thou ever play this part again?"

I never had played with such zeal, with such ardent love as during that winter. It seemed as if I must taste to the dregs my calling, my art, and the intoxicating air of the stage, before all was gone from me for ever. I felt how with this love my art also grew with each new part. And I had the great satisfaction of knowing that the public and even my colleagues acknowledged it.

How Raupach, who was ordinarily so blunt and

repelling, approached me more and more, I have related already in a previous chapter. He assigned to me more important parts in his plays and taught me them. My "Countess Flora von Tourelles" in the "Ritterwort" met not only with the author's fullest approval, but won also the enthusiastic applause of the audience.

But when there arrived a loving letter from Prince Leopold from Naples, then I would sing jubilantly, "Happy alone is the soul that loves!" What an enviable lot waits thee by the side of this noble, affectionate prince, removed from all the cares of life and all the cabals and intrigues of the boards! And I prayed fervently to God that He might preserve for me the affection of the beloved man.

Friendly letters arrived also from cousin Christian. All his doubts seemed overcome, excepting the one that I would not be able to bear the "still life" of an English country seat. But his joy to know that his master would be in such good hands cropped out again and again, and the hope that by our presence in England, not only the prince's but also his own life in England, would assume a more comfortable and agreeable form.

This induced me to word my answers so as to remove also these last doubts of my cousin. In this I was only too successful.

About this time—in January, 1829—innumerable innuendoes and disguised allusions began to reach my ear, both in familiar social circles, and in my intercourse with the actors behind the scenes. My sudden autumn journey to Koburg was continually alluded to, and I was asked how I had enjoyed myself there.

Some teased me openly about the handsome, rich Prince Leopold, others hinted at the amorous reigning duke. I must have looked very much out of countenance and stupid when thus tormented, till Amalie Wolff put me right in the matter.

The kind creature first cautiously sounded me, saying, "Is it true, lassie, what the people say, that you will soon leave the stage to be made very happy?"

"What say the people?" I stammered.

"That a gentleman of high rank loves you and will marry you morganatically. Only people are not certain if it is the duke himself, or the Prince of Koburg."

"And you call that great happiness?" I asked in confusion. "You know how happy I am as actress."

"Nonsense, lassie, you know very well that one does not for ever remain twenty and pretty! And have not you, too, had remarkable experience on the stage? Are you not obliged almost to fight with Stich for every new *rôle* as dogs do for a bone. And does not even little, insignificant Leonhardt snatch from you many a pretty youthful part because she is patronized by Prince Karl? Was not last year the pretty goose, Mdlle. K——, allowed to play your 'Preciosa' here, because she was the mistress of the old Grand Duke of Baden, and the latter had given her a letter of recommendation to Prince Wittgenstein? And may not any booby of a critic, who would fain make you happy with his love, and whom you show the cold shoulder to, cut you up in his paper with impunity? And what will be your lot in St. Petersburg? There all the high gods of the

theatre, even up to the emperor, I have been told, look upon everything on the stage that is pretty and young, to begin with, as their unlimited property. But alas, alas, if you become old upon the stage, and yet must play for your daily bread! There's nothing more melancholy than to behold an actress playing comic matrons whose heart bleeds, and whose teeth have fallen from her mouth. Once I played before Goethe his 'Iphigenie,' and 'Leonore' in 'Tasso;' to-day I play 'Frau Riekebusch' and 'Mdme. Hirsch' with the Turkish shawl (in the dialect of the Jews), and yet there are colleagues enough who would fain become my successors, even in these parts, during my life. That will be your future, too, on the stage if you will not renounce this 'high bliss' of the boards. But I see it by your manner, lassie, there has been something going on in Koburg which you are not allowed to speak about. Would that it were for your good—the true happiness! But beware, sweet floweret, beware of the fate of the 'beautiful Greek.'"

I returned home to my mother quite dumbfounded, and communicated to her what I had heard. How, in all the world, had our Koburg secret been betrayed? We had confided in nobody. It disgusted me that I could be suspected of intrigue with the debauched Duke Ernst. Had a letter been lost or been opened at the post-office! At that time one heard still from time to time of the "black post-office," in which any letters that excited peculiar curiosity were read.

My mother and I considered it our duty to inform cousin Christian without delay of the Berlin rumours, and to ask him what we should do. By return of post

we received the short command that all correspondence between us must immediately be discontinued in the meantime. As to people quizzing us, we were to deny everything most emphatically, and, if necessary, snub the speakers soundly.

And so it came to pass that I did not receive the slightest sign of life either from the prince in Naples, or cousin Christian in Koburg, during the space of fully four months—a time of the most tantalizing uncertainty, "of a longing and fearing in painful suspense," for me and my mother.

Daily we asked each other: "What is to come of this? Has the prince already forgotten you? Does the prince only think of the Greek throne, of which the newspapers write now and then? Would he readily sacrifice the quiet happiness by thy side that he longed for, for the splendour of a crown? Was the whole only a charming dream?"

And the prince appeared to me more and more poetical and amiable, the further he withdrew from me. I could not banish his beautiful, melancholy eyes from my mind. In those days of "longing and fearing," I really fell in love with this idol of my dreams in the longing for a quiet happiness, and in the daily looking forward to a token of love. His picture became more and more transfigured and shining to my longing contemplation. I even think that if anybody had dared to jest about the prince's wig, I should have sworn that this wig was the true halo for the poor much-tried martyr of his own heart!

Thus weeks after weeks passed in tantalizing uncertainty. The teasing in Berlin had ceased from complete want of new starting-points. Some thought that

it had been a false rumour, others that the alliance, once perhaps planned, had been abandoned long ago.

But how far, even then, the vague report had reached, I read in Varnhagen's "Tagebücher" (diary) not forty years afterwards. There may be read literally, under date February 5th, 1829, from Kassel, where Varnhagen was staying at the time, as the agent of King Friedrich Wilhelm III., that he might, if possible, arrange amicably the matrimonial dissension between the Elector and his spouse on account of his mistress, Countess Reichenbach, *née* Ortlepp:—

"The Elector wants us to look upon and to treat his connexion with the Countess Reichenbach as absolutely unique, suffering no comparison with anything else, and, owing to its peculiarity, as a perfectly legitimate one; he censures as objectionable that the Grand Duke of Darmstadt had the actress Mdlle. Peche for a mistress, and that the Duke of Koburg designed to win the actress Karoline Bauer for the same object."

How did that rumour reach the electoral ears in Kassel? Did Herr von Varnhagen himself perhaps bring it with him from Berlin? And yet its source could only be sought in my fleeting journey to Koburg, or in the few letters that had been exchanged between me and Prince Leopold and cousin Christian. Were perhaps both regarded as procurers for the reigning duke?

From the month of January to the end of April, I did not receive a line either from Prince Leopold or from Christian Stockmar. I did not even know whether the one was still staying in Italy and the other in Koburg.

Then, one day at noon, when I returned home from the rehearsal, I saw a young gentleman standing at

the bell of our corridor. We entered the dwelling at the same time. He inquired after my mother, and introduced himself as a clerk in the banking firm of Lewald, commissioned to pay to Frau Rittmeisterin Bauer 1200 thalers on the order of Baron Stockmar in London, and to deliver a letter!

My heart beat. Mother turned pale. The decisive hour had arrived.

Mother trembled so much that she could scarcely sign the receipt for the money. When we were alone I had to open the fateful letter. It was in Christian's handwriting, and addressed to me from London. It ran thus:—

"My Good Karoline—Should you really feel able to renounce the stage, and your heart harbour the same feelings as your letters manifested, then quit Berlin at the latest in a few weeks. You are expected with longing, and may enter on this new path of life cheerfully and calmly. Kind regards to your mother! You must travel by way of Frankfort on the Main and Brussels to Calais, without footman, and let nobody know anything about the object of your journey, otherwise I will not be responsible for the consequences. Alight in Calais at the Hôtel Mesièvc; Hühnlein will be in waiting for you there to accompany you to Dover and further. So apply without delay for your release from the theatre. If they should refuse to accept your resignation before the end of the contract, then appeal to the king's grace through your old friend and patron Timm, but with the request in the meantime that he will keep the matter a profound secret.

"All other matters can be arranged from here. To

acquaintances you may state that you leave Berlin on a starring tour.

"Farewell! May God protect you, and may we meet again with glad hearts!

"Your true and faithful cousin,

"STOCKMAR.

"P.S.—I hope that 1200 thalers[1] will suffice for travelling and the sundry necessary expenses."

"So it is to be! God wills it!" I cried with unspeakable emotion, and locked mother passionately in my arms. Only then I noticed that she stood there pale and silent, and that a cloud hung over her face. "Mother, what is the matter? You don't say a word! Do you not rejoice with me, tell me, that my so hotly longed-for happiness is now really come? I feel truly blessed, and as if I were removed from this earth and all its cares and struggles!"

"The prince himself ought to have addressed to you, with whom he wishes to conclude so important and sacred an union, at this moment some words of love and fidelity, of encouraging assurance; at this moment when you, to please him, abandon a path of life that makes you happy, and, putting your trust in him, enter upon a way that is still completely veiled from our sight. Can the prince's intention perhaps be, in his over-politic circumspection, to burden his faithful Stockmar with all the responsibility for this step? The thought oppresses me!" All this my mother uttered with difficulty.

I stood thunderstruck. For my prudent, energetic mother was, as a rule, possessed of much more courage

[1] One hundred and eighty pounds.

and enterprise than her impulsive, light-hearted daughter.

"Oh, mother, you know it is time even yet to retrace our steps. Let us quickly pack up the money, and return it to Christian. Then we are free again!" I exclaimed, whilst tears were gushing from my eyes.

"And then, Lina? Then we are settled once more in our old cares and want. And what awaits you in St. Petersburg? I cannot yet forget the lustful looks and frivolous jokes of Prince Walkonski and Kutaizow. I should like best if you could stay on the Berlin stage free from care. Oh, would that God had granted your prayer for your late sister Lottchen's intercession to let us win something in the lottery—we should be free from all snares and temptations!"

"Mother, sister Lottchen's intercession has brought us good Prince Leopold!" I exclaimed, once more courageous and merry. "He is the highest prize that could have fallen to our lot, the luckiest that I could gain for my happiness. And now let us set to work without delay, that I may get my discharge quickly, and we may hasten to meet our happy fortune. How nice it will be if we can pass this very spring already by the side of the prince at his beautiful country seat of Claremont!"

Yes, I was unsophisticated enough at that time to think of happiness by the side of the prince at Claremont!

"Let us then once more leave fate to decide, in this dissension between our wishes and our doubts!" my mother said more composedly. "If the 'intendance' and the king accept your resignation by the middle of May, we will go to England. If your prayer

be refused, we will patiently remain here till your contract expires, and then proceed as God wills! We will answer the prince and Christian only after all has been definitely decided."

After this conversation my mother caused me no further uneasiness by expressing apprehensive doubts; she saw me so full of hope, so radiant with happiness, and it seemed as if my confidence strengthened hers.

The very same evening I sent in my resignation, addressed to the intendant, Count Redern; I had alleged, as motive for the step, starring tours previous to entering on my engagement in St. Petersburg, and of course I received a reply in the negative.

Then my mother, with a heavy heart, set out on her way to "Papa" Timm, acquainted him, under the promise of the greatest secrecy, with everything, laid before him Christian's letter, and asked for his kind intercession with the king's majesty—during which time I was almost dying with nervous expectation at home. I was well aware that the dice were being cast in this hour for my whole future, for the weal and woe of my life.

At last my mother returned, her cheeks greatly excited, and full of glad hopes. The good privy-chamberlain had read cousin Christian's letter with much satisfaction, and expressed himself to the effect that we should not reject so rare a fortune. He would speak with the king about the matter that same evening, and he hoped for a favourable decision.

We had only one fear, that the good Timm, who was a little talkative, or his Majesty, might blab out our great secret.

Only two days after this, Timm himself brought me the "secret order of the cabinet"—his Majesty graciously accepted my resignation to quit his stage on the 14th of May, 1829, "in order not to stand in the way of my happiness"—all expressed in the most gracious terms.

Thus the dice had fallen! I laughed and wept in one and the same breath. I was exultant at my happy, golden future, and yet shed many secret tears at parting with the stage and my many dear Berlin friends—but *secret* tears, for nobody was allowed to know that I was going away, or why I went! Each visit and each appearance on the stage meant for me such a painful leave-taking. And it appeared to me as if my friends were especially good and kind during these days, and as if my last performances were received with unusual interest by the public.

My last *new* part I had played on the 14th of April; it was the character of "Henriette" in Jünger's "List gegen List." For the last time but one I appeared on the stage in the character of dumb "Viktorni."

I appeared for the very last time as Prussian court-actress on the Berlin stage on the 6th of May, 1829, as "Christine, Queen of Sweden," in Christinen's "Liebe und Entsagung." And nobody knew that it was the last time, except the king, Timm, my mother, and Count Redern; but the latter did not know the ground of my departure, and was angry with me that I had obtained my release from the king in spite of his own refusal.

With hot, silent tears I took leave of the stage upon which I had played, with true goodwill and pleasure,

not less than 564 times during the last four years and four months.

Deeply moved, I bade in my heart farewell to my dear colleagues. With loud sobs I made my last toilette in my little dressing-room before going home.

For the last time! For the last time! Never, never again!

There are perhaps no sadder words in existence than these.

Did somebody in the audience, after all, know that I was going, and why!

On the 12th of May Timm gave mother and me a farewell dinner. We were the only guests. The king made his appearance after the cloth was removed to bid me good-bye, and wish me God-speed on my new departure.

I could hardly utter a word of gratitude, so deeply was I moved. Weeping, I kissed the good, paternal hand that had lavished upon me so much favour for the last time.

Then the king, himself visibly affected, put his hand upon my head, and said gently,—

"Prince Leopold is to be envied. May he make you happy! Farewell! Keep us Berliners in your friendly remembrance, and let Timm know how you are getting on."

Oh, why did I not fall at the feet of the most excellent monarch at that moment, as my heart prompted me to do? Why did I not embrace his knees, imploring his Majesty to grant me a contract for ten years with raised salary, for otherwise my mother and I could not get through all the difficulties in which we were involved?

"Grant me a small pension for the evening of my life, and I will remain here with delight, and renounce all the golden allurements in England and my engagement in St. Petersburg, and I shall thank you for it all my life, and live and die for the stage in Berlin."

Aye! why had I not the courage for this prayer at that last decisive moment. Why did I allow this moment to pass by without having made use of it? After that it was too late.

When honest Timm called on me in Dresden, years afterwards, and I opened my whole heart to him, he said, much affected, "Yes, if you had spoken at that moment! The king was always graciously inclined towards you and would gladly have fulfilled your prayer. He, too, saw you leave Berlin with much regret."

At last all the preparations for our departure were made: they caused us all the more trouble because everything had to be carried out with the most scrupulous secrecy. Our landlord was made to understand that I was going on a starring tour and perhaps would not come back again. The rent for our house was paid up for another six months. We left all our furniture standing, gave the keys to our trustworthy landlord, with directions to sell everything if we did not return before the expiration of our lease.

Only the most necessary farewell visits were paid. How often I changed colour during these calls! How often did my heart threaten to get the better of my mouth, and make me tell everything! My false social position had already commenced. I felt that I stood in a false light even towards my best and most faithful friends. Conversation was with difficulty sustained in

constrained phrases. I felt that my friends looked at me at every word I spoke as if to say, "You merely speak in order to say nothing; you hide something from us which occupies your whole thoughts at present. Have we deserved that at your hands?" I was afraid that those friends, recollecting the old reports about that journey to Koburg during the last autumn, perhaps even guessed the right thing, but were too discreet to embarrass me by inquisitiveness. And nevertheless I durst not speak out frankly, as my heart dictated to me. I was obliged to keep silent, and appear ungrateful, perhaps even deceitful, because I had been ordered from London to do so. Yes, I had got into a very false position.

My mother and I only breathed again more freely when we had left Berlin behind us, on the 14th of May, and rolled along on the causeway to Potsdam. And yet there was still to be a new affecting leave-taking in Potsdam.

The good king wished to see me once more on the stage there, for the last time. And thus I played that evening in the small town-theatre of Potsdam my favourite part of the cheerful "Leopoldine von Strehlen" in Töpfer's comedy, "Der beste Ton," a *rôle* which his Majesty himself had chosen for me. I still see Friedrich Wilhelm III. seated in the small private box, and on my being called before the curtain for the last time, joining with hands and mouth in the last applause, and nodding to me kindly for the last time. And then the curtain fell before me, too, for the last time.

In the dressing-room the old female attendant Wallburg, whom the reader knows from my "Comedian-

excursions to Potsdam," wept with me, without complaint and without inquiry. I clasped her in my arms and kissed her old, wrinkled cheeks, and put a ring on her finger, whilst I said, sobbing, "As a keepsake, Wallburg! Perhaps we shall never see each other again. I go to begin a new life. People will soon speak much about me. Do not think ill of me."

The faithful soul kissed me in turn. She asked nothing. She wept.

And then we drove away into the soft, fragrant May night, to meet the happiness so ardently longed for.

The happiness!

CHAPTER II.

THROUGH "DRIZZLE" TO SUNSHINE.

The Journey to England—Joyful Expectations—Disappointment—The Birdcage in Regent's Park—Stockmar the Politic—The Lover at Last—The Little Firebrand—Anonymous Slander — A Musical Afternoon — A Month of Drizzling—The Silver Dish—Monsieur Peu-à-Peu and the Marquis Tout-Doucement—Stockmar the Comforter — The Sights of London — Madame Vestris—German Criticism on English Acting—The Key to the Stockmar Enigma—The Marriage Ceremony—The Honeymoon—Happiness at Last—Claremont.

It was in May, too, just five years before, when mother and I left Karlsruhe for Berlin, there to seek our fortune. Had we found it ?

And now, likewise in May, we are leaving Berlin and proceeding once more southward, through sunny, fertile districts, out into the wide, wide world, to win happiness, the true happiness, but by mysterious, round-about ways. Shall we be permitted this time to obtain and keep it for life ?

This query occupied us the whole journey, and upon all the strange, round-about ways.

From Berlin, *viâ* Frankfort on the Main, to Brussels,

Calais, Dover, London. This circuitous route Prince Leopold and Baron Stockmar had prescribed to us in order to mislead the world about our destination. People were to believe that we had returned to our old home, Karlsruhe. That our route might not be betrayed, we were not allowed to take with us a man-servant or ladies'-maid. Only my little dog Lisinka were we permitted to have as travelling-companion. It could not tell tales.

My mother and I were so thoroughly convinced of the infallibility of our clever cousin Christian, that we highly admired these diplomatic measures for the effacement of our track. To-day I must smile at the simplicity of the clever cousin and at our own blind faith, but it is not a sunny smile.

To think that an actress who was a general favourite,—nay, who was the object of much homage, could disappear from Berlin without leaving behind her a trace, merely because it suited the machinations of a great personage in England!

Moreover, this subtle diplomatic stratagem proved an utter failure. We had scarcely left Berlin when there appeared the following in the *Spener Zeitung*:—

"Karoline Bauer, a court-actress of the royal stage, a lady of good reputation and one of the most beautiful women of Berlin, has petitioned to be released from her contract, as she intends to enter into matrimony with a German prince residing abroad."

Who had put this in the paper? Whence was it derived? Did the king or Timm tell tales? I have never been able to ascertain. The extract, which "Justizrath" Ludolff sent me, is still in my possession, and I shall paste it into this manuscript.

And before we had reached London a wicked letter had preceded us there, which was to scatter the bitterest tears on my new English life from the very outset. But more about that by-and-by.

My brother Karl was waiting for us at Frankfort. We wished to bid him good-bye, to tell him what was most necessary about my future, and to conjure him to contract no more debts on the supposition that perhaps they could be paid by his sister more easily from golden London than from Berlin.

I tried to impress on him that by such demands he would ruin me without my being able to help him.

My light-headed brother promised everything, as he had done often before. But how did he keep his promise! His conduct was a chief cause of my misfortunes.

More hopeful, and with greater ease of heart, we continued our journey to Brussels. Would that a prophetic voice had whispered to me here, "The man whom you now hasten to meet, bent on devoting to him your whole life in faithful love, will enter this place as king in two short years, and with him, soon afterwards, a spouse of princely blood." I should have turned back even from Brussels, and should have been spared much woe, bitterness, and repentance.

The month of May had exercised its charm upon me this time as it always did. The new impressions I received while passing through the smiling and fertile districts of the Netherlands and Northern France heightened it the further we went. In the highest spirits we arrived in Calais, and I remembered the "Sentimental Journey" which the good, cheerful, yet

melancholy Yorick began here, more than half a century ago. How amiably he describes his meetings with the begging friar, the beautiful lady, the volatile French captain, and the honest landlord, Monsieur Dessin. What wisdom there is in his words!

But a first disappointment awaited us in Calais. When we arrived at the elegant Hôtel Mesiève the landlord and waiters stared at us in no little wonderment. Two travelling ladies without man-servant or ladies'-maid were something unheard of in the fashionable hotel.

I inquired immediately for a traveller, M. Hühnlein, who must have arrived here by the latest mail-boat, to receive us here.

"*Monsieur Unelein n'est pas arrivé!*" was their cool reply.

Neither had a letter of explanation arrived for us, although we had strictly observed the time at which we were to arrive.

"No!" I cried indignantly when we had entered the rather humble room to which we were shown, "that is very inattentive on the part of the prince and Christian. Mother, did not you notice the derisive looks and equivocal smiles of the cunning Frenchmen?"

My mother tried to calm me by pointing out that, owing to the very stormy state of the sea, Hühnlein's arrival might have been delayed. But her voice sounded husky, and her eyes, usually so clear, looked dim.

"No, mother, that is no excuse, nor does your own heart allow it to be one. Hühnlein ought to have been here, at all events, and waited here for *us*, if needed, for days, instead of our having to wait for

him. And if the prince and Christian in their extreme anxiety would not allow us to have a servant from Berlin for the journey, why did they not allow Louis or Karl to join us at Berlin and accompany us to the prince's abode in London? That certainly would have been the most respectable manner, so that one of my brothers might have been present at our marriage. Is the prince ashamed to recognize my plebeian brothers—one a simple commercial traveller, the other a lieutenant—as his brothers-in-law? Then he ought to have left their comedian-sister in her plebeian calling too."

And so—in this renewed "Langen und Bangen"—the day passed. Even the next day no Hühnlein arrived for us.

And each time I inquired about the steam-packet and the passengers, M. Mesiève's and his followers' faces became more distrustful, more derisive, more malicious. In vain I tried to appear at ease when seated at the *table-d'hôte*. This kind of comedy-play I was not equal to; these were not the boards, and my heart was heavy.

At last, while we were seated at luncheon the next day, the *garçon* announced "*M. Unelin!*" and the complacent, stout little man stood before us—as usual, his whole rosy face beaming with delight. But in vain I asked for a letter of apology and welcome from the prince or Baron Stockmar; he had none to give.

And what was the reason of his delayed arrival?

His highness had suffered from megrim, and been unable to do without his accustomed personal attendant.

This explanation caused me much reflection.

Nevertheless, Figaro Hühnlein, with his refreshing cheerfulness and his inexhaustible merry talk, succeeded in cheering our hearts to some extent during the interesting walk along the sea-beach, whither he accompanied us. He told us of the charming cottage which Baron Stockmar had rented and furnished for us in the fashionable, beautiful Regent's Park.

"That is in the neighbourhood of the prince's residence, Marlborough House!" I interrupted him.

"Well, not exactly," Hühnlein said with a drawl; but he quickly pacified both himself and us by the comforting remark, "For people who have fast horses there are, even in London, no great distances."

Next morning at six o'clock we embarked, together with our travelling-marshal, on board the steam-packet; but were only too soon joined by another passenger, the dreadful sea-sickness. My mother and I suffered terribly, and thought we should not reach the promised land alive. Even Lisinka staggered about as if tipsy, and moaned as much as ourselves.

At last Hühnlein brought us the comforting news that land was in sight, and he conducted us upon deck, and there England's coast lay before us. But we did not feel in a fit state to admire its picturesque beauties, or to question fate as to the future that would be unveiled for us behind those cliffs. We had but one thought—quickly to bed, and sleep! sleep!

When we had next day recovered from our sea-sickness after a sound sleep, and had partaken of a genuine English breakfast, the glorious May morning and the new world of Old England brought smiles

once more to our faces and our hearts. Add to this the charming journey from Dover to London, in a comfortable open carriage drawn by spirited horses, through the beautiful and richly-blessed country. It was as if we were on a pleasure drive through a gigantic park; on the two sides of the broad, smooth turnpike-road tidy villages and handsome country houses alternated with pretty gardens, luxuriant clumps of trees, blooming shrubs, and fresh green meadows. And this luxuriant, smiling landscape was enlivened by gay, comfortable-looking, tidily-dressed country people and rosy, happy children at play. The fine, glossy, well-fed cows, the flocks of sheep with splendid fleeces, the farm-yards with their variegated troupes of many-coloured fowls, drew from me, who loved animals, more than one exclamation of delight.

The postilions in their tidy and becoming dress looked so smart. And what clever drivers they were! They directed the elegantly-harnessed horses by a short word with the greatest ease; their neat whips only cracked merrily from time to time without touching the horses. The horses were changed as by magic, and we rolled along as if flying. My heart throbbed more and more hopefully in anticipation of the new happiness.

"The prince is sure to be in waiting for us, full of longing, in the new home!" I gaily chatted away to my mother. "What a happy meeting after so much longing and fearing. Also cousin Christian, I hope, has come with him, and we shall once more sup together merrily *à quatre* to-night, as we breakfasted in Fülbach formerly."

My mother endeavoured to agree with me, but her assent lacked heartiness. The nearer we got to London the more serious and more taciturn she became. Her maternal heart was concerned about me, whilst my light mind was quite captivated by all the new things I saw, and which Master Hühnlein explained in his gay way.

The London suburb which we reached first made a gloomy impression upon me, with its high, grey, monotonous houses and manufactories and smoky sky.

Suddenly I exclaimed, "Ah! Prince Leopold!"

But it was only the gigantic portrait of the prince in scarlet uniform which looked down with its blazing colours from the gable of a house; and the further we drove the more there were of these portraits, alternating with those of the fair Princess Charlotte. Below were inscriptions in huge letters, which I could not decipher as I did not understand English. Hühnlein explained, however, with important mien: "These pictures were put up at the time when the prince arrived in England, and was married to Princess Charlotte, when the two were the most popular people in all Great Britain. Then speculative artisans and shopkeepers made use of these favourite pictures as alluring signboards for their business. Here a corset-maker and a soap-dealer puff up their incomparable wares under the picture of the Princess Charlotte; there a blacking-manufacturer or a wig-maker his inventions under the portrait of the prince."

"Tell me, did his royal highness already wear a wig as bridegroom?" I said involuntarily.

"Ah, no!" Hühnlein said frankly, "that has only come about little by little. And in reality his highness need not wear a wig even to-day, if he were not so dreadfully afraid of catching cold in his head."

What made me think of the ugly black wig of the chosen one of my heart at the very moment of entering into the new home? For the thought of a wig surely affects the flame of love much as a Seidlitz powder does the stomach.

It was growing dark when we arrived in Regent's Park, after having wound our way through endless gloomy, monotonous streets. I examined with curiosity the cottages, villas, and proud houses upon the magnificent terraces that were already partly lighted up, half-hidden under glorious old trees and blooming shrubberies. In the pond on the large grass lawn the first stars were glittering. Nightingales were singing from the bushes.

"Oh, how beautiful! How wonderfully beautiful!" I sang out. "This reminds me very vividly of the Berlin Thiergarten, so that we shall have no difficulty in soon feeling comfortable and at home here."

"God grant it!" said my mother.

At last we stopped in front of an iron railing, and through the trees we saw a charming little villa, brightly lit up. A woman in a large white cap with fluttering ribbons came bustling up to us, and welcomed us in very fluent German in the name of Baron Stockmar.

"And the baron himself?" I asked curiously, whilst we alighted.

"The baron is very sorry that an engagement prevents him from welcoming the ladies personally!"

"And—is there—anybody else—here—to receive us?"

My heart beat audibly, and I breathed with difficulty.

"Yes, here is also the gardener, who is at the same time our butler, does the messages, and assists me in the house and kitchen. But James does not understand a word of German!" the good woman continued with great volubility. "My name is Fanny, I come from Hanover, and was till now housekeeper in Claremont House, and I enjoy the fullest confidence of the baron; therefore I am here as housekeeper for the present, and am entirely at the service of the ladies."

I did not like this loquacious person. Master James was a tall, heavy man who had something of the automaton in his movements. He came very slowly walking up to us through the garden path, carrying a large lantern; very warily he helped to take the luggage off the carriage and push the latter into the shed.

"But has no letter been given to you for us?" I asked—gathering up all my self-control—as calmly as possible of Frau Fanny, who conducted us into the cheerful house that was grown over with blossoming creepers, and assisted us in taking off our travelling-wraps, pretending to be very devoted and busy. But not even a welcome by letter awaited us either from the prince or Christian.

When we were alone I threw myself on my faithful mother's breast like a timid child, and said, sobbing, "Oh, mother, what a sad commencement of our new happiness! To be welcomed only by strange domestics

in a strange house! Would that we had guessed that in Berlin; I daresay we should not be here now. For five months I have received neither letter nor token of love from the prince, who professed love for me nevertheless, and expects from me the happiness of a loving domesticity. Mother, how will it end?"

My mother sought to console me, but in her veiled eye I read how much she herself stood in need of comfort. She said: "Lina, you know that we shall see the prince and Christian to-morrow, and everything must be cleared up to calm our minds, otherwise—"

Then the curtseying, ever-smiling Fanny announced that tea was ready, and that Mr. Hühnlein had come to inquire if the ladies had any more commands for him that night; that he was obliged to return to Marlborough House now.

Whilst Fanny hastened away to ask Hühnlein to speak to us, my mother whispered to me, "Compose yourself, Lina—at least before the domestics—don't lose your self-control. I can't help seeing that we have not done yet with acting, so be as easy and cheerful as possible!"

Thus we thanked good Hühnlein kindly for his services as our travelling-marshal, and charged him with the kindest regards for the baron.

Mrs. Fanny, who even in the tea-parlour did not wish to deprive us of her company, was dismissed with dignity by my mother saying that we did not require her services any further at tea or for retiring to rest. All objections on her part were cut short by a cool "good night."

Thus my mother and I sat opposite each other at

the tea-table, which, it is true, was richly spread, brilliantly illuminated, and furnished with all kinds of dainties, in our new home, at the outset of a new life, as if in a dream. We were so much agitated that we were unable to eat or even drink a cup of tea.

Nor did we feel inclined to chat. Our hearts were too full of anxiety. We felt quite forsaken and abandoned. Therefore we went into the beautiful bedrooms, furnished with extreme comfort according to English custom, soft carpets covering the whole floor, and enormous beds occupying all one side of each room.

But ever since I returned from the boarding-school in Switzerland, I had always occupied the same sleeping-room with my mother. And this first anxious night in London I certainly could not sleep alone. So I slipped into the same ample tester-bed where my mother lay. We embraced each other fervently and prayed together,—

Unsern Eingang segne Gott,
Unsern Ausgang gleichermassen!

an old rhymed prayer which we used to repeat as children at the opening of school every morning.

"And likewise bless our going out!" those words gave us wonderful comfort. We felt that at least we were yet in no wise chained to this house—to these new connections. We knew we could return the very next morning to Germany—to our old home. That was our journey to meet happiness!

A laughing May morn wakened us in our new home, amid the fresh green and fragrant blossoms of London's Regent's Park.

But "home!" What irony in the word! Could

anyone feel more lonely and forsaken than mother and I did on our entrance into this new brilliant London world and this new life of love?

And still there was much to be seen and admired, much that was pretty and interesting around us. Our little villa was charming and neat as a jewel-casket, and nicely and cosily furnished with true English comfort. In the beautiful garden saloon, whose wide folding-doors opened upon a terrace decked with blooming climbers and other flowers, stood a splendid Clementi's grand piano, which at once captivated me. A white marble fireplace promised comfortable warmth in the cold mornings and evenings. My boudoir was an exceedingly cosy little place, draped entirely with pink silk; the large airy bed-room, overshadowed by a stately plane-tree, was decorated in white and green; the dining-room floor was inlaid with polished light oak, and its furniture was of the same material, while on the mantelpiece stood beautiful old china. Even a billiard-room was not wanting, though its brown and gold leather hangings suggested that it might be intended to serve from time to time as a smoking-room too. The bath-room was truly ravishing, all lined with white, blue-veined china. My mother's rooms and two spare chambers for guests were upstairs.

To this must be added a large parklike garden, with bright-green, velvet-soft turf, and a profusion of flowers; there were beds of blooming tulips, hyacinths, ranunculi, rhododendrons, peonies, and other flowers, with groups of lilac, laburnum, and roses overhanging them. Large beds of strawberries invited to feast on the first ripe fruit. An elegant aviary contained below silvery-white, cackling little fowls; above, cooing

doves and a motley crowd of twittering birds—a very delight for my animal-loving heart.

But how quiet it was all around in this remote part of Regent's Park! One saw indeed a few similar gardens and villas, but only rarely a solitary pedestrian or a silent park labourer.

"What a charming golden cage cousin Christian and the prince have looked out for us!" I said, with a faint attempt at jesting.

"Yes, we are quite in their power now—at their complete mercy!" my mother answered, in a similar tone. We had already almost forgotten how to jest and laugh.

After breakfast we unpacked and dressed in order to receive the prince. I adorned myself with a steel-grey silk dress with trimmings of lace, and lace sleeves, corals on my neck and arms; my mother completed my toilette by putting a newly-blown white rose into my fair locks, and looked at me complacently, as if she thought that her rosy daughter ought to capture by storm even the coldest lover.

But now began the tantalizing hours of expectation and ever-increasing painful restlessness — hours to which even, in the course of months, I could not get accustomed. Now I traversed the garden with Lisinka, fed chickens, doves, and song-birds, gathered flowers for a nosegay, tasted the first ripe strawberries; and from the garden gate I would again and again look out on the road which, according to Fanny's explanation, led to Marlborough House. Then I hastened into the house to join my mother, who was busy putting our things into the drawers and wardrobes, only to hear from her the poor consolation, "Do be patient, Lina;

soon—soon the prince must come to welcome us, or at least cousin Christian."

At last, about one o'clock, a slender horseman came riding along through the park slowly, as if deeply lost in thought. It was cousin Christian. He looked pale and fatigued, and a cloud lay on his brow and his intelligent eyes. He forced himself to welcome mother and me in a friendly and cheerful manner, but it did not sound hearty. Cousin evidently had something that oppressed him, and which he tried to conceal from us. He gave orders in English to curtseying Fanny, and to the automaton-like, dignified James, who led the horse slowly up and down, after which my cousin followed us to the garden saloon.

"And the prince?" I cried, from an oppressed heart.

"He sends you his kind regards, and desires me to welcome you to England in his name. He is a slave to *les convenances*, and could not welcome you yesterday, because he was invited to dinner at his sister's, the Duchess of Kent—of course you know her as Princess Victoria of Koburg, Aunt Christiane."

"But I should say that the prince could have welcomed us *by letter* in Calais and here," I said, indignantly, "if he really loves me; and without that faith in his love of course I should not be here now. Look here, cousin, in Calais, before Hühnlein's arrival, and but last night, here in the company of the spying, cunningly and familiarly smiling Fanny, we felt lonely to death—and this morning, likewise, until your arrival we felt very forsaken here in the foreign land. Cousin, I would my mother and I were seated quietly and peaceably in Berlin."

"I could wish that too, Karoline!" Christian blurted out; but he soon came round, and, changing the conversation, said, "So you don't like Fanny and her inquisitive familiarity? I do not wonder. But she is discreet, and faithfully devoted to the prince and me, has been in our service for many years, and is absolutely reliable. And for these peculiar relations I had, in the first place, to choose a discreet person, for the prince's position and future are at stake."

"But my position and future are at stake too, cousin!" I cried, beyond myself with indignation. "What has happened? Does the prince no longer love me? What does his holding back, his non-appearance mean? What does your cold, reserved tone mean? How different does all this sound from what it did in Koburg? What about the Greek crown? Why did you never write to me about it again? Am I in your way there? Mother, let us leave this very day."

"Hotspur, hot-head, there you splutter and ask in one breath more than ten wise men could answer," my cousin said dryly, with a laugh. "As regards the non-appearance of either the prince himself or a letter from him, you must never forget that Prince Leopold is, and ought to be, a man of circumspection. Just imagine what a scandal it would cause if a reporter should sniff out that Prince Leopold of Koburg, who is in receipt of a pension of £50,000 in his capacity of widower to the Princess Royal, has induced the beautiful court-actress, Karoline Bauer, to come to England in order to marry her morganatically. Moreover, she is a cousin of Baron Stockmar, the prince's confidant, who, by this connection, hopes to get the entire control of the prince. If the opposition papers get hold of this

subject, then I shall lose my position and influence in England likewise. Nay, even the crown of Greece, which is still hovering in the air, we should lose irreparably, if it became known that the aspirant to it had committed the stupid blunder of falling in love with a pretty actress, and of promising to marry her. So do not forget, dears, that *first* stand political considerations, and *then* comes love! Altogether you must not regard these new relations from the standpoint of sentimental Germans, but as strong-minded creatures, who unconditionally confide in my integrity, and fearlessly look into the eyes of the future. Well, did I express myself clearly, aunt Christiane, cousin Karoline? Don't look at me so dumbfoundedly, like two birds whose wings are broken. Answer freely, without fear or hesitation!"

"Clearly enough, dear Christian," my mother said, with trembling voice; "but, alas! too late. Had you spoken so 'clearly' with us in Koburg, we should not be sitting here now, with sore, anxious hearts. I fear Lina and I are not equal to the situation. But, for God's sake, what is the matter with you, Christian? Are you ill? You are deadly pale; your hands tremble, and cold sweat covers your brow; Lina, quickly, a glass of water and some *eau de Cologne*."

"Oh, it will soon be over," my cousin said faintly, with a melancholy smile. "It is just the bad state of my nerves, which excitement makes worse. Just feel my pulse, how restlessly it beats. I am sure I shall die of nervous apoplexy some day, if I do not succumb sooner to dyspepsia. I am also threatened with incurable blindness. Yes, I have to bear my burden too. But now, farewell. I have to take a ride

through the park before dinner, in order to calm my nerves. Pardon my harshness. I did not intend to cause you distress. But I was obliged to prepare you for the situation as it actually is, and for the prince, whom I am sure you will find altered. Let us hope for the best! To-morrow at two o'clock I shall be here again, and shall take dinner with you. We will then chat more pleasantly than to-day."

Visibly improved in temper, my cousin rode away, leaving us behind in the deepest dejection.

"Mother, what do you say about Christian,—to his present behaviour and talk?" I interrupted the painful pause.

"The poor man, I am sure, suffers much, and his nervous condition causes me serious anxiety!" my mother said evasively. "But now let us sit down to dinner, and appear as cheerful as possible before the spying Fanny, and then, no doubt, the prince will come, and all will be explained and decided, which means either a near, blissful alliance, or our immediate departure. As yet *we* have nothing whatsoever to reproach ourselves with, and that will give us strength to overcome even the greatest difficulty!"

Much affected and encouraged, I embraced my excellent mother. Nevertheless, our dinner was a mere form, and indeed a pain we had to inflict upon ourselves before the watchful servant. She had to carry away the food again almost untouched.

And now the torment of waiting and awaiting began. It struck four on the old-fashioned lobby clock, it struck five—six. No prince appeared. Restless, more and more agitated—nay, more indignant, I went from the house into the garden, from the garden

into the house, tormented by an inner voice which kept boring and gnawing at me as the wood-worm in the wood, "This delay does not argue a very ardent love."

It was the death-worm of my own heart.

My mother turned paler and paler, and she found ever fewer calming words for my impatient agitation.

At last, towards seven o'clock, an elegant tilbury rolled up through the park and stopped in front of the terrace. Muffled up like an arctic explorer, or like a light-fearing highwayman, my knight cautiously alighted from the tilbury and slowly approached the glass door of the saloon. I heard his slow, heavy steps one after the other upon the creaking gravel. My heart beat aloud and high up, to choke me. Nervously I plucked to pieces the white rose which mother, so full of joyous hope, had put in my hair in the morning, and which the long, long, dreary day had withered. The glass door opened slowly, still three more slow, heavy steps, and the tall form of the prince was before me, as I stood trembling and disconcerted at the chimney and waited in silence to be addressed. But the prince also remained silent, and not an arm was stretched out to embrace me lovingly, no hand to press my own. The prince's eyes scrutinized me carefully, then he uttered slowly,—

"Oh, how the spring sun has burnt you on the journey!"

Each word vibrated through me like an icy shudder. Sobbing aloud, I was about to hasten away, but the prince held me fast, and said, almost alarmed, "What is the matter?—Why tears?"

"How can your Highness ask?" I cried, indig-

nantly, almost hysterically, provoked to the utmost. "I hasten here in devoted love, staking my future as an artiste,—nay, my reputation as woman—and your Highness has no other word of welcome for me than a remark about my sun-burnt complexion! I shall leave England again to-morrow. As yet, nobody knows that I am here, or why?"

"Nobody? Perhaps you mistake!" the prince said with peculiar emphasis, looking again sharply at me. But then he drew me more affectionately to him and kissed me and stroked me like a pouting, spoiled child, whispering, "Don't be touchy, missy, I did not mean to hurt you! Please be not angry, but look kindly at me again as you did once in Koburg."

I hid my face on the prince's breast and wept quietly. He raised up my chin, I felt again the charm of those beautiful melancholy eyes which looked down at me in love, and I smiled involuntarily. A kiss sealed our reconciliation.

The prince asked kindly after my mother. She stepped in from the adjoining room. "Ah! I see you have been a witness to my first curtain-lecture," said his Highness, trying to hide his embarrassment by joking.

My mother said gently, "The suspense before seeing you again has excited Lina. You see she is a born artiste, at once fire and flame, and has been rather spoiled in Berlin."

So the first storm passed harmlessly, at least to outward appearance; but in my heart I could not master a certain shyness all the evening. I felt, in spite of all the kind words that were exchanged, that

something strange had intruded between the prince and me. He often looked at me long and searchingly, as if he wanted to read in my soul. Suddenly he asked,—

"And have you left nobody you love behind in Berlin?"

"No, your Highness," I said, piqued, "nobody I love; for, if so, I should not be here! But very dear friends I have indeed had to part with."

"And what address have you given to friends and correspondents?"

"The address of my mother: 'Frau Rittmeisterin Bauer, *post restante*, Frankfurt-am-Main.' There a trustworthy friend of our family, cavalry captain Hilpert, the Baden *chargé d'affaires*, who served under my late father, and is faithfully devoted to my mother, will take charge of the letters, and send them to my cousin's address at Marlborough House. Thither also my brothers Karl and Louis, and my former guardian, Bayer, 'Hofgerichtsadvokat' in Rastadt, will direct their letters."

"Hem! Well! Hem! And did Privy Chamberlain Timm receive the address of Marlborough House?" the prince continued his examination.

"No, your Highness knows indeed that Timm has been long acquainted with this address of yours and my cousin's. Besides, this faithful patron of course expects an early communication from mother and me; also his Majesty the king, who takes a sincere interest in my fate."

The prince stopped short. Then he said languidly —

"And what will you write to Timm and his Majesty?"

"I shall put off doing so till I can announce to them the day of our departure for Hamburg, where a season's engagement has been offered to me, before my entering upon my contract in St. Petersburg. For every hour makes me feel more keenly that I should freeze to death in this cold atmosphere. Oh, would I had never come here!" Bursting into tears I rushed out into the garden, in which the darkness of night now prevailed.

The prince followed me not. Soon afterwards I heard his carriage roll away. He had said to my mother, "The little firebrand will calm down by-and-by. To-morrow afternoon at four o'clock I shall call again, if I am not prevented from doing so!"

"Mother," I cried in great excitement, "what does all this mean? This strange behaviour on the part of Christian and my princely suitor? All these cavilling questions as to our address and whether I had left behind me in Berlin any one I loved? Has anybody slandered us to the prince? If so, why have they sent for us, nevertheless, and allured us from our quiet, peaceful home? I must have certainty, or I shall die in these agonizing doubts. Oh, why had I to experience this new and bitterest grief?"

"Christian must set us right, advise, help us!" my mother said with the energy peculiar to her. "We have accepted his leadership with the fullest confidence; he cannot leave us in the lurch now. Write to him at once about everything that has been casting us down since the prince's visit. We expect an explanation and help from him, or —"

"We leave to-morrow!" I cried out jubilantly, whilst the tears were running over my cheeks. "How nice it will be when we have once more turned our backs on England!"

And I did write to cousin Stockmar with flying pen and trembling hands, everything, everything. I concluded my letter of complaint and accusation with the words, "Hasten to help, to save us, or you will find us gone!"

James had to take this letter to Marlborough House that same evening, with orders to deliver the letter into none but Baron Stockmar's own hands and to wait for an answer.

With feverish impatience we awaited the return of the messenger. At eleven o'clock James presented himself again before us in his dignified manner with the message, "All right! the baron will call to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock." Of course Fanny, who smiled inqusitively, was our interpreter.

Also that second night in the new home, which had flatteringly promised me a new happiness of love, I sought a refuge at the heart of my mother. We vowed to each other to meet the threatening storms bravely, proudly and calmly, and rather to leave at once than to expose ourselves to new humiliations and unmerited distrust. Why did the prince and Christian not allude in one syllable to the promised marriage?

Our departure appeared to us less and less of an evil.

At length a kind sleep released us from all doubts and anxious broodings.

Next morning at eleven o'clock cousin Christian came riding up hastily. He looked hot and excited, and threw himself in exhaustion into the corner of the sofa in the drawing-room. I hung in feverish expectation on his lips and eyes.

"Well, what is it?" said mother with emotion. "Christian, you are bound to tell us the truth, nothing but the truth. What do the strange questions of the prince mean? Your ill-temper? We have been slandered, that I clearly see. But by whom? Has the dowager duchess, who bears us a grudge, tried to tear away her son from us?"

"No, it is not the dowager duchess who has discharged the venomous arrow," Christian blurted out, "but an anonymous writer from Berlin. The letter had arrived before you, bearing the prince's exact address. The writer must know you rather intimately, and evidently wishes it to be understood that he is deeply conversant with your relations to Prince Leopold likewise. He speaks of the prince's visit to your house in Berlin, and of the meeting in Koburg. He warns my master against the dangerous nets which you had vainly cast out after the rich Prince August of Prussia, and stigmatizes both mother and daughter as a pair of the worst intriguers, who will do anything for money. He speaks in the vilest terms of Lina's *liaison* with the Russian valet, to whom she denied no favour while she considered him the rich Count Samoilow. He hints that the professional tour to St. Petersburg had been merely a cloak to cover a secret *accouchement*, and that Lina, immediately after her return, had entered into the most intimate intercourse with a wealthy

married banker, and that in St. Petersburg, too, she had had lucrative *liaisons*. What have you to reply to that?"

Mother and I sat there as if thunderstruck, pale and motionless, facing our accuser as judge. We had not even tears.

"Well," Christian continued remorselessly, "do I not get an answer?"

Then mother gathered together her last strength, and said —

"To such an accusation, repeated into our very faces by the son of my brother, we have but one reply—immediate departure; of course poor as we came!"

"But, aunt Christiane, who would throw away good and bad alike? I am not your accuser, but with all my heart I shall be your defender against that Berlin anonymous, if you will give me the means for your defence. Who may be the writer of that letter? Who is your bitterest enemy in Berlin?"

"Prince August!" my mother and I cried with one voice. And then my mother related very explicitly and truthfully the infamous manœuvres which that profligate prince had employed to win me, and, when he had failed in that, of his vengeance—his determination to ruin me.

The more my mother proceeded in her account, the more cheerful my cousin looked. He called out in a lively manner,—

"I thought as much, that the letter had been fabricated by a jilted admirer. My august master will stare when I mention to him the princely anony-

mous. Well, I shall put his head and heart all right, and I hope that the whole intermezzo will yet bear good fruit for you."

"I hope nothing more," I said wearily. "Let us depart, cousin. How can happiness accrue from the intended alliance when it is not based upon mutual trust?"

Christian walked several times hastily through the room, lost in thought. Then he stopped in front of us, and said gravely,—

"Perhaps I shall myself advise you one day—perhaps even soon—to depart speedily, but not to-day. Such a hasty flight neither your nor my dignity permits. In the meantime you remain here as *my* guests, till I have compelled the prince to declare himself—whether, and when, he intends to make you his morganatic wife in legal and moral form, as far as circumstances permit.

"But let us give the prince a few weeks' time to settle the matter with his heart in calmness. To be sure, I do not believe that his heart is still capable of feeling a deep, ardent love. My master has long been totally *blasé*, he is always bored, an egotistical pedant; the poetry of love and the blossoms of his heart have been squandered in stupid flirtations. I had lived in hope that you, Lina, would succeed in producing in him fresh shoots of pleasing blossoms, for the prince loves you still as passionately as is at all possible for his nature. So don't precipitate things, await calmly the issue. And whether you depart to-morrow, or years after this, is all the same. Your future is secured already. The capital which the

prince settled on you in Koburg is in my hands; the interest of it will suffice for modest pretensions. Moreover, you have still some months' time before you need abandon your St. Petersburg contract definitively. My dears, into what mad mazes have I, an old married idiot, got myself here by my good nature! But now let us sit down to dinner, for much talking makes one hungry."

After dinner I opened the grand piano to play and to sing to my cousin his old German favourite songs. I was just singing from the depth of my heart Reichardt's touching air to "Freudvoll und Leidvoll," when a carriage rolled up.

"The prince!" I cried, turning pale. "Cousin, stay beside us, my heart is too oppressed."

"Ah! Stocki, you here still!" the prince said on entering. Then he greeted my mother and me in visible embarrassment.

"Most gracious master, I was waiting for you here in order to make a communication."

"Very well, please excuse us, ladies!" and the prince was about to withdraw with his "Stocki" into the adjoining room, but mother and I had already slipped quietly into the garden, across the verandah.

A quarter of an hour later my cousin came down the terrace, more cheerfully, to bid us adieu. Before mounting his horse he whispered to us, "The prince has got his lesson and is quite humble-mouthed. Now, Lina, it rests with you to be prudent as the serpent, and lovable and gentle as the dove. It remains then as we agreed upon, in everything," my cousin concluded emphatically, and galloped away like a youth.

When we returned to the saloon we found the prince standing at the piano and examining my music. He said kindly—

"Ah! you play very difficult things, I see. I am glad of that, for I am a passionate lover of music, but unfortunately do not play myself. But would you care to accompany me? I find here some songs in 'Urania' which I am acquainted with."

Without ceremony I sat down at the piano. The prince opened "Urania," I played, and he sang with a pleasing voice, but very softly, "Im Windsgeräuch, in stiller Nacht." Then followed Weber's charming song, "Horch, leise, horch, Geliebte!" and so we continued to play and to sing as if I had come to England solely for that purpose, and we had nothing else to say to each other, till Fanny announced, "The carriage your Highness commanded is ready!"

"Five o'clock already?" the prince exclaimed in surprise. "The hour has passed very fast and agreeably at the piano. To-morrow at four o'clock I shall call again, and bring with me 'Semiramis' and 'Othello' arranged for the pianoforte, then we will sing Italian duets. The Italians, after all, compose much more agreeably for the voice than the Germans. I should also like to hear Mizi's much-lauded reading. I have just received a few new books: 'Les Mémoires du Duc de St. Simon,' the fantastic novel, "Picciola,' and 'Die Perlen,' by Henriette Hanke. That may lead to enjoyable hours whilst I 'drizzle' during the reading."

"Drizzle?" I asked myself softly and wondering, "What does that mean?" I was to learn it but too soon, to my horror.

My mother ventured to ask his Highness aloud to tell us what was the matter with cousin Stockmar, whose nervousness caused her anxiety.

"Ah, that is not of much consequence," was his smiling reply. "Good Stocki is just a dreadful hypochondriac and pessimist, like all who are suffering from indigestion. To-morrow, then, at four o'clock. Adieu!"

And the strange suitor was gone.

Quite stupified, my mother and I looked after him, till I was seized by hysterical laughing and weeping alternately, and I had to hide my head in the cushions that the spy Fanny might not hear me.

"How the sun has burned you!" I could not get over those ominous words. The whole withered state of the prince's heart was expressed in them. I was to experience more melancholy things yet on that point.

I never in my life spent a more dismal June than that of the year 1829, under the misty sky of England, a year that turned out so disastrous for me. My star seemed for ever set, and along with it the golden sun of my young, hoping, yearning, longing heart.

For what kind of life was it I led in this charming villa in the Regent's Park? That of a poor, petted, and daintily fed bird in a golden cage.

I had followed in loving confidence the decoy of Prince Leopold of Koburg, under the guarantee of his confidant and my own cousin, Baron Christian von Stockmar; I had left my beloved Berlin stage, and with my mother undertaken the mysterious journey to England. I was justified in expecting to find in the prince an affectionate *fiancé*, and to see our union

speedily consummated, although not before men, for my prince and cousin Christian feared them more than God; at any rate in God's presence, in the presence of my kindred, and to the satisfaction of my moral consciousness.

And what did I find? The prince I found to be a suspicious, pedantic, reserved, inexplicable suitor; my cousin Christian I found nervous, dissatisfied with himself, with the prince, with me, out of humour that we had committed this amorous "act of folly," and that he, the clever diplomatist, had permitted it.

For the whole of the month of June the prince remained the same extraordinary suitor that he had been during the last days of May. He came driving up daily for a call of an hour or two, dignified, cold, reserved, and dreadfully wearisome. We had music; sang from "Arion" or Italian duets; I played the piano untiringly, and read aloud Henriette Hanke's prosy "Perlen;" whilst Prince Leopold of Koburg, the widowed Prince Consort of Great Britain, Field-Marshal of England, and candidate for the Greek crown, diligently and indefatigably drizzled.

Of much that was incomprehensible in this princely wooer, this "drizzling" of his I found the most incomprehensible. And how I hated drizzling! Whenever I saw the prince, followed by his groom with that awful drizzling-box, alight from his carriage, at once I felt the near approach of a yawning-fit. And even to this day whilst I write down this hateful and dreaded word, after more than a generation, I feel my very heart cramped by the same distressing tendency to yawn.

But I am forgetting that my readers, children of

another time, very fortunately for them, have no idea of the meaning of this dreadful drizzling.

It was invented in Paris, or perhaps more correctly, at the royal court of Versailles, during the reign of King Louis XVI. and his unhappy, easy-going Queen Marie Antoinette; there it was in vogue ten years before a people, whom they had provoked, and who had thus been brutalized, first knocked the crowns off their heads, and not long after took their heads off their shoulders.

The most fashionable ladies of the court felt no compunction in asking the gentlemen of their acquaintance for cast-off gold and silver epaulettes, hilt-bands, galloons, and tassels, with which, according to fashion of that period, all dresses were overloaded. Then in society they would pull out the gold and silver threads and finally sell them. If a beau wanted to make himself especially agreeable to the beloved of his heart, he did not give her, as is done now-a-days, flowers, perfumes, finery, sets of gold and diamond trinkets; he presented her, according to the size of his love and of his purse, with some dozens of gold tassels, or all kinds of neat little trinkets spun over with gold thread, and the fair damsel would take them with her to the first party, and there pick out the golden threads of these sweet gifts of her lavishing adorer. These gold-thirsty thread-pickers were called *parfileuses*, from the word *parfiler*, and the disgraceful trade itself was known as *parfilage*.

These *parfileuses* took with them into company, and even to court, huge picking-bags, into which were to be put what they received from the gentlemen in galloons and tassels, and she was proudest who took

home with her the best-filled bag. A beautiful, coquettish, and bold *parfileuse* might make over 100 louis-d'ors a year by this industry.

At new year, the customary presents given to ladies by gentlemen consisted of *parfilage*, and a gentleman when betting with a fair damsel no longer staked so many louis-d'ors, but so many gold tassels for picking. Thus Countess de Genlis gained from the Duke de Coigny four-and-twenty gold tassels, each worth twelve francs, because she had bet that she would walk up the steps of an aqueduct, and had won the wager. In the evening, in her drawing-room, she distributed these tassels among the ladies present, without keeping a single gold thread for herself, because she hated the nuisance of *parfilage*. To combat it she took up a very determined stand in her "anti-philosophic" novel, "Adèle et Théodore, ou Lettres sur l'Education," which was published in Paris, 1782.

In it she makes her hero, Chevalier d'Herbain, tell how—"One day we were assembled in the reception room, just about to start for a walk, when suddenly Mdme. de R—— noticed that the golden fringes of my dress would be excellent material for drizzling. Thus saying, in a frolicsome fit she cuts off one of my fringes; immediately I see myself surrounded by at least ten ladies, who with charming grace and bustle undress me, snatch away the garment from me, and put all my fringes and galloons into their work-bags." Such a scene Mdme. de Genlis herself had witnessed, the suffering hero of it being the Duc de Chartres, at Raincy.

This open declaration of war against *parfilage* on the part of Mdme. de Genlis drew upon her the enmity

of all zealous *parfileuses;* nevertheless *parfilage* succumbed. The affectedly *virtuous* authoress, whose books were much read at that time, and looked up to as standard works, but have long been justly forgotten, relates with pride: "The censure which I passed upon *parfilage* in 'Adèle and Théodore' put an effectual stop to that disgraceful fashion, and no lady has since been seen in society demanding gold for picking from a man. All those huge sacks for the reception of gold threads disappeared, and instead of this degrading occupation, the ladies took to embroidery, and the divers kinds of needlework which had once agreeably whiled away the time of our mothers and grandmothers."

Although *parfilage* had thus gone out of fashion in France, as early as 1782, it was imported into Great Britain by the fashionable but starving emigrants after the bloody revolution, ten years later. It was called *to drizzle;* and the drizzling of my admirer, Prince Leopold, taught me, to my horror and dismay, that this picking of gold and silver threads continued to exist in Old England a generation after that.

Thus we sat opposite each other at the round sofa-table in our charming garden saloon on the loveliest days of June for hours, for deadly hours, the tall prince (he measured six feet one inch), with the most solemn earnestness, bending over his elegant drizzling-box of tortoise-shell, carefully picking thread after thread out of dirty cast-off silver galloons as earnestly as if his task had been to unravel the threads of the Fates; I reading out page after page from the "Pearls" of the honest Silesian pastor's wife, the good Henriette

Hanke, which appeared to me anything but precious pearls at that time, till a cruel yawning fit seized me, and I jumped up, ran to the piano, and in my despair rattled off some favourite piece or other, for at least then I could have as many hearty yawnings as I liked, and was not forced to see my strange suitor drizzle with the monotonous regularity of an automaton or of a pricking-machine, nor to hear the regular, drowsy *tsrr, tsrr !*

But my poor mother could not stand this curious, drizzling courtship for long. She would turn pale in her easy chair, make a more and more frequent use of her smelling-bottle, rub her eyes and temples with *eau de Cologne*, play with Lisinka, and at last fairly run into the garden to avoid yawning in the very face of the good prince. Moreover, as a sort of preparation for these princely love-visits, we used to fortify our nerves by imbibing freely of strong coffee.

My august suitor did not seem to notice our distress in the smallest degree. He went on drizzling unweariedly, and on leaving always showed me with pride how much he had made by drizzling that day.

In fact his Highness, during the year that I stayed in England, earned by drizzling a handsome silver soup-tureen, which he solemnly presented to his young niece, Princess Victoria of Kent, on the occasion of her eleventh birthday, on the 24th of May, 1830.

I am sure Queen Victoria of England reverentially preserves to this day this soup-tureen, earned by drizzling, as a love-gift of her revered uncle, King Leopold of the Belgians, without dreaming how many hours of torture that silver dish cost me.

"I cannot endure it, cousin Christian; I am mortified by this deadly love-suit and the *ennui* in this golden cage. The prince never speaks to me of his love, never of the hour which is to tie the bond of love more closely and more lastingly. He never takes a stroll through the garden with me from fear that passers-by might recognize him in the company of a young lady. I cannot endure it any longer, the everlasting, honest Henriette Hanke and the mechanical piano-play, whilst my Amoroso drizzles, drizzles for ever and for ever."

"Yes, to be sure, drizzling is indeed dreadful!" cousin Christian replied gravely, meekly. "I can join in your wailings from personal experience; but, nevertheless, it must still be endured for a time. The first step is taken, and we must not run away cowardly before the second step is tried. Neither small nor great annoyance nor *ennui* must discourage us. Let us look upon the month of June as a time of trial for you, Karoline, and for the prince. So do not weary of receiving his tiresome Highness at the calling-hour; continue to read out and play the piano for him, whilst he drizzles. I am still in hopes that the warm sun of June will melt the ice, and the prince himself speak to you of his love, and of his wish to tie the bond between you more closely and yet morally, to call you entirely his own, as far as circumstances permit. If, in the course of June, *he* does not declare himself, then *I* shall speak to him very frankly and energetically at the end of the month, and his choice will be inevitable between matrimony or your prompt departure. All the rest you may without fear leave in my hands. As yet I have always managed his Highness as it suited

me. Of course, could I have clearly foreseen all the obstacles as they meet us here step for step, could I have dreamt that our '*Monsieur peu-à-peu*' and '*Marquis tout doucement*' would show so little energy of love even in your case, upon my word I should not have allowed the embarrassing affair to go so far. I should have more energetically opposed your visit to Koburg for a love-rendezvous, and never in this world suffered your coming to England at all. But I wanted to do the prince a kindness, and believed that he had still sufficient tenderness of feeling left to be able to begin a new, joyful, refreshing life of love by the side of your blooming youth, and I had likewise hoped to be able to establish for you and your mother a cheerful home, where you would be without cares, and removed from the intrigues of a precarious stage-life, whose dangers, I dare say, you too have already become sufficiently familiar with."

"Which, nevertheless, are easier to bear and to overcome, cousin, than this dreary triviality, this cheerless and fruitless existence of a bird in a cage, this constant watching of the whims of a suspicious lord and master, this scrupulous weighing of every word before it may be pronounced, this deadly *ennui*, and this childish, pedantic drizzling in the presence of the chosen of his heart."

After a pause of gloomy reflection, cousin Christian gave me his hand and said —

"I will try, Karoline, to make all the amends in my power for the wrong I committed in letting you come here. At least, you shall not die of *ennui* in this loneliness. The drizzling, to be sure, I shall be unable to spare you, I fear. On that point even my power,

dreaded though it be by the English, ceases with the prince. I repeat, then, to begin with, wait patiently till the 1st of July."

* * * * * *

And cousin Christian kept his word, and did his utmost to cheer and divert us. Every forenoon he came on horseback and interrupted his daily ride to call on us, and almost always he would have some little surprise for us in store—be it a pretty present, an interesting piece of news, a little town scandal from the "high life" of London, or a merry anecdote from the artist world for our amusement.

But it was regarded by us as quite a feast whenever my cousin took us out for a drive. In the first place we drove through the glorious Regent's Park, in one of the green nooks of which we lived. This park, at that time, was the largest and most beautiful in London, and the favourite resort of the fashionable world. It occupies no less than 450 acres, the size of a small baronial estate in Germany. Formerly known as Mary-le-Bone Park, it now bore the name of the Prince Regent, who had taken great pains in its embellishment. Also the grand terraces, lined with palatial buildings, which mark the boundary of the park, are mostly named after the royal family, as York, Clarence, Sussex, Cumberland, and Cambridge terraces. Now and then charming villas or cottages emerged from the copse; and what struck me specially was the great number of children about them. They sported about on the fresh green lawn with their pretty little ponies and goat-carriages, whilst the fashionable world, in the most elegant toilettes, drove or rode on horseback in the "ring" or the surrounding roads.

In the Regent's Park we visited the Coliseum, with its imposing panorama of London, and the Diorama with the magic colossal pictures by Bouton and Daguerre; but my favourite resort was the magnificent Zoological Gardens, which form a crescent-shaped section of the Regent's Park in the direction of the Regent's Canal, and which offered ever new attractions for me, who have always so loved animals. And yet when I saw this grand place, with its numberless bears, monkeys, llamas, kangaroos, and the rarest birds, I often felt a longing for the modest little menagerie on the Pfaueninsel at Potsdam, which the good king kept there for his nature-loving Berliners. For was it in my power ever to be so happy again as I was there among my numerous Berlin friends, and in the company of Henriette Sontag? Yea, how different were my feelings then!

Cousin Christian also took us to the Grand Opera to hear Mdme. Lalande sing, and to Astley's to see the performance of the battle of Waterloo by hundreds of men and horses, and the most intolerable cracking of small guns, and the most suffocating powder-smoke. But I own the horses were magnificent; the tiny intelligent ponies especially called forth my admiration.

When my cousin was otherwise engaged, Figaro Hühnlein, the prince's gay, well-conditioned valet, had to accompany us on our visits to the sights and amusements of London. On such an occasion we saw, at the Haymarket Theatre, Mdme. Vestris, in the favourite "Beggar's Opera," sing, play, and dance with enchanting grace and gaiety. She was by this time already somewhat *passée*, but nevertheless still popular, and, on account of her large heart, also notorious.

She sang especially some small songs with an inimitable coquetry. She was the English Déjazet in her male impersonations and in private life, which was full of stirring love-affairs. During the pauses Master Hühnlein used to treat us to the most extravagant and scandalous stories about her; he used to accompany his whispered narrative with complacent, cunning, satirical smiles. The whole of the London *jeunesse dorée*, and the *vieillesse dorée* as well, lay at the feet of the seductive siren, and no one went away unheard so long as he did not kneel with empty hands, and many an one only stood up when all he had left were empty hands. But all the sacrifices which the goddess thus received disappeared again quite as fast in a most luxurious and extravagant life.

One little Vestris story which our Figaro whispered into our ears I still remember; it is, besides, somewhat relateable, which I would not care to assert of all the other Vestris anecdotes.

Mdme. Vestris, whose defunct husband was the descendant of the celebrated Parisian family of dancers of that name, was born in Naples, and had been trained there for the ballet. In England she had successfully turned her attention to comedy and operetta. Just like Déjazet, she was proudest of the lower half of her beauty, and was fond of exhibiting the same in tights. One of her admirers was so much in love with this charming part of his adored that he entreated her to have it cast in stucco for him. His goddess gave a gracious smile of assent, and stood model to a famous London sculptor. The admirer was soon in a position to carry home the desired cast, which he did with much satisfaction.

But imagine his dismay when, but a few days later, he sees under his window a perambulating dealer in casts carrying high upon his head a board with strange, upstanding stuccos, crying at the same time at the pitch of his voice, "Stucco legs, stucco legs, the marvellous, world-renowned stucco legs of Mdme. Vestris —a faithful copy from nature!"

And how had this been possible? The fair dame had ordered additional copies of the original cast to be given to the *élite* of her other admirers, as a special mark of her tender affection; and in this manner the artist had seized the opportunity to cast a few dozen more of "the stucco legs of the celebrated Mdme. Vestris" for his business, and he sold plenty of them in those bygone days in London.

I also saw the famous Charles Kemble, a recognized English champion in higher comedy, but on the whole the London theatre had little attraction for me.

I never before saw so much mannerism on the stage as I did in London. What an unnatural straddling, intolerable accentuating, drawling, hissing, and stretching of every sound—perfectly sickening. I beheld a "Macbeth," who played as if he had been strung on wire; a "Desdemona," whom I saw strangled by her "Othello" with the greatest satisfaction. Her squeaking and squealing so much provoked me that I should have felt a delight in strangling this "Desdemona" with my own hands. "Lady Macbeth" walked and talked as if on stilts, and she rubbed and wrung her blood-stained hands with as much vigour and persistency as if she were a washerwoman by trade.

I thought Charles Mathews rather interesting; he managed, quite alone, to entertain a thousand-headed

audience from the stage for a whole evening. He played little farces for one actor, mostly where disguises were required, which had been written for him "to measure." His nimbleness in changing his dress and mask, and his ever-new, striking character-sketches, were astounding to me. These he varied by telling amusing stories, jesting, and the singing of old and new songs. When he sang "The old English Gentleman," he was always rewarded by roars of applause. This unique comedian has made a princely fortune on the stage.

It was novel to me that the English stages had no prompter's box, and that the actors rarely needed the aid of the prompter, who stood in the flies, which, if they did, the audience always keenly resented. This audience I disliked more than anything else in the English theatre. The people appeared in full evening dress; the gentlemen in shoes and stockings, and white necktie; the ladies as if adorned for a ball, with bare shoulders, the knot of hair at the back of the head ornamented with variegated ostrich feathers, whilst long, fair, cork-screw curls hung trembling round their finely chiselled faces. But these faces, how unsympathetic, how dead they stared with their water-blue eyes, on the stage, just like the wax figures in the window of the hairdresser; and when they wanted to laugh they neighed.

I returned from the theatre each time perfectly melancholy. Besides, mother and I did not understand a word of English, so we soon relinquished this artistic treat.

In the Drury Lane Theatre there were performed

concerts of a length that exhausted one. Born musicians the English are not.

At the Italian Opera Henriette Sontag and Maria Malibran sang, but I was not allowed to hear them. I might have been recognized there! And the prince and cousin Christian wanted me to be, for the world, like one disappeared—a captive little bird.

My friend Ignaz Moscheles was staying in London, giving lessons and concerts. Felix Mendelssohn himself conducted his overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and became a favourite with the English on the first night. And I, who had sung and danced so gaily with Henriette Sontag in Berlin, and had played *à quatre mains* with Moscheles and Mendelssohn,—I was not permitted to hasten to them to squeeze their hands, and tell them how profoundly unhappy I felt since I had forsaken art and the merry, dear German comedians. Had I not bound myself by word of mouth and in writing to live in the greatest retirement only for that man who had sworn to love me? But had I not the right to presume that this man would also live a little for me? Instead of doing so he sent me his valet to show me the sights of London.

Master Figaro Hühnlein led us into the great, gloomy "Tower," and we saw the spot where the unhappy and beautiful Ann Boleyn and Jane Grey were beheaded by command of the bloodthirsty King Henry VIII., also the place where the Earl of Essex suffered a similar punishment at the bidding of his jealous mistress, the maiden Queen Elizabeth, and where the Duke of Clarence, son of King Edward IV., was drowned in a barrel of wine. Hardly more cheer-

ful than we had come, we returned into our solitude in Regent's Park.

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In this manner the days of June, otherwise so delightful, crept on for us dull and dismally heavy. No cheering sunbeam promised to come from Marlborough House, the residence of Prince Leopold, in St. James's Park. The Prince still acted as if he had merely called me to England to read to him Henriette Hanke's prosy novels, or play to him on the piano, whilst he drizzled away with much dignity.

My cousin Christian became more and more hippish and splenetic. He complained of all sorts of things—digestion, eyes, sleeplessness, the bad air in Marlborough House, and the pedantic, obstinate prince, who neglected him.

My mother suggested to him that he should try the air in Regent's Park for a change, and court sleep in our spare bed-room. I offered to lull him to sleep by softly playing on the piano, and singing some of his favourite songs.

The trial was made, but without success. His hypochondria would not forsake him in Regent's Park either, nor would sleep come to him. I had scarcely, late at night, commenced to play the air of "Freudvoll und Liedvoll," when vehement knocking made me stop, my cousin maintaining that my piano-playing scared away his sleep more completely than ever, and he returned to his residence in Marlborough House.

We became more and more depressed each day. Our feeling of loneliness in the wide, strange, and desolate London grew stronger and stronger. My

thoughts were bent even more longingly on the gay artist-life in Berlin, which I had given up with so much light-heartedness; yes, in Berlin were my thoughts—I could not forget the stage. In the forenoon I would say to my mother, "Now I ought to be going to rehearsal—or perhaps I should be sitting in the beloved green theatrical rumbling coach, together with Amalie Wolff, Mdme. Unzelmann, and Ludwig Devrient, gaily driving to Potsdam to play comedy in the new palace, before the good king. I wonder what piece they may be performing to-day, and what they say about me, the deserter? Can they believe that I am on a professional tour? Mother, I wish we were back again in Berlin, and sitting in our humble dwelling in the Mohrenstrasse, 48, eating for our dinner pancakes, with slices of bacon and a lettuce salad." Five o'clock. "Now they are in the dressing-rooms preparing their toilettes. Ah, would that old Wallburg, the attendant, could once more adorn me, and I eat cheese-cakes with her once more, and drink punch in memory of Iffland on the anniversary of his birth, and breathe the air of the foot-lights. With what delight should I play even the part of the silly Hottentot, and sing and dance in the scandalously-pieced merino frock"— till I went into hysterics.

Mother then tried to console me, saying, "Just have patience for a few days more, Lina; then the time of trial appointed by Christian will be up, and it will be decided whether you remain here as a countess, or return to the stage as Karoline Bauer."

Yes, the crisis came, and it was so deeply affecting that even now, whilst I write this, a cold dew is pearling on my brow, when I think of that scene.

It was on the 29th of June, 1829, when cousin Christian came riding up exceptionally early in the morning; having entered the house, he threw, very excitedly, a packet of letters on the table, and in his lively way sputtered forth the following:—

"Letters for you from Berlin, just arrived under my address, having been despatched by Captain Hilpert in Frankfort. I have opened and read them all, to see if you did not indiscreetly write to your friends. That does not seem to be the case; nevertheless, nasty rumours are current in Berlin about you and your mysterious silence. It is known that you are in London, but as what? It is thought that Lina has become the prince's mistress. Even Timm and the king are anxious, and demand information. A confounded business!"

"For God's sake, Christian," my mother exclaimed, turning pale, "what is to be done?"

"This will be my death, cousin!" I said, with heart-breaking sobs.

"Be quiet, dears, as yet there is hope. This very day I shall force the prince to declare himself—whether he loves you, Lina, and intends to give you a place at his side as his companion for life, a place legally and morally secure. If not, I shall in person conduct you back to Germany to-morrow, and I should like to see him who would dare ever to turn up his nose in my presence at the aunt and cousin of the Baron Christian Stockmar."

He rode away in the greatest excitement, leaving us behind in the deepest sorrow. We were not merely concerned about ourselves, but also about our cousin; for how hard must he, the proud man, who was so

punctilious of his honour and independence, find it to put to the prince the question, "Your Highness, do you love my cousin? Will you, before God, restore to her the honour which the sharp-tongued world has already taken from her?" And if a complete breach should result from it between the prince and him, Stockmar would also suffer by it in a pecuniary way, for which his wife's avarice would never pardon him, or us.

Only afterwards I understood that Stockmar's great agitation during that hour had a deeper ground—in his heart and conscience. Those Berlin letters and rumours had brought home to him, for the first time clearly, what a serious responsibility he had taken upon himself, a responsibility toward his beloved master, the prince, as well as towards us, his unprotected relations, when he consented that the prince, in a sudden fit of passion, should stretch out his hurtful hand after me; when he consented that I, the young, gay creature, should become the sacrifice of an egotistical pedant, the wreck of a man, and thus for ever appear in an equivocal light before a malicious world.

It has long since become as clear as daylight to me that Christian Stockmar's real duty would have been to forbid with all his authority every attempt of the prince's to approach me, and above all to prevent our too trustful journey to Koburg and London.

But Christian Stockmar loved his master, whom he ruled by the superiority of his intellect, more than he did my mother and me. He welcomed the idea of assisting the prince to a beloved companion for life, who would not rob and compromise him, as so many

of his former "silly *liaisons*" had done; and so I was sacrificed diplomatically.

How strong a control Stockmar had over the prince plainly appeared after the ultimatum which he set him, "Your Highness, if you love my cousin honestly, then join your hand in hers for a union for life; otherwise we leave!" for the next day the prince came to see us, quite another man. *Monsieur tout doucement* was roused from his lethargy—from his cool, temporizing, and diplomatic attitude of observation. *Le marquis peu-à-peu* resolutely went forward to the goal like an amorous young suitor. In dignified, winning words, as formerly in Berlin, and later at Fülbach, near Koburg, he spoke to me of his love, and of his ardent desire to win me for himself for the rest of his life, and to attach to himself with sacred ties a being who had conquered him by storm. He forgot his pedantry, and, for this day, even drizzling. He became once more eloquent, and I was happy to be able to find him amiable once more. I was but too ready to fancy that I loved him.

Thus, then on the 2nd of July, 1829, there took place a kind of marriage ceremony in our little house in Regent's Park, but so drearily desolate that my heart quakes even to-day, and the pen trembles in my hand when I think of it. What wretched notions the prince and Stockmar had of matrimony and domesticity!

No clergyman placed his hand on my head to invoke a blessing, no bridal wreath adorned my locks. Christian Stockmar had drawn up the marriage contract. He, his brother Charles, who looked after the prince's money-matters, and afterwards undertook

also many a confidential diplomatic mission, and another witness, whom I dare not name even to-day, signed the marriage contract. In it I received the title of the Countess Montgomery, and a modest annual allowance was settled on me. My mother pressed me to her heart amid tears of joy.

And now there began for me a few happy weeks, and also for the prince. Unfortunately they were limited to the honeymoon.

The prince was as if metamorphosed. His eyes, otherwise so melancholy, beamed, his whole gait appeared more animated, fresh, and gay. He chatted away without ceremony, all pedantry was put aside, as well as Hanke's novels and the drizzling-box. We sang duets together, and played at billiards.

During the twilight we even promenaded in the garden, and counted the shooting stars like happy children.

I firmly believe that these short weeks of July were the last romantic weeks in the life of the prince. It was the last youthful blazing up of his burnt-out heart, before it burned down for ever, as a heap of cold cinders.

And I was happy in the childlike confidence of being thus loved. I felt how my cheeks glowed, my eyes beamed, my heart beat higher. I dreamed that it would remain thus for ever.

I was also gladdened by a visit from my brother Louis. He came to London on business, and I was proud of my clever, handsome brother. The prince and my cousin Christian welcomed him kindly, and liked to see him when we visited together the theatres and all the sights and the environs of London. How

different looked Old England's sky now, compared with that of May and June!

My good brother rejoiced in my good fortune. He saw that my mysterious connection with the prince rested on a moral basis, and that I could regard myself with the fullest justification as the spouse, and not the mistress of the prince, and he was glad that we were now for ever freed from the intrigues and hubbub of the theatre, and from pecuniary cares.

In company with cousin Christian, we made an excursion to Claremont, the charming country seat of the prince, where he had enjoyed a short spell of happiness with Princess Charlotte years before, and where he had lost wife and child on the same day. More about that by-and-by.

We were in a gay humour, like good excursionists; the weather was splendid, and the park of Claremont was filled with the perfume of blooming roses, lilies, and honeysuckles.

But when we afterwards visited the solitary, gloomy villa in the vicinity of Claremont House which was by-and-by to be my abode, we all became crestfallen. My heart, that was looking forward to a bright future, felt heavy, as if oppressed by a nightmare. Mother sighed audibly, which she strove to conceal by a forced cough. Christian Stockmar looked at us in succession, as if he guessed what took place in us. My brother Louis at last gave vent to our depression in these words,—

"Lina will turn melancholy in this gloomy solitude! This dense weed-grown park, these high firs, which surround the house so closely that the sun's rays are excluded, that it cannot be seen from the high-road,

that one cannot see a human creature pass by from any of the windows! This damp, musty air in all the rooms! Not a sound to be heard all round—not even the barking of a dog! No, this will not suit you. Considering the peculiar circumstances, I do not so much object to a retired, still life, but here everything reminds one more of a prison. The very thought of a life in such a home takes away my breath—"

"Because it is uninhabited at present, and every comfort is absent which is to be found in inhabited rooms!" my cousin interrupted hastily. "Just let a cheerful fire be set ablaze in this marble chimney, put a singing tea-urn upon this table, give two ladies, such as aunt Christiane and cousin Lina, room to exercise their domestic talents,—it will soon look more comfortable."

"And my first order as mistress of this villa will be to thin these fir-trees in front of the windows," I interposed, with the greatest cheerfulness I could command. "Then, standing at the window, I shall be able to see when you, dear cousin, and the prince come riding up from Claremont. The prince has promised me a saddle-horse, too. That will be glorious when we can all ride out together on horseback."

My cousin's only reply was a very strange look.

CHAPTER III.

THE CAGE IS OPENED.

The Parting Dinner—Away to Paris—Classical Comedies—Mdlle. Mars—Dress—Mdlle. Georges—Bouffé — Déjazet — Taglioni — Malibran — Sontag — Lucie Duvergier — The King of Siam's Elephant — An Expensive Brother—Paris Memories—Gloom.

Before my brother Louis returned to Paris, it was agreed that at the end of July my mother and I were to follow him thither, whilst the prince went to Karlsbad to take the waters, and cousin Christian joined his family in Koburg. I was to live in one of the first hotels in Paris as Countess Montgomery, together with my mother, and under the protection and guidance of my brother enjoy all the splendours of Paris, with this strict injunction—to carefully avoid all former Berlin acquaintances whom I might happen to meet in Paris, and to form no new acquaintances on the Seine! The prince and Christian promised to visit us in Paris.

The parting dinner went off most cheerfully in Regent's Park, the prince and Stockmar being present.

In foaming champagne we drank to a joyful "may we meet again in Paris." On the next morning—at the end of July—we set out for Dover, accompanied by travelling-marshal Hühnlein, and, after a most favourable passage, proceeded to Paris.

My heart was so sunny and full of delight as I went through beautiful France, the same road which Yorick, with his great, ingenious heart had once travelled.

I did not yet forebode that the short honeymoon of my young love was already gone—gone for ever!

On the 30th of July, 1829, in the most glorious sunshine, my mother and I, together with my brother Louis, who had come out to meet us at the last stage, entered that gay city of wonders. In the first floor of a grand hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, opposite the Tuileries, my good brother had taken apartments for "Madame la Comtesse de Montgomery et mère," and made every preparation for our reception.

With a perfect thirst for happiness, I plunged into the new, brilliant, noisy Paris life, as a bird escaped from its cage jubilantly flies back to join the free singers of the greenwood.

I declare I had almost forgotten free flight and jubilant notes in my golden cage at London.

Of course the first thing I took up was the theatre-bill, for in the theatres of London I had never had the pleasure of a real merry theatrical performance; I also longed to breathe once more in a genuinely intoxicating theatrical atmosphere. And was not I now in the city of the famous Théâtre Français, of which all France is so proud! I burned to see and study the famous *Comédiens français ordinaires*

du roi. And so we drove the very first evening to the Théâtre Français, which is the leading institution for all Paris—nay, for France. I only wondered why my brother Louis, who had been very anxious to take us to the theatre of the Porte St. Martin or to the Théâtre des Variétés, observed such a thoughtful silence when he heard me express joy at the anticipation of the treat. But I was soon to be enlightened on the point.

Our elegant carriage, which had been hired for the whole time of my stay in Paris, stopped in the ugly, grey Rue Richelieu in front of a tall, mighty structure which looked as if covered with the thick grey dust of centuries of oblivion. In the vestibule there sat on a marble chair, the marble image of an old man with skeleton hands convulsively resting on the arms of the seat; the figure had a meagre, wrinkled, ugly old woman's face, and was wrapped in long, many-folded marble garments; an uncomfortable grin played around its toothless mouth.

"Who is this ugly old great-grandmother?" I asked in astonishment.

"Voltaire!" replied my brother, with a certain malicious smile.

And then we found ourselves seated in a private box, and looked into the large, grey, faded house, and at the thin audience in elegant evening dress, which sat there stiff and bored.

I looked at my brother in consternation. He shrugged his shoulders and said —

"That is the *bon ton* here in the fashionably-exclusive Théâtre Français, in which it is not customary to laugh, and in which even the actors behind the scenes may

only speak in whispers, and always hat in hand, as at a State ball. These are the traditions from the brilliant time of the first empire, when *l'empereur Napoléon* sat on the throne without, and *imperator Talma* here within. Napoleon was exceedingly fond of the Théâtre Français, because he loved tragedy, and admired Talma in such parts as those of 'Augustus' and 'Nero,' and was wont to learn from him how to act the great emperor. Indeed, Talma was the most imperial 'Augustus' who ever sat upon a throne. I myself have seen him in this part with the highest admiration. Napoleon gave many rich privileges to the Théâtre Français, to make his favourite stage the first of France, the first of the world, for all time to come. Thus it is entitled to call upon any actor of any theatre in France to become a member of the Théâtre Français, and should he refuse, to forbid him to act again. That is an injustice—nay, a tyranny. Thus I know of a young talented actor who received a salary of 15,000 francs as member of a provincial theatre, but who was compelled to become a member of the Théâtre Français at a salary of 3,000 francs, and who pines away here, because the first old men of this stage, who receive a salary of from 20,000 to 25,000 francs and a pension of 4,000 francs after a service of twenty years, do not allow a young talent to assert itself beside them. But the curtain rises."

It rose before old, faded scenery, and old, faded Roman costumes. Corneille's "Cinna" was being performed. I sat there quite dazed, and saw and heard as if in a dream.

The five venerable actors and actresses in the faded

Roman costumes there before me on the stage played wonderfully correctly and with much self-conscious refinement, but also with remarkable monotony and an unnatural pathos. They spoke the purest French that it is possible to hear. Not a jarring sound, not a wrong accent escaped from their mouths; but neither did one warming, electrifying, and overpowering tone reach the ear or heart. The acts dragged along slowly and wearily, and not rarely we three caught each other in an infectious attack of yawning.

Also the audience sat there, cold and stiff as icicles. No cries of "Bravo!" no clapping of hands were heard. That was the traditional *ton* of *retenue* in this house. I could not get rid of an inward shiver the whole evening.

"That, then, is your world-renowned Théâtre Français!" I at last blurted out in perfect consternation.

"Among intimate friends 'young Paris' calls its standard stage even to-day '*le Théâtre de l'ennui*,' but the older generation, who once sat at the feet of Talma, must not hear that wicked word; *mais Talma est mort;* and the Duchesnois, the most celebrated 'Phaedra,' 'Semiramis,' 'Dido,' and the friend of the Empress Josephine, as Talma was the friend of Napoleon, has become old and indecently ugly, a perfect skeleton; and Mdlle. Georges, who was so beautiful once, has left, because she became stout like a meal-sack. You will see her in the Odéon, the Théâtre Français of the Quartier Latin, the director of which, *le petit Harel*, is her husband. The whole Théâtre Français has long been a melancholy ruin, the only pillar of which, Mdlle. Mars, a survival of

vanished splendour, may tumble likewise before night."

And I did not go to see any more classical comedies with Roman heroes by Corneille, Racine, or Voltaire in the Théâtre Français. I only went there now when Mdlle. Mars, the sole star of the *Comédie Française*, stood on the bill and theatrical horizon. And yet even this star had already shed its lustre on the Parisians during eight-and-thirty years! Jules Janin justly called Mdlle. Mars "the last wonder" of the Théâtre Français. I never grew tired of admiring the incomparable Mars and of learning from her, not only during this visit, but as often as I came to Paris. I have known but one actress who could victoriously compete with Mdlle. Mars; she was the talented Sophie Müller, who even then was slowly pining away in Vienna, in the bloom of her life and the zenith of her art, and whom I had admired, utterly without envy, in some parts in which her rival charmed me now.

Mdlle. Mars, moreover, was complete mistress in the art of dressing, and led the fashion in Paris. She was always attired appropriately and becomingly, both on the stage and in society.

Only once did I see Mdlle. Mars in a positively absurd costume, because she played a German, which, in the opinion of the French, meant a "barbarian."

Kotzebue's "Menschenhass und Reue" was being performed with all sorts of odd alterations. For instance, Kotzebue, at the end of the fourth act, when "Eulalia" at the sight of "Meinau" swoons, makes the latter rush out at the door in a fright, and whilst the count looks after him in surprise, and the countess

and the major are busying themselves with the unconscious "Eulalia," the curtain falls.

In the Théâtre Français this scene was enacted in a garden. "Eulalia" recognizes "Meinau" and swoons, whilst the latter precipitately withdraws to the side scenes. The count and countess, in order to clear the stage, drag the unconscious "Eulalia" likewise into the flies, and no curtain falls, but the fifth act plays on quietly—a proceeding which produced a downright comic effect.

And what were the costumes of the *Comédiens Français ordinaires du roi* as Germans! Armand, a lover of fifty, appeared as "Meinau" in a long, wide, grey surtout, under which one saw peep out nothing but the points of his huge boots and mighty spurs of enormous length. He wore a perfect monster of a pig-tail wig, and stiff black cravat a foot high, in which he could not move, And Mars as "Eulalia" looked in her tight grey dress and white monstrous cap like a starving vicar's widow; so that I muttered to myself, half aloud, "Oh, how can Parisian actors dress themselves so utterly without taste!"

The gentlemen in the box looked at me in astonishment, but said nothing. On the other hand a smart Parisian lady tendered me the following correction:—

"Mais c'est ainsi que l'on se met en Allemagne."

I cried out indignantly, "Tell me, were you ever in Germany?"

"No, but every child knows that all Germans dress in that barbarous manner!"

"Madame, I too am German—from the land of the barbarians!"

"Ah! Pardon! Je vous prenais pour une Russe, elles se mettent si bien!"

I certainly was wearing a very elegant toilette. Mdlle. Victorine, the most famous dress-artist in Paris, had furnished the dress of light grey satin with lace braiding, and sleeves of the same material, for a heap of money. Mdlle. Millet was the architect of my charming little hat of white crape with buds of moss-rose. Besides, I wore faultless gloves, which is the first point that a critical Frenchwoman will look at.

I was not a little diverted by this signal triumph of the German barbarian over my polished Parisian neighbour.

But how wonderfully "Eulalia" Mars played in this ridiculous costume, in spite of her one-and-fifty years! Especially her concluding scene even to-day electrifies my old artist heart. When she knelt down before "Meinau" full of remorse, with the prayer, "Let me once more press this hand to my lips, this hand which once was mine!" when she bids him farewell "for ever;" but in staggering out notices her boy and hears his affectionate "Ma mère!" then she raises a jubilant cry, her tears falling fast; everything around her is forgotten, she kneels down before the boy, looks lovingly into his eyes, presses him to her heart, and plays caressingly with his locks. Then I, too, laughed and cried with her, as if I were "Eulalia" myself. And in the face of this "Eulalia," "Meinau" could not but clasp her passionately in his arms, and cry, "I pardon you!"

When I afterwards played "Eulalia" myself, I earnestly endeavoured to imitate old Mars with the young heart in her performance of this scene, but

never succeeded quite to my own satisfaction. The reason is that Mars had genius, I only had talent.

Kotzebue called Mars in 1804 the youngest of the Graces. I learned to admire her twenty-five years afterwards as the oldest of them.

I went, as I have said, but rarely to the Théâtre Français; this house had something dismal and dreary in it. Here the ghosts of old tragedy are still haunting, with dagger and poisoned cup in their bleak hands. Here flies the dust still of the classic wigs. Most intolerable it is, however, that modern romanticism should be allowed to perform its mad pranks on this classical ground. These French writers of tragedy are emancipated slaves, who still drag about with them a piece of the old classic chain; a sharp ear discerns on every step of theirs a clattering still, as at the time of the rule of Agamemnon and Talma.

And as Heine did, so did I turn my back upon the desert *Théâtre de l'ennui* with a breath of relief, and resorted for enjoyment to others of the eighteen theatres of Paris.

* * * * * *

And now let me turn to poor old Mdlle. Georges, who was at one time the most celebrated beauty and most enchanting artiste of the Théâtre Français, and who, by the side of and along with Talma, achieved the greatest triumphs; who had a Napoleon to pay her homage; and whom I found old, stout, and shapeless as a flour-sack, on the stage of the Odéon, playing everything, suitable or unsuitable, in order to live.

Her real name was Marguerite Georges Weimer; she was born between the years '80 and '90 of last century,

at Bayeux in Normandy, where her father was bandmaster at some small stage, and her mother a theatrical *soubrette.* She was a clever child, who, when but five years old, charmed the people of Amiens in the "Two Hunters," "The Milkmaid," and "Paul et Virginie." When she grew up she played with Mdme. Raucourt, a celebrated tragédienne of the Théâtre Français, in the part of "Elise" in "Dido," at the theatre of Amiens, and with such truth and nature that the great artiste Raucourt took little Marguerite with her to Paris, to educate her for the Théâtre Français. Upon this stage, which was still consecrated classical ground, the charming Marguerite Georges, then sixteen years old, made her *début* as "Clytemnestre" in "Iphigénie en Aulide," in November, 1802, a famous *rôle* of the Duchesnois. But Duchesnois was growing old, was thin and ugly, and young Georges was beautiful as an angel—she obtained perfectly intoxicating triumphs. The most dreaded critic of that epoch, Abbé Geoffroi, writes about her in the *Débats:* "Mdlle. Georges, whom the report of her extraordinary beauty had preceded on the stage, has proved that fame for once had not said too much. Her face unites with French grace, the nobility and regularity of the Greek type. In stature she resembles the sister of Apollo, as, surrounded by her nymphs, she might have trod on the flowery banks of the Eurotas."

Now a fight to the death for supremacy begins between the followers of Duchesnois and those of Georges. A theatre contributor of that period writes concerning it:—"On those nights when our two actresses appear in the same play, the public throw the benches at each other. All weapons are good. In

the *foyer* they fight with their fists, in the journals with the pen, among the philistines with the tongue, among the military with the sword. But the young admirers of young Georges carried off the victory over the older admirers of the veteran Duchesnois. Mdlle. Georges became the queen of the Théâtre Français."

The greatest wonder about the beautiful young tragédienne was that she favoured no admirers and accepted no presents. Alexander Dumas always related with emphasis, "Mdlle. Georges immediately after obtaining a splendid triumph as 'Semiramis,' or 'Cleopatra,' or 'Dido,' would contentedly take for supper a basin of cabbage soup in the cheap Hôtel du Pérou."

Such virtue touched the rich Polish prince, Sappia, so much that he rented and furnished a beautiful house for the charming artiste, and also supplied her toilette lavishly with jewels, lace, &c., without demanding any more in return than a thankful pressure of the hand.

Among the innumerable adorers of the beautiful tragédienne were also two Bonapartes, Lucien and Napoleon! Of course, Napoleon Bonaparte, the first consul and victor of Marengo, distanced all other competitors. One day all Paris repeated the piquant news that the first consul had commanded Mdlle. Georges to visit him at St. Cloud at midnight, and that she had obeyed the command.

When the conquered conqueress played the part of "Emilie" in "Cinna," two evenings later, and declaimed feelingly, "When I have seduced Cinna I shall seduce others also!" then all eyes were turned towards the box in which Cinna Bonaparte sat with a

strangely radiant smile, and the whole house broke forth into a storm of applause. Mdme. Josephine Bonaparte was politic enough to join in the applause, and to send the beautiful victorious tragédienne a splendid gold mantle for her part as Phèdre. By command of Emperor Napoleon, Mdlle. Georges played at the congress of Erfurt in 1808, "before an audience of emperors and kings."

But the rivalry between Mdlle. Georges and Mdlle. Duchesnois, and the cabal and intrigue between their followers, continued uninterruptedly—their partisans being respectively styled the "Georgians" and "*Car*-cassians," because Duchesnois was thin as a skeleton —till the charming Georgian one evening, soon after her return from Erfurt, when she was to play "Mandane" in "Artaxerxes," suddenly disappeared from Paris.

Why? That has never been entirely cleared up. She first appeared in Vienna with great success, then in Moscow and St. Petersburg, where the Emperor Alexander personally did homage to her, and laid rich presents at her feet. Mdlle. Georges drove about St. Petersburg in a magnificent private carriage, drawn by four exquisite bay horses. When the Emperor Alexander met her, he always left his own carriage and saluted her at her carriage-door.

But when, after the conflagration of Moscow, Napoleon and his army came to grief in the ice-steppes of Russia, and the whole of St. Petersburg, overflowing with joy, lit up its windows, then the windows of Mdlle. Georges remained dark, and behind them sat the beautiful Frenchwoman, and wept over the setting star of Napoleon which had once shone in bright love for

her. Only the strict commands of the Emperor Alexander protected the weeping lady from the insults of the irritated populace.

The mortified French damsel fled to Stockholm, where she was heartily welcomed by the Crown Prince Bernadotte and Mdme. de Staël, who happened to be staying in Stockholm at the time.

When Napoleon for the last time held an imperial court at Dresden, prior to the battle of Leipzig, Georges ruefully returned, and having been received with open arms, played once more before her Cinna, together with Talma and Saint Prix, and other stars of the Théâtre Français, and the Emperor restored her to all her rights at the Théâtre Français. But on the return of the Bourbons the faithful imperialist decked herself with the imperial violets instead of the royal lilies, and was immediately expelled from the Théâtre Français. She played in the provinces and also a few times in London, till Louis XVIII. called her back, and granted her a benefit performance at the Grand Opéra, which brought her a net gain of 39,000 francs. Mdlle. Georges afterwards became the admired tragédienne of the Odéon, and shone in it as "Semiramis," "Mérope," "Clytemnestre," "Marie de Medicis," "Marie Tudor," "Lucrèce Borgia," &c.

Unfortunately, the great artiste grew older and also stouter. She who had once had the figure of a sylphide, as "Marie de Medicis" in the "Duc de Guise"—her head covered by the mighty head-dress of the Medicis, no neck, no trace of a waist—reminded me of a huge ink-blotter. Of course, that put an end to every illusion. What did it avail that her profile was still beautiful, and her large eyes still

sparkled and glowed, and that the metallic ring of her voice could still send a thrill to the hearer's heart? I could not get rid of the stupid fancy of a great ugly ink-pad. To show that I do not paint her in too black colours, I shall cite Théophile Gautier as a witness. He writes :—

"Mdlle. Georges bears the most striking likeness to a medal of Syracuse or an Isis of the Eginean bas-relief. The arch of her brows is traced with incomparable purity over two black eyes full of flame and tragical lightning. Her nose, which is thin and straight, is joined to her brows by a line of splendid simplicity. Her mouth is energetic, with sharp angles, proud and disdainful. Nevertheless, this mouth can display an enchanting smile, which plays round it with truly imperial grace. Her chin, indicating strength and resolution, stands out boldly, and finishes the contour of a profile proper to a goddess rather than a woman. It is a remarkable peculiarity of her neck that, instead of tapering off towards the shoulders, it forms a bulged and massive pillar connecting the shoulders with the lower part of the head, without any slope whatever. Her arms are something terrible, owing to their exaggerated muscular development. An armlet of hers would serve as waistband for a woman of average dimensions."

And this poor, colossal lump of flesh continued to play for thirty long dreary years in the Odéon, in the Porte St. Martin, in the provinces, the parts of proud, beautiful queens—nay, like the fat prodigies that frequent country fairs, she traversed once more Germany and Russia. But she had not been provi-

dent in the days of her youth, and when cold, grey old age has come on, hunger is felt with twofold keenness. So, when at last she had become a perfect impossibility for the stage, she was given—from pity and to keep her from starving—a place as instructress of dramatic recitation in the Paris conservatoire. Poor "Mademoiselle!" as she was simply called in Paris in my time. And I have not heard yet that "Mademoiselle" has died!

After this sad ruin there may follow a cheerful *genre* picture.

My favourite among all the Parisian artistes—oh, would that I could have said "colleagues!"—the most subtle of character-players and most enjoyable of comic actors, was Maria Bouffé, from the time I first saw him in the *rôle* he had just 'created' (as the Parisians style it) in the Théâtre des Nouveautes.

He represented an old dancing-master of the last century: in a daintily curled and powdered wig, in a sky-blue tail coat, in pumps, white silk stockings, similar waistcoat, under which were bobbing watch-trinkets, with long lace cuffs and *jabots*, and always in the third position, as if he were to dance a minuet the next moment. The pretty little figure looked as neat and trim as a little rococo Dresden chimney-ornament.

The old dancing-master does not relish the rising generation, for they walk, stand, salute, and move quite differently from what the people did in his youth, and—*horrible!*—how they dance minuets, the dance of deportment and grace *par excellence*. Yes, in his golden youth people had some notion of fine manners, and how *they* danced the minuet!

Bouffé knew how to put all this before our eyes in the most diverting manner, and he always concluded with the third position!

He is an old bachelor, standing utterly alone, his sole joy and love being his handsome young godson, "Jean," whose part was represented very prettily and naïvely by M. Lafont. This beloved *filleul* the old dancing-master introduces before our eyes into the most recondite secrets of his art by giving him lessons in dancing and deportment according to the rules of the last century—of course everything in the third position! As he has nothing else to leave to his *filleul*, he lives in the joyous hope that "Jean" will make his fortune by this forsaken art of the Graces!

"Jean" adores a young widow—without hope! For how can he approach her—how win her—in his poor circumstances?

The gay widow brings the year of her mourning to a fitting conclusion by a brilliant ball, to which she invites all her suitors, with the intention of making a choice among them that very evening. But poor "Jean" is not among the invited.

But the old dancing-master is to conduct the ball, and he stipulates for an invitation for his *filleul*. "Jean" comes to the ball, and, thanks to the clever arrangement of his godfather, is even allowed to dance a *Française* with the adored of his heart.

After the *filleul* has made his exit from the stage into the ball-room, which is supposed to be behind the scenes, the old dancing-master mounts a chair, in order better to see the dances through the open door, and now begins Bouffé's chief triumph of the evening.

With an inimitable expression in his face and in every movement, the old dancing-master takes part in what is passing in the hall between his beloved godson and the beautiful widow. He, as it were, joins in their dance on his chair, makes the neatest *pas* of the olden time, makes *entrechats*, *chassées*, *pirouettes*, *coquets*, bows, sighs, smiles, just as his godson is doing as partner of the adored widow. This he accompanies by: "C'est ça, mon garçon—le compliment parfait—en avant—en arrière —charmant! charmant!—Mon Dieu! Ils se parlent —elle sourit—lui donne la main. . . . Jean, tu es sauvé—elle t'épousera!" And nimbly and gracefully he leaps off the chair, puts his right hand into his waistcoat, like victorious Napoleon—of course in the third position—and calls out with emphasis: "Voilà le succés de la danse." The curtain falls. Everybody goes home enchanted.

Maria Bouffé by his refined, well rounded, and ever characteristic play, vividly reminded me of Pius Alexander Wolff in his best comic *rôles*, which, alas! had already come to an untimely end, since my dear Berlin colleague had gone to his rest in the churchyard of Weimar.

When I became acquainted with Bouffé he was a little over thirty. In his youth he had been an assistant in the business of his father, who was a carver and gilder; an irresistible impulse, however, had drawn him to the stage of the Panorama Dramatique, where he, despite his youth, distinguished himself, especially in the characters of old men. He became, all at once, famous and popular by his creation of an original old carpenter on the stage.

Bouffé was an artist body and soul. When he stood on the stage he played his part with all his vigour, with every fibre and every drop of blood, as if he loved it. This would sometimes so work upon his nerves that he fainted and had to be carried off the stage.

He always understood how to inspire merriment and yet was anything but merry himself. He was troubled with profound hypochondria, and tormented himself every day with the recurrent thought that his dramatic power was broken, that he was not appreciated by the public, and that he should of a certainty be hissed off the stage that night. But as soon as he breathed the stage-atmosphere, and had dressed himself with the elaboration peculiar to him, and modelled his facial mask, he was metamorphosed—full of sparkling life and creative vigour! He used to say himself, "Properly speaking, I only *live* from five in the afternoon till midnight, the rest of the time I *vegetate*. When I stand before the footlights, with my beloved public, who laugh and cry with me, in front, then I feel cheerful and contented."

In his *genre* representations, whether grave or gay, Bouffé outshone all his brother artistes in Paris,—nay, perhaps all his contemporaries, without exception. Now he was so simply tender that one could have kissed him, now so burlesque that you might die with laughter, then again so touching and thrilling as to make one cry; and ever natural and true even to the smallest detail, original without exaggeration.

I have already said that Bouffé had much in common with Pius Alexander Wolff. And the resemblance extended beyond their talents. For the

Parisian artist was unfortunate enough to be attacked by an affection of the windpipe, just like his Berlin counterpart. Just as Raupach composed the part of the "Dumb Knight" for Wolff, so Bouffé created a dumb part for himself, which enabled him to appear on the stage, breathe the theatre air, smile at his beloved public, and play comedy without having to speak. Only while Wolff succumbed to the disease, Bouffé recovered and continued to play to the delight of the Parisians for more than a generation.

A critic wrote about Bouffé: "He equals Grandmesnil in the 'Avare' in depth and fire; in ease and *bonhomie* he comes up to Brunet in 'Michel Perrin;' in the *Vieux Péchés* he is the peer of Potier, and rivals Vernet in the 'Carpenter' and in the 'Gamin de Paris.' It cannot be denied that Bouffé is the greatest French actor of the day."

With the highest gratification I read in a Paris correspondence towards the end of 1876 that Maria Bouffé, then seventy-six years old, had celebrated his golden wedding, having quitted the stage only a short time before.

And what a colleague Bouffé had on the stage in Déjazet! That name says everything. It has become more renowned than Bouffé's own. For Paris it became a sort of household word. "Déjazet" became typical. No one said "Virginie Déjazet," or "la Déjazet," but simply "Déjazet." The word had no gender, just as Déjazet on the stage was without sex. To-day Déjazet was the boisterous, merry, good-hearted *gamin;* to-morrow the free and easy "Richelieu" or the "Vicomte de Létorières"—and then again the light-minded, warm-hearted Parisian *grisette,*

who does not sell herself, but who throws herself with passionate warmth into the arms of the young, handsome student of the Quartier Latin, without thinking of the morrow, when his college attendance and their love would come to an end. And always Déjazet was entirely what her part prescribed : to-day a boy, to-morrow woman, and invariably enchanting, *piquante*, and full of lively grace and genuine Parisian *esprit*.

Even in 1829 Déjazet was no longer beautiful; perhaps she had never been so. Although no more than thirty-two, without rouge and footlights she looked rather *passée*, and was as thin as a skeleton. But she had beautiful intelligent eyes, charming teeth, and the prettiest little foot and leg I ever saw on a stage. It appeared to special advantage in her numerous male parts. Thanks to that wonderfully neat foot and the grace of her walk, Déjazet could even venture to appear on the stage in the modern dress tail-coat, a thing I never risked, and which I never saw another actress try with impunity. In the case of Déjazet, one hardly thought that it was a woman who wore it.

Déjazet was possessed of an enchanting amiability both on the stage and in the drawing-room. The whole of the *jeunesse doree* was prostrate at the feet of this mature skeleton, and ruined itself for a smile from those dry lips. The youthful son of Marshal Ney was madly in love with her, and yet Mdlle. Virginie might have been his mother.

Little Virginie had been playing, when five years old, "Fanchon toute seule" on an obscure Paris stage; when nine, she played inferior brisk parts;

soon her *gamins* and students, in the Théâtre des Variétés and in the Gymnase, became famous. She brought male parts into fashion, and the most popular dramatists exerted themselves to write to her measure.

Déjazet sometimes appeared on the stage in a long fashionable train, and carried it with the same grace as the little bonnet of the *grisette*, or the apron of the chambermaid. And always Déjazet had to sing, for no one, on any Parisian stage, male or female, executed cheerful and pathetic *chansons* with so much point and piquancy. Her voice was already somewhat shrill when I first heard her in Paris, but its *timbre* was pure and rich in expression. All Paris was charmed when Déjazet sang Béranger's touching *chanson*, "Non, je ne suis plus Lisette!"

Déjazet's witticisms ran through all the cafés and saloons of Paris. They were even collected in a small book, "Le perroquet de Déjazet."

The Parisian recognized in this *gamin*, or *gamine*, Déjazet, his own golden youth—he loved himself in this genuine Parisian type; and this is the solution of the problem how it was possible that Déjazet, despite all her sins and whims and bad habits, remained for the space of nigh three-quarters of a century the favourite of the Parisians, and durst risk to appear on the stage as a hoary old woman of seventy in the *rôle* of "Gentil Bernard," "Armand Richelieu," "Vicomte de Létorière," or even as "Gamin de Paris."

In March, 1872, Déjazet, at the age of seventy-four, actually undertook a professional tour to Milan, and fulfilled a long engagement at the theatre Santa Rade-

gonda, after having been on the stage for seventy years. The Italian critics were divided in their opinions. Some saw in Déjazet a phenomenon, a wonder of everlasting youth, because at the age of seventy-four she still played boys of fourteen. But there also were raised weighty voices against this artificial "everlasting youth," against this wrinkled childlikeness, against this nightly re-painted ruin.

Thus a critic from Milan wrote at that time: "We do not deny that the matron sings with good intonation still, and she points her couplets in a piquant way, also that she leaps with astonishing elasticity upon tables, and vaults over chairs; but we must, at the same time, confess that our eye always looks for the electrical machine behind the scenes, which is giving that flexibility to her aged limbs, a flexibility which, standing in such glaring contrast with the withered features of Mademoiselle, causes in us only a painful sensation. However, Mdlle. Déjazet earns much applause; just as the prodigy child in 1803, who stammered her part in the 'Fanchon toute seule,' was probably applauded, so the prodigy old woman is applauded now."

But the fact was that poor old Déjazet was *obliged to play* the everlasting youth of boys and youths in order not to starve, together with her children. All the millions of francs which the *jeunesse dorée* of two generations had laid at her feet, had long ago disappeared together with her youth.

Now, when hard, stiff, brittle old age knocked with an ever bonier rap; when under the cold ashes spark after spark died for ever; when the prodigy old woman at last could no more vault over tables

and chairs as a Parisian *gamin*; when great-grandmother, grandmother, mother, and child began to hunger more and more alarmingly, — then Paris, yes, Paris, otherwise so lax-minded and frivolous, showed itself in full splendour by its admirably pious appreciation for the set star of its youth. Germany is but too ready to throw its faded stars among its old iron, and do joyful homage to new eminences; Paris—never! Paris, which had for so many years borne patiently and decorously with old toothless Frédéric Lemaître, and with the corpulent Georges, and fed, and even celebrated and loved them, in remembrance of bygone days; Paris, with the same touching patience, also bore with old broken-down Déjazet on the stage, still loved and celebrated her, and gave her, her children, and children's children bread.

In September, 1874, Paris gave such a brilliant benefit performance in the Grand Opera to starving Déjazet as I daresay is without parallel. The first artistes of all the Parisian stages were eager to take part in the performance, accepting even the humblest *rôles*. The Théâtre Français played an act of "Tartuffe;" the singers of the Grand Opera an act of "William Tell;" Déjazet herself appeared in "Monsieur Garat," in one of the *force-rôles* of her youth, and sang her famous Béranger *chanson*,—

Non, je ne suis plus Lisette !

amid volleys of applause and torrents of tears from the crowded house. Duprez, the celebrated "Arnold" in "Tell," placed a laurel wreath on the head of the octogenarian; old Frédéric Lemaître embraced her with emotion on the open stage; Bouffé and Laferrière,

who had been, to be sure, fellow-artists of her youth, played the most insignificant parts, those of two *gens d'armes* beside the heroine of the evening; and Hortense Schneider and other celebrated beauties of the new Paris figured in "Monsieur Garat" as *grisettes*. In conclusion, deputations from all the Paris theatres marched past in procession as a token of homage to the artiste. The takings of the brilliant night amounted to the enormous sum of 96,000 francs. But neither Déjazet, who was still improvident despite her age, nor her equally improvident children were allowed possession of the money. It was safely invested for their benefit. But she enjoyed the blessing of this existence free from cares but for a little span of time. On the 1st December, 1875, she died. As all Paris, a year before, had taken part in her brilliant farewell benefit, so it now took part in her pompous funeral. The type Déjazet, however, continues to exist in innumerable imitations.

The small but elegant Théâtre de Madame, thus called in honour of its patroness, the Duchess de Berri, gave from preference and with success especially the comedies by young Scribe, but sometimes, too, exceedingly silly farces, designed only to tickle the risible muscles of the audience, and which rarely failed to do so, thanks to the excellent performance.

Such was "Le Sourd," which crazy little piece makes me laugh even now when I think of it.

"Le Sourd" arrives in an hotel and pretends to be deaf, and in order to ignore the fact that all the rooms are engaged, he brings about the most farcical misunderstandings. Thus he prepares to sleep in the dining-saloon. The sofa he turns into a bed,

the table-cover into a sheet, the napkin into a tall, pointed nightcap, the salad-dish into a wash-hand basin, and so on, in often so indecorous a way that mother and I blushed; but we nevertheless never stopped laughing. Nor did our neighbour, a pretty young woman, evidently *enciente;* she indulged in perfect paroxysms of laughter, in spite of the continuous remonstrances of her affectionately anxious husband, "Mais, ma chère petite femme, cela te fera du mal—ne ris plus!" In vain. *La petite femme* went on laughing till she nearly choked, uttering with difficulty, "Ah, je me meurs—mais c'est bien charmant—c'est un drôle de corps—quoique bête—ha! ha! ha!" till *cher époux*, despite his grumbling remark, "Peut-on rire d'une telle bêtise!" at last heartily joined in the wild laughter of his *petite femme.*

Volnys made a capital lover at the Théâtre de Madame, in which Léontine Fay, a beautiful and elegant girl, seconded him successfully; Jenny Vertpré, despite the inconvenience of her forty years, also played charmingly, though with a slight affectation; and Mdlle. Minette was the best *soubrette* of any of the Paris theatres.

The young and talented Léontine Fay was the worthiest pupil of the great Mars. When she neglected her teacher a little, the latter wrote to her the following tender words: "Ne m'oubliez pas, vous qui me faites oublier!"

Afterwards I met Léontine Fay again in St. Petersburg as Volnys' wife, both highly esteemed artists.

In the Théâtre des Variétés the diverting comic

actor, Odry, the chief attraction of that merry stage, vividly reminded me of Gern, jun., in Berlin. There was something grotesquely comical in his manner. His mere appearance on the stage always sufficed to arouse merriment. He further shared with "young Gern" an impertinent pug nose, and twinkling, blinking, roguish eyes. The Parisian comic actor sang of himself in one of his pretty couplets :—

Odry, fils de Thalie,
Bercé par la folie.

Yes, indeed, rocked by folly, Odry had grown up; but he was no fool himself, he only made a fool of the world in his sham stage fools. To begin with, it was not a foolish jump when he bounded from the cobbler's stool on to the stage as supernumerary. Soon he drew attention to himself by an original representation of a small part entrusted to him in the piece, "Un quart d'heure de folie," by raising, through his dumb but very eloquent comic acting, of his own invention, the insignificant part to a character of chief importance. Afterwards he played a dumb peasant who has never to say more than two words, because his shrew of a wife always extinguishes him at the third—a part which had been declined by the first comic actors of the Variétés as "too paltry;" in this part he knew, by his dumb acting, how to raise the peasant to the chief personage of the play. At once Odry became one of the most popular comic actors of Paris.

A highly comical figure also was Odry's professor of physics, who in the swimming-bath, in a bathing costume, delivers a lecture about the warming-lamp.

But once I was near getting very angry with Odry. "The Night Watchman" was being performed, which

is an adaptation of Zschokke's pretty story of that name. The gay young prince, who, in the costume of a night watchman, wishes to improve his knowledge of men at a masked ball, has to play a scene with a drunkard, who of course is a German.

Expressions like these reached my ear: "*Oh, le gros Allemand—le bete—le lourd Allemand!*" And how they abused my mother-tongue!

The "dull German" was, for example, to teach the prince, who was drinking with him, the word "Schnapps." This caused great jaw-breaking: "Ja, a min Err Schnipps — Schnopps — Schnepps — Schnupps," till at last, to the great joy of a long-eared audience, the word "Schnapps" came out. When, however, my elegant neighbours in the box on the proscenium now even began to whisper pretty audibly, "Quelle horrible langue! Quel idiome ridicule!" then my mother had enough to do to prevent my giving the clever French a lesson about the German language, as I did in the Théâtre Français about German dress. Well, the French got that lesson forty years after at Sédan and Paris, to my unbounded satisfaction.

I still remember with delight that I had the good fortune in those by-gone checkered days of the French capital, to assist at a *première* of Rossini's "Tell." What melodious music! "Tell" has ever remained my favourite of Rossini's operas. What brilliant singers: Levasseur as "Tell," Nourrit as "Arnold," Mdme. Cinti-Damoreau as "Mathilde!" What an enrapturing dancer was Marie Taglioni! And what an interesting audience in the stalls: first critics, musicians, and authors of Paris.

Can it be true that Rossini never saw Switzerland and never heard those sweet, chaste Alpine notes, as it was asserted that night? The chorus, "Ciel, qui du monde est la parure," breathes such a genuine mysterious Alpine air, as only the lofty mountains, and no study of the *maestri* in Paris could produce. What I was most affected by was the great trio between "Arnold," "Tell," and "Walter," in the second act. Nourrit as "Arnold," relating the death of his father, delivered the words, "Mon père, je ne te verrai plus!" so touchingly, so moving to tears, that I said to myself, "Only Bader in Berlin is an equally heart-stirring singer."

And again, Marie Taglioni, as a "Tyrolese maiden," skimming along over the scene like a delightful vision! And yet the celebrated dancer was anything but beautiful. Rahel called her "magra-magrissima," and her long, slender form, with its thin arms and hands, was deserving of this appellation. Nor did her face possess any striking charms. But when she glided along as the "Tyrolese" whilst the chorus accompanied her with the song,—

Toi, que l'oiseau ne suivrait,—

then one forgot all the plainness of her appearance, —she was the embodied poesy of dance, most perfect elegance, flower-like gracefulness, most lovable modesty. Even in executing the boldest *pas*, she never was vulgar, never appeared unwomanly, never bold or coquettish, like so many famous dancers whose whole art is confined to their legs. In her case, heart and soul joined in the dance. I liked to call her "the dancing Mars," especially after

I had seen and admired her as "Flora" in the ballet "Zephir and Flora."

A Paris critic at that time very justly said about Marie Taglioni: "Her dance is no *métier*, not even an art, but a gift of nature. She exhibits no odd *pirouettes*, contortions of hips and arms, as did the other dancers who were called Graces formerly. She is charming, and this word expresses everything."

Marie Taglioni deserved a better fortune in life. She married an Italian count—and it is not always a fortune for an artiste to be styled countess.

Marie Taglioni, the greatest and most expressive dancer of our century, as Fanny Elsler was the most beautiful, was obliged to give dancing lessons in London in her old age.

The magnificent tenor singer, Nourrit, ended more sadly yet. In the zenith of his fame he became despondent, and in Rome threw himself from a window.

In the Italian Opera I heard "Don Juan" in a splendid translation, and with what deep, inner emotion! In the principal parts, at the side of Donzelli, Zuchelli, and Graziani, I saw again two German songstresses, former colleagues of Berlin, with whom I had but lately had such friendly intercourse,—and now I had to sit opposite them, a listening stranger! How I should have liked to have hurried behind the flies in the *entr'actes* to clasp my German sister-artistes round the neck, and weep and shout for joy, "There, I am back again! Receive your faithless sister once more into your midst, I pray you; she has suffered enough and smarted in exile.

Hurrah! Long live the hearty and merry comedians!"

But of course I was not allowed to do so. I was not even permitted to press my dear colleagues' hands. Mdme. la Comtesse de Montgomery was strictly forbidden to have any intercourse with old friends and colleagues. I was not even to know them now.

Henriette Sontag sang "Donna Anna;" she stood at the summit of her art and fame at that time. And how she sang and played this difficult and intricate part—like a born tragédienne, with a fire of passion and depth of feeling which Berlin never saw, as it had chosen the "Italian in Algiers" and "La Dame Blanche" as the pieces in which they would admire the beautiful Henriette. What a thrilling effect this beautiful "Donna Anna" produced in this duet with "Antonio," when she urges him to take vengeance on "Don Juan." At the words, "Egli è il carnefice del padre mio!" every heart must have bled and wept with her.

On the play-bill we read "Mdlle. Sontag," but it was even then an open secret in artistic circles that the beautiful Henriette had lately become the Countess Rossi, wife of the Sardinian ambassador in Brussels.

Beautiful Sabine Heinefetter sang the part of "Elvira" passionately and nobly. We shall meet this amiable colleague of mine again in Prague some years hence.

And what an enchanting "Zerlina" was Maria Malibran, full of naïveté and roguishness; her star had just risen then in its purest splendour.

Young Maria, who was a year younger than I, was not handsome. Her small, slender figure, with its awkward movements, and her irregular features, formed a very striking contrast to the lovely, womanly, graceful appearance of Henriette Sontag—but what fire there was in her large black, Spanish eyes! What genuine passion in her animated play! What pure, full, deep sound in her exquisite fresh voice! And what rich variety in her art, in her playing and singing! She sang with equal success in soprano and alto parts, and in characters that she played often, she used to surprise the audience by new, happy *nuances,* like the magician Ludwig Devrient. To-day she would enrapture by the fire of her passion; to-morrow she called forth sweet tears of emotion by the depth of her feeling; and again she delighted by exquisite humour and charmingly naïve roguishness, when she would gracefully bend her head to the left shoulder, a pleasant twinkle in her beautiful fiery eye, showing all her glittering pearly teeth, and at the end of the last cadence boldly throw up her little head, with its black, shining locks, and look at the audience as if she wanted to ask, "Well, have I done my part honestly? Then do yours now as honestly, and applaud." And applause never failed to come.

Even when, on her first appearance on the stage she seemed to be only Maria Malibran, she would from note to note sing, play, and live herself more and more into the characters, and soon was *entirely* the naïve-*piquante* "Zerlina," the touching "Desdemona," the gay, coquettish "Rosina," the grand, majestic "Semiramis." And the touching "Desdemona" even

ventured to appear the night after as angry "Othello," and the feat turned out a success! Especially in the "Othello" part her voice showed a splendid sonorous depth, whilst after great exertion it would sometimes sound rather thin and sharp in the higher notes.

And how even her outward appearance adapted itself gradually to the character of her part as soon as she sang! The small, slender figure grew in height before our eyes, one might say, and her mobile features became expressively beautiful. Singing was life with her, and so she lived what she sang.

And yet the celebrated Malibran was not happy. She was too passionate and eccentric to arrive ever at happiness, *i.e.*, peace and tranquillity.

Only an eccentric being like Maria Garcia could, when but seventeen years old, marry at the outset of her brilliant career, and in America, a man of fifty, a merchant named Malibran, for whom she did not feel a spark of love, just to get away from the severe discipline of her father and from the stage. The union turned out most unhappy, and proved a chain for Maria which she had to drag along almost throughout her life. Only a few months after the wedding the old gentleman failed, and the young wife had to return to the stage in order to live and to earn money for her husband as well. Thus she arrived in Paris in 1827, without friends or patrons. She made her *début* a few weeks afterwards as "Semiramis" at the Grand Opera, and then as "Desdemona" in the Italian Opera, and a new shining star had risen for the Parisians, although Henriette Sontag had obtained the most brilliant triumphs in the Italian Opera for some time past.

When Malibran heard Sontag sing for the first time, she exclaimed, weeping, "Mon Dieu, why does she sing so beautifully!" and for a long time she would not venture to sing together with the German nightingale.

At last Countess Merlin, who herself sang charmingly, and who knew how to gather in her salon all that made or loved fine music in Paris, invited the two prima donnas to sing a duet from "Tancred" at the piano. And both caused so equal a storm of applause that they forgot all rival jealousies, and sank into each other's arms at the conclusion of the duo as if by command, and affectionately kissed each other to seal an everlasting bond of friendship.

Paris repeated all kinds of piquant anecdotes about the eccentricities of Malibran. The last vacation of the opera she had passed at a country estate, and in male attire, on horseback, a rifle slung across her shoulders, roved through fields and woods, and had many a pretty adventure. She always chose the wildest horses, and her admirers said of her: "Donna Maria sings like an angel, and rides like a devil!" It is known that her wild feats on horseback caused her death when but twenty-eight years old.

Also in her love Maria Malibran was passionate. Shortly before I heard her in Paris, she had made the acquaintance in Brussels of the violin-virtuoso De Beriot, and at once conceived the most violent passion for the fine-looking, interesting man, although she knew that De Beriot had long been a suitor for the hand of Sontag.

Once, when the famous violinist had delivered a concerto of his own composition, and all crowded

around him, thanking and congratulating him, Maria Malibran also stood before him, pale and trembling, tears in her eyes. Seizing his hand passionately, she said to him, "Your success makes me very happy."

He thanked her with some commonplace expression, but Maria interrupted him, full of fire, with the words, "No, no! It is not that; don't you see that I love you?"

And M. de Beriot, a prudent calculator, who could not help a certain weakness for golden prima donnas, did not take long to reflect, and took Malibran in lieu of Sontag, whom he could not get, for he knew that Donna Maria likewise possessed a million in her silvery voice. He accompanied his mistress on all her great tours through England, France, and Italy. M. Malibran, who in America heard of these tender relations of his wife, came over to France meaning mischief, but he accepted money as a solatium. Only in 1836 did the songstress succeed in obtaining a divorce from her American spouse; then she married Beriot. But neither was this union a happy one. Her passionately thirsting fire-soul languished beside the cold, calculating man.

Only a few months later their union was dissolved by the sudden death of Maria.

It was said that her being thrown from her horse was not the sole cause of her death. From fear of her husband, in spite of the most violent pain and a badly bruised face, she appeared in a very fatiguing part on the stage of the Covent Garden Theatre the very evening of the fatal day, and afterwards sang in several great concerts during the musical festival in

Manchester—one piece being her own composition, the romance of death !—and in Manchester she died.

To this sad Paris reminiscence I should like to add another which fills my heart with mourning even to-day.

Lucie Duvergier had come to Berlin, together with a French troop under Director Delcour, in 1826. The king liked to see little French plays, alternating with German comedies in the performance at the palace in Potsdam and in the royal playhouse, and for that purpose the Parisian troop was engaged through the good offices of the favourite dancer, Mdme. Lemière-Desargus. Lucie Duvergier was the most pleasing and talented member of it. She played my *rôles*, especially in Scribe's little plays; was of the same age as myself, and bore a striking resemblance to me. She was fair; had soft, delicate, child-like features and lovely brown eyes, which always looked melancholy-dreamy, whilst mine, that were of a bluish-grey, looked then gay and unabashed into life.

We became acquainted with one another at the rehearsals at the "palace," and, as I was able to chat away French lustily, we were soon on loving terms with one another. Now I also learned why Lucie was always so sad. She stood under the protection of a sour aunt, who regarded her niece as so much capital yielding interest, and always kept dinning into her ears, "Learn ! work ! make money ! we must be saving now, in order to be able to live at ease when we are old."

We embraced each other, weeping, when Lucie returned to Paris.

How delighted I was when I found again my dear

sweet friend, who was now engaged as first youthful heroine at the Odéon theatre!

How beautiful she had grown in the space of three years that I had not seen her! She appeared in the "Duc de Guise;" but her beautiful brown eyes looked sadder still than in Berlin, and in her whole appearance, in her play, in the tone of her voice, there was something infinitely weary. She touchingly recalled to me the picture of a royal swan whose wings are broken.

Next day Lucie lay weeping in my arms, and opened to me her overflowing heart. I think I feel even now, as I write down this sad little story, the beating of her poor wounded heart on mine, as if I still heard the sweet, soft, wailing, harp-like sound of her trembling voice, as she told me the following:—

"Soon after my return, three years ago, I made the acquaintance here of a young, fine-looking, amiable man, whom I had seen in the theatre night after night when I played. He always followed me with his bright looks; he stood at the door of the theatre when I came out to enter the carriage that took me home. Somebody sent me a beautiful fresh bouquet every morning. I knew that it came from him, and that he loved me. Also my eyes were directed at night from the stage to the place where he sat, and I felt how I blushed with delight, and my heart beat higher each time I saw him again. I loved him without confessing it to myself in so many words. He was my first, my only love. Then he introduced himself to me as Henri Ferrière, *Avocat*, and declared his love. I was exceedingly happy.

"But soon after Henri confessed to me that he was

the Vicomte de Ferrière, and not the master of his will and hand. He was nephew and heir to an aristocratic and very haughty personage at the court of Charles X., who would never give his consent to Henri's marriage with a comédienne.

"I was very unhappy. Nevertheless I possessed the strength to demand of Henri that we should part. He conjured me to remain faithful to him till his uncle died. He hoped for the future. I had no hope more, but I swore to him fidelity to the grave. Henri joined an embassy that was going to Japan. So we parted; I know it is for ever, for I carry death in my heart. Besides, my aunt daily torments me with the lavish offers of a rich old man, who has promised her a pension for life if I become his. Rather die!"

And the poor girl did, soon after, die of a broken heart.

When I was engaged in St. Petersburg in 1833, Mdme. Duvergier announced herself to us. I hastened to meet her with the question, "Lucie?"

"Morte!" she said, with an icy coldness. "The ungrateful one could have made a very good match, and have made provision for me too by doing so, for me to whom she owed a debt of gratitude. But she only thought of her distant vicomte, and so she has died of grief, leaving me behind in sorrow and distress. I am obliged in my old age to come here to St. Petersburg to take a modest engagement as box-keeper at the French theatre. But my wages are so small that they are often insufficient to cover the most necessary expenses, so that I am compelled to sell even cherished keepsakes. Would mademoiselle perhaps buy a charming miniature painting of Lucie?

—fifty francs, a very small sum! You loved poor dear Lucie once, I know."

Greedily she pocketed the money, and vanished. I knew that this hard, selfish aunt had been the cause of Lucie's death.

Vicomte Henri de Ferrière died years afterwards, as French ambassador at Stockholm, unmarried.

I shall bid farewell to the Parisian theatres, after these sad sketches of real life, with a small cheerful *genre* piece.

In the Gaieté Théâtre I saw, to my child-like delight, "l'éléphant du roi de Siam" act with great truth and the drollest ability alongside petty mankind. He was as accurate in his whole performance as a practised old stager.

In Berlin I had admired with rather mixed feelings the monkey Joco, which was acted by a man who had degraded himself to an ape. Why should I not in Paris wonder at an elephant who, by an almost human sagacity, raised himself above the brute?

The piece, of course, was rather stupid, for it had been specially written to measure for an elephant; but the hero of the evening was, for all that, not the less clever. He on different occasions saved the life of the legitimate heir to the crown of Siam when pursued by a pretender, freed him from prison by shattering with his trunk a window high up in the tower, breaking out the iron bars, and then lifted the prince up and put him softly on the ground. Nay, this four-legged, giant guardian-angel, at the decisive moment, cleverly lifted the crown off the usurper's head, and gracefully put it on the locks of the legiti-

mate heir. The latter in return proved thankful; and the sagacious elephant lived in first-rate, jolly style in his golden palace. He only needed to ring the bell, and a band of splendidly attired slaves spread out before him the choicest meal, and put a table-cloth as a napkin around his thick neck. Soon our hero set the champagne bottles going, and, with evident relish, poured down bottle upon bottle into his insatiable abyss. He only needed to beckon with his trunk, and charming *bayadères* performed before him the most voluptuous dances; he threw a pocket-handkerchief to the most beautiful, and she lay caressingly down upon his broad back, gently and tenderly scratching his broad, flapping ears. He beckoned again, and the *bayadères* danced the pretty garland dance, in which his Colossality took a gay part, gracefully putting his plump feet over the flowery chains without crushing a single flower.

It was droll in the highest degree, when "l'éléphant" was "called." He came running up in a short, hurried trot, swung his trunk to all quarters of the jubilant house as acknowledgment, and then politely withdrew, walking backwards into the flies, as if he had read Goethe's "Rules for Comedians," which demand that an actor should never turn his back upon an honourable audience.

But this clever, great "l'éléphant du roi de Siam," came to a tragical end, like so many a hero in these old Parisian theatre reminiscences. His owner took him to America, and during a violent storm had to throw his giant jewel overboard, in order to lighten the ship. At the bottom of the sea there lie bleach-

ing even to-day the bones of "the elephant of the king of Siam."

* * * * * *

And yet, great as was the pleasure which these theatre nights in Paris caused me, great were also the pangs they occasioned me. I well-nigh died with longing after the old merry comedian life, which I had so wilfully deserted. When I saw a part on the stage which I had myself played with pleasure and acceptance, I could have burst into hysterics with woe. When I saw a young actress play with indifference, or in my opinion, wrong, I felt violently inclined to jump upon the stage, and cry, "Mademoiselle, I will show you how we play this in Germany, simply, naturally, and with feeling. Away with your affectations!"

But of course Madame la Comtesse de Montgomery was bound with golden chains to her box in the proscenium.

One morning I passed the Théâtre des Nouveautés. The actors stood chatting and laughing gaily at the entrance, among them Bouffé and Mdme. Albert, who was distributing delicious peaches among her colleagues. What a scene of chaffing, joking, and feasting! Then the stage-manager said, "Mesdames et messieurs, la répétition doit commencer," and gaily they went in. How gladly would I have followed to join in their rehearsal, to breathe stage air, and to forget—! Verily Countess Montgomery was not at all to be envied.

Also my mysterious and equivocal social position became to me more clear and vexing in Paris. Despite the strict orders of cousin Christian and the prince, it was not wholly avoidable that I should meet

former Berlin acquaintances and friends. In this way, one evening in the Théâtre Français, Count Arnim-Boitzenburg entered our private box in order to shake hands with us. Next day he paid us a visit at the hotel. In the Odéon we met young Count Golz, the same who had shown me so much sympathy in the Samoilow affair. Also "Kommerzienrath" Wilkes, one of the leaders of the old theatre-guards, and Dr. Ebeling and family met and visited us; and in all their eyes I read sympathizing queries, which their lips refrained in delicacy from pronouncing. What about the Countess Montgomery? What right has she to this name? How has she purchased it? Is she the legitimate wife of Prince Leopold? Is Countess Montgomery happier than Karoline Bauer, whom we once loved on account of her pleasing art, youthful gaiety, and blameless life? Does she not regret having given her freedom as artiste, and the young bloom of her professional successes, for the sake of these mysterious gilded fetters? Why did she not accompany the prince to Karlsbad, if indeed she is his lawful wife?

And I was not permitted to answer a single one of these unuttered questions. I was not in a position to chat harmlessly and frankly *à la* Karoline Bauer with these amiable people, as of course I should have been only too glad to have done. I durst not say: "I have from vanity, and idleness, and love of gain, forsaken my artistic sphere, which made me so happy, and have already regretted this a thousand times most bitterly. Advise, help me, that I may be free again, an artiste, once more the former happy Lina Bauer."

All this I durst not betray by a word, by a look. My mother and I were obliged in conversation to measure every word and every smile; in our talk to carefully aim at saying nothing with many words; and so these visits, which under different circumstances would have given us so much pleasure, became, for us, a perfect torture. At last we ordered the servant who attended us to deny us to visitors.

When I complained to cousin Christian about this new hardship, and begged of him to be allowed at least to tell my friends the circumstances most necessary for my honour's sake, I found I had put my hand into a hornet's nest. He wrote to me from Koburg bluntly and coldly in return; "I hate all sentimentality! You promised me that you would have the moral strength for these peculiar relations; prove them now, as Countess Montgomery, by a proud and confident carriage, and an absolute breaking with the past. Karoline Bauer is dead for ever!"

At the same time my cousin informed us that circumstances over which they had no control made it desirable that we should continue in Paris for an indefinite period, and that therefore it was expected that our expenditure would be greatly curtailed.

I was indignant, my mother deeply cast down. We gave up at once the hired equipage, and shifted from the first to the third floor of the hotel, and in every way reduced our expenses. We also visited the theatre less frequently, and when we did, went to more modest places; and whenever my brother Louis was prevented but for one evening from seeing us in our hotel, then we felt indeed lonely and aban-

doned in the great city, in the confined space of our apartments *au troisième.*

Matters were not improved by the arrival of very vaxatious and depressing news. My brother Karl, whose levity and everlasting claims on my purse had been the chief cause of our leaving Berlin and the stage, and entering into this deplorable new condition, now came forward with new and preposterous demands. The young, handsome, but light-headed officer, for whom I had paid, but three months previously, through Christian Stockmar, 2700 gulden, had been entrapped by a girl whose youth and bloom were passed. She was Leopoldine von Hinkeldey, a sister of Major the Baron Hinkeldey, tutor of the present Grand Duke of Baden. To enable him to marry her, Karl roundly required of me that I should become security for 16,000 gulden (requisite for a "licence to marry" by a lieutenant), and of course furnish the interest thereof, and of my mother that she was further to renounce her Baden pension of 600 gulden in his favour.

We were thunderstruck. How could we command those 16,000 gulden? We could not possibly ask the prince or cousin Christian for them.

Then my mother resolutely engaged a place in the jolting mail-post, and drove to Mannheim, night and day; there she declared to my brother Karl, the Baron Hinkeldey, and his sister Leopoldine, that it was perfectly impossible for us to become security for the requisite sum, since to demand that sum from the prince, who was exceedingly economical, would bring about my ruin.

But only when she threatened that she would never

give her parental consent to this unhappy union, nay, that her curse would follow it, could my brother, Leopoldine, and Her von Hinkeldey be moved to promise that there should be no talk of marriage for the present. My mother returned to me with a relieved mind. But we little thought how soon, and in how much more threatening a form, that same demand would be renewed.

One day I met Henriette Sontag, surrounded by a swarm of admirers, in the garden of the Tuileries. We passed each other, just exchanging a friendly nod. I saw how Henriette surveyed me, and then smiled. Afterwards I learned that she had written to friends in Berlin, that Prince Leopold might expect heirs.

From this word, occasioned by the puffed-out kind of dress then in fashion, and busy tongues, there sprang, gradually, in the course of time, one, two three imaginary young Counts Montgomery, towards whom I cruelly neglected my duties as a mother, when I returned to the stage again. *Les effets, et les causes!*

As for the other places of interest in Paris which we visited, in company with my brother Louis, I was specially interested in the celebrated institute for the education of the deaf and dumb of the Abbé de l'Epée, where we had an opportunity of witnessing an examination of the poor *sourds-muets*. How vividly I was reminded here of Kotzebue's play, "L'Abbé de l'Epée," and of my favourite part of the dumb "Julius," Count Solar! Quite involuntarily I here made new studies for that part. Should I ever play again deaf and dumb "Julius?"

When I entered the cell of the unhappy queen Marie

Antoinette, in the *Conciergerie*, I almost fainted. The most trenchant contrasts overwhelmed me. I was met by a damp, musty, sepulchral air. We were shown the slender chip of wood which the most luckless of queens employed as a needle to mend as best she could her tattered clothes; her chair, her table, with the most wretched utensils for her meals; and beside it on the wall the splendid new Gobelin, which represents Marie Antoinette at the zenith of her beauty and in royal magnificence, in a purple velvet costume, holding the poor little Dauphin by the hand.

The same horror came over me in the tombs of the Panthéon and in the royal sepulchre at St. Denis, in the vestibule of which the last deceased king keeps watch in a sarcophagus draped with a black velvet cover, strewn with silver lilies, till he is relieved by the corpse of his successor, somewhat the same as in the case of the Roman popes.

In the chapel of the Tuileries I saw, during the celebration of mass, the venerable king, Charles X., surrounded by his family; at his feet the "hope of France," the poor little Duc de Bordeaux (who was not yet born when the hand of an infamous murderer killed his father, the Duc de Berri), in whom all France recognized the future king, Henri V.

The grave, bigoted Dauphin looked silly indeed, and the poor Dauphiness, a daughter of Marie Antoinette, looked as if dust had settled upon her lips and heart, since she last embraced father, mother, and brother in the *Conciergerie*. The axe of the guillotine had for ever crushed in her every smile and pleasure in life; and also her only love (for Archduke Karl, the hero of Aspern) she had been obliged to bury when still in its

first bloom. And for a long time her mortified heart had loved nobody on this earth—it only loved heaven with its blessed—and she knew that she too was loved by nobody here below. Poor princess! No, not even Countess Montgomery would have changed places with you.

I was most interested in the Duchesse de Berri, though she was anything but beautiful. The gallant Parisians used to call her then, "*la jolie-laide*," the pretty-ugly!—and were never tired of relating the most diverting anecdotes of *la jolie-laide*.

The duchess was but thirty-one when I saw her for the first time in the Théâtre de Madame, which received its name and patronage from her; there she would raise her pretty little hands, and with that vivacity peculiar to her, would always give the signal for applause.

To confess the truth, I found *la Duchesse de Berri* very plain indeed, at least at first sight. Her eye had what is known as "falschen Blick," which was not far removed from squinting. Her complexion was of a yellowish, sandy hue, her under-lip thick and far projected, and her neck terribly thin.

This thin neck gave the *jolie-laide*, who was exceedingly witty and ready with repartees, and of whom new *bon mots* were circulated daily, occasion for a clever saying which was in every Parisian's mouth at that time.

The duchess, despite her ugliness, considered herself irresistible. Once, when the striking thinness of her neck *did* cause her some grief, she caressingly passed her hand over the dry surface, and cried, quickly resigned, with the lively gaiety peculiar to

her: "Pah! Madame de Sévigné dirait aussi de moi: Rien—mais le plus joli rien qu'on peut voir!"—as of the graceful but very lean dancer.

The main point of beauty in *la jolie-laide* with the "pretty nothing" of her neck was her charming little foot, which was claimed to be the most beautiful in France, and was known in Paris as "*le pied de Madame.*"

Moreover, Madame knew how to put her very pretty Cinderella foot in the most favourable light. She invented the short dresses which showed not only the foot, but even more than the ankle, and no one understood how to wear this hazardous fashion so gracefully as did Madame. Besides, her shoes and interlaced silk stockings were perfect wonders of fineness and neatness. When Madame walked upon the terrace of the Tuileries gardens—that is, glided along like a fairy-child—the pedestrians remained standing in long rows, and looked with admiration at the *pied de Madame.* This little foot of hers made one almost forget her upper person. I have stood myself more than once in the Tuileries gardens, and looked admiringly at this wonderful work of nature and of art.

"Le pied de Madame" was the title, the catchword of a charming little story which went from mouth to mouth in Paris at that time.

Madame, who, perhaps not without ground, was regarded as somewhat eccentric, had made a wager with her royal father-in-law, that in some kind of disguise she could drive *incognita* through the whole of Paris in a public omnibus.

She selected the short print robe and the white

head-dress of the Paris *grisette*, and thus attired, the customary large band-box on her arm, she appeared at the Place de la Concorde, to wait for the "'bus;" she was followed, however, by her gentleman-in-waiting, likewise disguised.

The omnibus stops, the conductor drops the small iron ladder, saying in his usual indifferent tone, "Entrez, mademoiselle," without wasting another look at the plain *grisette*. Then his wandering eyes catch the most charming of all feet in rose-coloured silk stockings, and the prettiest black satin shoe with neat cross-ribbons, just when it appears on the first step of the ladder, and immediately he cries out enthusiastically, "Ah! le pied de Madame!" pulls off his bonnet, and makes his deepest bow to the fair-footed *grisette*.

The Duchesse de Berri had lost her wager even before she had entered an omnibus. Of course, she did not continue her drive. But she was no little proud of the victory achieved over an omnibus conductor by her prodigy of a foot.

It was besides related with mysterious smiles that *la pied de Madame* had been seen dancing more than once at the masked balls of the Grand Opera. It was even asserted that the same *pied de Madame* had been seen upon the steep dark stairs leading to an attic in the Quartier Latin, climbing up to a tender rendezvous, the first threads for which had been spun at one of those masked balls. It was asserted that Madame was not merely a magnanimous patroness of the Théâtre de Madame in general, but of many a young actor of that stage in particular. People related all sorts of piquant stories of the joyous life in the Pavillon Marsan of the Tuileries, and at Château

Marsan, Madame's provincial palace, and also of her sojourn in Dieppe during the bathing season, where *le pied de Madame* was indefatigable and invincible in the boldest swimming feats. Madame was, besides, a passionate horse-woman.

There was also a whisper that *le pied de Madame* possessed the slight weakness of liking to live on a large footing, and that Madame was never free from debt.

But the world pardoned the Duchesse de Berri for all these eccentricities in consideration of her good heart, her grace, and her conversational *esprit*. She was, although a Neapolitan princess, nevertheless the pattern of a Frenchwoman, with true Parisian *chic*, and was, moreover, the greatest favourite at the court of Charles X.

The feeling against this bigoted court was even then ominous. My brother Louis told me: "The Bourbons have learned nothing in their exile, and forgotten nothing. Prince Polignac and the hated Jesuits govern France. We are on the eve of a new revolution. *Paris s'ennuie! Ca ira mal!*"

And things did take a bad turn, and sooner than was thought. How matters had changed when, a few years later, I again saw this royal Bourbon family!

It was once more a chapel in which the Bourbons devoutly heard mass. But it was not the chapel of the Tuileries; that was closed against the Bourbons for ever. It was in the chapel of the Hradschin at Prague, where the exiled king, Charles X., had found a refuge with his family. How weary-looking he sat there, the deposed king of seventy-eight, in his trembling hand a glittering prayer-book, mechanically

moving his pale lips in prayer. A mournful picture of the transitoriness of earthly greatness.

Also the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême sat there in the chapel of the Hradschin. The Dauphin appeared, if anything, still duller than ever; the Dauphine still gloomier, and more fanatic in her religious exercises.

And how pale looked the young duke Henri de Bordeaux, despite his youthful fifteen years! He hardly ventured to look up from his prayer-book, for he knew that the severe eyes of his aunt D'Angoulême, and of his two Jesuitical tutors were fixed on him. He knew that it was his duty as future King Henri V. of France to be exactly as pious as his Jesuits demanded of him. But now and then I did see how he cast a stealthy glance of his beautiful blue eyes above the prayer-book into the chapel, as if he were looking there for a little youth and sunshine, which were not to be found for him in the Hradschin. And when these young eyes saw me, in the fullest bloom of sunny youth, they smiled very peculiarly, and always returned to me. Even the severe aunt D'Angoulême and the ossified Jesuit fathers were unable entirely to forbid a youth of fifteen to long and to dream.

But where was Madame the Duchesse de Berri, the mother of the future King Henri V. of France?

The exiled king, Charles X., and the exiled Duchesse d'Angoulême had banished Madame from their court, because she had followed her heart rather than high politics, and as a woman and future royal mother had compromised the Bourbons in the most scandalous way.

When, after the July revolution, the expelled royal family, utterly discouraged, without a will or way, sought refuge, first in England, then in Prague, then Madame was the only man among the Bourbons (as King Louis Philippe used to say with a mixture of fear and admiration), who did not give up the Bourbon cause as lost, but fought and suffered for it.

In April, 1832, the Duchesse de Berri with a few faithful adherents went to France by sea, and in a plain peasant's disguise traversed the faithful Vendée, everywhere bravely unfolding the white banner of the lilies for Henri V. Despite her disguise she was frequently in danger of being arrested by the myrmidons of King Louis Philippe. It was not seldom that *le pied de Madame* betrayed her. With admirable courage and great endurance she went through all the dangers, hardships, and privations of this adventurous expedition, till she became victim to the treachery of a Jew named Deutz. He had pretended to be an enthusiastic adherent of the Bourbon cause, and thus succeeded in gaining the duchess's confidence, and then betrayed her place of refuge in Nantes to the mercenaries of Louis Philippe of Orleans. For sixteen long hours the duchess remained concealed in a narrow cavity behind a red-hot chimney-plate, while the house was being searched; only after her clothes had caught fire several times, and she was nearly choked by the smoke, did the courageous woman surrender—she who had ventured everything for her son, "the honour of France."

But it soon became apparent why King Louis Philippe had spent so much money and such treacherous art in order to get his beloved cousin confined behind the

walls of the fortress Blaye. The captive duchess found herself compelled to confess to her jailer that she had been secretly married to the Italian Marchese Lucchesi Palli for a twelvemonth, and was expecting her accouchement.

King Louis Philippe triumphed, and gave immediate orders to set Madame la Marchesa Lucchesi Palli free, and allow her to quit France without any obstacle being placed in her way. He knew that Madame had for ever lost her attraction as mother of a possible king; that she, despite her energy and readiness for sacrifice, could no longer prove dangerous to his royal crown.

And his calculation was correct. Even the most faithful legitimists in France no longer recognized the Marchesa Lucchesi Palli, and the Bourbons upon the Hradschin in Prague renounced her. She was not even permitted to embrace her young son, "King Henri," for whom she had risked and sacrificed so much. She was dead for all Bourbon policy.

In Gratz I beheld the unconventional princess for the last time, when I was fulfilling an engagement there in 1837. I had seen the duchess seated beside her husband in a private box during the performance of the "Three Epochs," in which I played the part of Marie; after the play she came to meet me in the corridor, gliding along on the arm of her husband, whom, through her Italian royal cousins, she had raised to the rank of Duke della Gracia. She addressed me in French with kind words, and told me how my performance reminded her of la Mars in the "Trois Epoques" of the Théâtre Français.

When I said in return that in 1829 I had really

had the good fortune of frequently seeing and studying Mdlle. Mars in the Théâtre Français, she replied with a sigh : "Ah ! what beautiful times those were of 1829 !"

"*La jolie-laide*" had meanwhile grown much uglier, and rather increased in breadth, but La Fontaine's saying could still hold good in her case : "La grace est plus belle encore que la beauté !" Her walk was still light and graceful, and under the short dress there still peeped out, as charming as ever, *le pied de Madame.*

The Duke della Gracia looked handsome and imposing, and much younger than his spouse, but not clever.

I was told that the passionate woman was dreadfully tormented by jealousy, that she watched her husband day and night, and was ever ready for the most violent scenes as soon as she caught him on forbidden paths,—that when the duchess, not long before, suspected her husband of exchanging amorous looks and secret signs with the pretty daughter of a tradesman, who lived opposite their palace, she had in hot wrath rushed into the house opposite, and boxed the young beauty's ears right and left most vigorously, and in her broken German threatened her with further measures yet, if she should see the like again. It was even asserted that the cheeks of *monsieur le duc* often appeared suspiciously red after such scenes.

The ducal palace in Gratz looked gloomy and little comfortable. Some friends invited me to inspect it. Also within doors the large house appeared to me by no means like the comfortable home of princes. It was more like the abode of a *parvenu* who has crammed his rooms in a motley way without a plan.

Costly art-treasures from those bygone Parisian days of splendour stood beside new, inharmonious furniture. The *pièce de résistance* was a golden model of a temple, which the city of Paris had presented to the duchess on the occasion of the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux. In one room there lay upon a sofa in peaceful concord the dressing-gown of the duke, and the *négligé* bonnet of the duchess. In the nursery there was noisy merriment; *there* were accommodated four ducal descendants, a son and three daughters.

Later on the duchess, when she did not reside at her palace in Venice, occupied almost always her castle Brunnsee in Southern Styria. After the death of her royal father-in-law, Charles X., she reconciled herself with her son, the Count de Chambord, whose saint's day, the day of St. Henri, she always celebrated with pomp in Brunnsee, on which occasion the Duke della Gracia raised his glass and in silence bowed before the Count de Chambord, which example was followed by all the guests, and meant as much as, "*Vive le roi*"

In her old age there was yet much trouble in store for the duchess. Her pleasant Paris custom, despite her small foot, of living on a large scale, and her truly princely munificence, deranged her finances so much that the Count de Chambord had to hasten to her succour, in order to keep his mother from want. Count de Chambord also took over Brunnsee, but assigned it to the duchess for a residence during her lifetime. This calamity told so much on the Duke della Gracia that he died in 1864. The duchess was broken in spirit from that time. She suffered from increasing deafness and blindness, and died the day

after Good Friday in 1870. She has not lived to witness the overthrow of the hated Napoleon, and the revived hopes of Henri V. for the throne.

In the saloons of the legitimist Duke of Larochefoucauld-Doudeauville in Paris, on the occasion of solemn gatherings of the partisans of the "Roy," Henri V., there is exhibited to this day a strange sacred relic, a wonderfully small shoe of faded white satin, upon which are visible some drops of blood. It was *the* shoe which *le pied de Madame* wore at the opera on the evening of the 14th of February, 1820, when her husband was murdered by the dagger of Louvel.

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Towards the end of October, 1829, Christian Stockmar arrived in Paris, and took up his abode in our hotel. He was in very bad humour, and dissatisfied with everybody, most of all with Prince Leopold, who, he said, could not make up his mind on the question of the Greek crown, the true *Marquis peu-à-peu*.

All my questions he answered with, "Patience; patience! Soon all must be decided, probably even before you re-cross the Channel. Perhaps, Karoline, this decision will bring for you the desired freedom, and I—do not grudge you it!"

I looked forward to the arrival of the prince with a strange mixture of feelings. However much I longed for golden freedom, I was pained, nevertheless, when I thought of the joyous expectations with which I had gone to England, and of the short, fond dream which was perhaps to be all over in a few weeks.

Cousin Christian visited with us Versailles, St. Cloud, St. Germain, and the beautiful woods and

lakes of Montmorency, also theatres and concerts; but I had but little joy in the whole Paris life now. My heart was too depressed, owing to apprehension of the approaching decision.

The prince arrived by the middle of November, but he alighted in another hotel, and only paid us a daily visit, from three to four, with his ominous drizzling-box. He looked sickly, constantly complained about his health, and was more occupied with it than with me. He maintained that Karlsbad had not agreed with him. He was still more taciturn than formerly, went on drizzling, deeply lost in thought, whilst I read out to him as mechanically. There was not a vestige of heartiness, not to mention affection, such as he had exhibited during the few weeks of our honeymoon in Regent's Park, which had revived my hopes of happiness. We vegetated as joylessly in Paris as we had done during the first months in London.

Nevertheless the prince would not set me free, however often I might ask him amid tears to do so. He, on the contrary, always put me off by pointing forward to a homelike residence near each other at Claremont.

The prince also visited at the Tuileries, but seemed little elated by his visits. Only afterwards I learned that the object of these visits was to sound how a suit for the hand of the Duchesse de Berri on the part of Prince Leopold would be received at the Tuileries, if the Greek crown should fall to the prince.

The answer had been short and diplomatic: "No crown, no Berri."

How indignant I of necessity felt at this diplomatic marriage game, every reader will know who has a

warm heart and but the slightest notion of delicacy. What can be more humiliating to a woman than the consciousness that she has been made merely the toy of a princely whim—a toy to be tumbled into the dirt at any time for a glittering crown? But the most revolting part of it was that these matrimonial plans were being concocted whilst the prince in apparent guilelessness sat opposite me, the young blooming creature who was, before God, his legitimate wife. His Highness was a cunning calculator, and did not care to throw away the pretty toy, till he was sure of the kingly crown and royal bride.

It is known that Leopold, when he had the kingly crown of Belgium on his head, thought no more of the Duchesse de Berri as his queen, since she, with all the Bourbons, had been driven from the Tuileries and France. Such a queen was of no use to him. Yes, ever and always, he was *Monsieur tout doucement.*

In the beginning of December the prince and Baron Stockmar left for England. We were to continue our stay in Paris till we should receive orders to follow.

As my brother Louis had likewise been obliged to leave Paris on business, and we were thus deprived of our daily companion and guide to all the sights, we sat truly forsaken in our narrow little apartments in the hotel, and cast melancholy looks into the grey rainy December weather, which even prevented our walking abroad. I never lived through a sadder Christmas season than the one of our first stay in Paris. But the day after Christmas we set out for England by command of his Highness, the ever-recurring anxious question haunting me: "What will await us there?"

CHAPTER IV.

A DREAM OF FREEDOM.

RETURN TO ENGLAND—THE VILLA NEAR CLAREMONT HOUSE—A GRANDFATHER INSTEAD OF A LOVER—"DRIZZLE" AGAIN—RIDING LESSONS—DON QUIXOTE—A GAY CAVALIER—REVOLT—A RECKONING WITHOUT THE HOST.

THE sad Christmas in Paris was followed by a still sadder and more cheerless New Year's Eve and New Year's Morn in England.

On New Year's Eve, 1829, my mother and I, marshalled by the good, and to me sincerely devoted, Figaro Hühnlein, arrived in the solitary and gloomy villa near Claremont House, which was to be our home for the present, fourteen miles distant from London, and were again received by strangers only. Prince Leopold was staying in London, cousin Christian was unwell and in a hypochondriac state in Claremont House. Fanny curtsied to us in her impertinent way, and did the honours of the melancholy house in the most importunate manner, smiling at us knowingly. I fear that in those days I rather hated that forward person.

Four-and-forty long years have passed since I spent that melancholy New Year's Eve with my mother, but everything still stands fresh and recent before the eye of my memory, so that I could paint it. Not only the sweet, but the bitter also leaves behind in us impressions that cannot be expunged.

It is a dismally large, bare saloon, with brown wall-paper, faded curtains, old-fashioned, stiff-backed oak chairs, and a sofa to match, covered with hard, glossy leather. In the huge fireplace are burning brightly enough huge logs of wood, but the cheerless room never feels warm. In front of the fire are seated my mother and I, upon the hard, stiff-backed leather chairs, at a small table on which is spread a sumptuous supper of cake, sweet wine, and punch; we are celebrating New Year's Eve, and with passionate longing we think of "Sylvester" in the distant, dear German fatherland.

How merrily we had celebrated that day in Berlin at "Justizrath" Ludolff's but a year ago! I played the rose-fairy of the New Year in a short play written for the occasion, distributing to the guests roses, on the leaves of which were printed in pretty rhymes auguries for the fulfilment of their most cherished wishes.

Poor, vain rose-fairy! What did the New Year bring for yourself?—Thorns upon thorns!

And what will the incoming year (1830) bring?

We did not venture to answer that question to ourselves. But our tears flowed, and in our hearts it was dark and cheerless, as in the icy night without. We felt so forsaken as we never felt before. We dreaded the New Year—nay, every new day, with its ever continued

daily monotony, chilling soul and body. I dreaded that joyless continuation of vegetating, the flower-and-fruitless idle life. For what was the task of my English life?—The attempt daily renewed with renewed failure, to be the pretty toy that whiled away the time of a heartless, egotistical, unnerved prince!

I am an old woman now, nearing the grave, and have experienced during my life much that was sad, and have had to encounter painful trials, and have still to encounter them, and yet, if I compare a New Year's Eve upon my lonely, snowed-up Swiss mountain with that winding-up of the year in England, an almost youthful vigour and hope fill my old heart in warm floods. I do not merely vegetate—I live, I produce, I am efficient, the time does not pass without leaving a vestige.

In my Swiss mountain home it is also quiet and lonely in winter, and rarely does a visitor knock at my door. But from my window I see at least lively villages by the fair lake of Zürich, and busy men and happy school-children hurry past, and at night cheerfully lit-up windows, although at a distance, behind which one can fancy comfortable family life.

How different is it in a lonely English country house, enlivened by no merry children or happy parents, and which lies so still, buried in the midst of high fir-trees sunk in slumber, like the magic castle of the Sleeping Beauty. Scarcely does the dog at his chain from time to time venture a growl, to break the deadly silence of the dreary night. In a huge bed my mother and I, side by side, sought forgetfulness of our cheerless solitude in slumber. I pretended to sleep, in order to make mother feel easier. But long afterwards

I still heard her sigh and weep, and pray, "Merciful God and Father, do not forsake us. Lead us out of this maze, or give us strength for endurance."

Poor, poor mother! Her prudent sagacity had penetrated the whole character of the prince long ago, and had recognised in him a heartless egotist, who ever and solely thought of his own much-indulged self, even though all about him might go to ruin, though hearts might bleed and break around him. What did it matter, if only his Highness were not thereby disturbed in his quietness and comfort?

Next morning—New Year's Day of 1830—I assumed great cheerfulness before my mother, whose face wore unmistakable traces of care, tripped about, singing, through all the deserted rooms of the house, which good Hühnlein tried to make more habitable by keeping up enormous fires. I also inspected the library with its many English and some old French books. All produced the impression of long disuse.

The wild overgrown park—a garden, in the German sense of the word, did not exist—with its gigantic old pine-trees and firs, looked dismally gloomy and neglected. A brook ran through the property, losing itself in an adjoining wood. Not a house, not a human being to be seen far and wide! Add to this a dull, damp, cold, wintry day, with the necessary true English drizzling mist.

I only felt relieved when in my ramble I came upon the small lodge inhabited by factotum Hühnlein with his wife, a cheerful Koburger, and rosy flaxen-haired children. When I was seated in front of the crackling fire, and watched how the round little housewife prepared a soup for the children's breakfast, and saw

with what delight the little ones ate the sweet New Year's cake that I had brought with me, then I sighed and said within myself, "How enviable are these happy, simple people compared with the perhaps envied Countess Montgomery!"

Behind the lodge there stood a ruined barn, in which our travelling-coach seemed to mourn. How gladly would I have cried, "Put the horses to, and away to Germany!"

I fed the pigeons, which inhabited a cot in the midst of a round grass-plot, as well as the huge white dog in his kennel. But what then?

I opened the beautiful Clementi grand piano, which had been brought over from Regent's Park, the only piece of furniture which smiled at me as an old friend, but my fingers had become stiff. The music-room could not be warmed, even though an enormous fire was constantly kept up in the chimney. We crouched together in a small room, which, at least, had the merit of being tolerably warm.

After eleven o'clock Hühnlein came driving up in a small phaeton drawn by a stout pony; he brought with him our *déjeûner à la fourchette*, which the cook in Claremont had prepared. In this curious way was our luncheon and afterwards our dinner always provided. To my horror, Hühnlein also unpacked the drizzling-case and a new novel by Henriette Hanke, "The Parson's Widow."

Baron Stockmar regretted being unable to pay his respects, owing to indisposition; the prince would be here at four o'clock to dinner, Hühnlein said.

Precisely at four o'clock a carriage came driving up, out of which got the prince, wrapped up like a

grandfather. Also his salutations and further conversation were grandfatherly too. No trace of the active man, full of life, who had once spoken to me of tender love, and expressed such a longing for cheerful domestic life.

We did music for half an hour—that is to say, I played the piano with numbed fingers and sang some songs with blue lips, whilst the prince in a fur cloak and fur boots sat in front of the chimney, poking the fire. Then we went to dinner. Hühnlein attended at table, whilst poor mother took the greatest possible pains to start and maintain conversation. I, however, felt so utterly wearied, that I found it impossible to pretend cheerfulness. Some jests which I ventured, to please my mother, and to interrupt the terrible monotony, proved complete failures. No wonder; I had almost forgotten how to laugh!

After dinner, and whilst coffee was being served, I read out page after page of the good Silesian pastor's widow, feeling all the time as if in a trance; whilst prince Grandpapa, with terrible dignity and persistency, drizzled—drizzled—drizzled—tsrr!—tsrr!—tsrr!—till I was theatened with lock-jaw by my vain attempts to conceal yawning.

At seven o'clock the prince, completely satisfied with his evening's performance, drove back again to Claremont, and mother and I felt relieved. We threw off our elegant evening costumes, and slipped into comfortable house-dresses, and regaled ourselves with reminiscences of the beautiful gay past. Strange, our favourite topic of conversation was almost always my stage-life, which I had forsaken so thoughtlessly. When it was mine still, I used to delight in counting

its thorns and prickles; now I only thought of its smiling roses.

Thus passed days and weeks in crushing monotony; it only caused us disquietude that cousin Christian did not show himself at all during the first fortnight, nor send word about himself. Was he really so seriously unwell that he could not manage to traverse the short distance between us and Claremont? Why did he not write a few lines at least? Was he angry with us? Had we offended him, and how?

When I asked the prince regarding the mysterious silence and non-appearance of my cousin, he shrugged his shoulders and answered evasively, "Good Stocki has one of his attacks of hypochondria, as usual during the misty months of England, and then he imagines that he is dreadfully ill and going to die."

At the end of the second week I could no longer endure this tantalizing uncertainty, and wrote to my cousin briefly the following note, which I despatched through Hühnlein:—

"If you do not come to-morrow and clear up our uneasiness regarding your mysterious silence, mother and I shall leave this the day after to-morrow. Our strength and our patience are at an end!"

Then my cousin came driving up next morning. He looked pale and sickly, but even more out of humour. He was cross about everything—about the prince, who could not come to a resolution on the question of the Greek crown, and did not submit to being led or advised by him; about King George IV.; about the English ministry; about our presence here.

"But, cousin," I interrupted him with indignation,

"is it not your own fault that we are here? Without your advice we should never have left the stage, and given up our free, happy life."

"Yes, at that time I still cherished the hope, Karoline, that the prince would awaken once more to a fresh and active life by your side; but I have abandoned that hope long ago. His heart remains a lump of ice. There is no remedy for that! Nevertheless my advice to you, even to-day, is patience! patience! and again patience! Wait till the Greek question is settled. Within the next few weeks or months we shall see clearer in the matter. I should much prefer such a dissolution of your union, no *éclat*, just brought about naturally. You would then part with the prince in peace, and the King of Greece would remain your faithful friend."

Weeping, I once more promised patience and endurance, and complete confidence in the guidance of my cousin; and Christian promised to renew his forenoon calls in the old familiar way, saying —

"I merely stayed away till now, because the prince did not ask me to dine here with you and him, although he knows that I am now twice as lonely in Claremont House, where formerly I dined and spent the evenings with the prince. You see, such are some of the unceremonious doings of a prince! But do not let it appear that you miss me."

Thus at least a friendly intercourse with my cousin had been re-established. He came every forenoon to luncheon, entertained, counselled, and comforted us. I made superhuman efforts to follow his advice, and not betray to the prince what occupied my soul, and to accustom myself to this vegetating existence. I

dressed daily, as for an evening party, to receive the prince before dinner, walked up and down with him in the gloomy fir-alley by the side of the brook, where no passer-by could see us, played the piano patiently, accompanied his Royal Highness's songs, and, with untiring zeal, read out Henriette Hanke from five to seven o'clock.

In the forenoon my cousin gave me riding-lessons in the park, at first on a pony, afterwards on a beautiful lady's horse. Once when the prince had watched these riding-exercises, he said in his peculiar way, "Mizi looked splendid as Amazon." And on the following day his Royal Highness appeared on the lawn in the park also mounted, but in so comical a way that I, who had nearly forgotten the practice, was seized by an uncontrollable attack of laughter. The cavalier, who was over six feet in height, sat on a small stout pony, his thin, princely legs almost touching the ground—a picture *à la* "Don Quixote." But the prince remarked, very complacently, that the shaking on a small horse was not so great as on a taller steed. And with this *chevalier de la triste figure*, I rode up and down upon the narrow lawn, up and down. There was little pleasure in it. The prince did not venture to leave the concealing hedge in my company on horseback. He only, with reluctance, permitted me sometimes to take a ride into the country with my cousin. I felt so relieved when I careered along at full gallop! Those were at least short hours in which I felt free—free, like any other creature. Now and then we would even meet a human being, and we rode past comfortable-looking villages and cheerful country houses.

But this poor dream of freedom was of short duration.

One morning a handsome, elegant cavalier came riding up to us. After having exchanged some friendly words with my cousin, he was introduced to me as Mr. Somerset; he requested the favour of being permitted to accompany us into the wood for a little.

He made a very agreeable companion, had been long on the continent, and could chat French in an interesting manner. On taking leave he asked politely if he might possibly be favoured again with the pleasure of meeting me in my rides.

And to be sure, next day, Mr. Somerset was pacing the highway on horseback, waiting to salute Baron Stockmar and his cousin. But Christian skilfully turned into a side-way, and we had disappeared in the wood before the disappointed horseman could understand this precipitate flight. My cousin said angrily, "It would never do, that this fantastic novel-hero, for whom our ladies here have fished in vain till now, should fall in love with Countess Montgomery, and attempt to visit you in your house. Then farewell our secret. The prince's very position and existence in England would be jeopardized—nay, even the Greek crown endangered. We must give up these rides."

Deeply chagrined, I arrived again in our dreary prison, and immediately sent Hühnlein to the prince with a note, saying that I had a violent headache, and could not see his Royal Highness that day.

Next day the prince, in great excitement, saluted me with these words: "Stocki has made a clean breast of it, as Somerset has already sung abroad the

praises of the newly emerged German beauty, who is said to resemble so much the Princess Charlotte. It will attract all the young Hotspurs about, who will come to see Mizi. That is the sequel to your indiscretion in riding outside the park."

"Your Highness, I will not ride out again. I had already made up my mind to renounce this last pleasure and—freedom," I said, deeply mortified. "My mother and I will endeavour to regard ourselves as altogether forgotten and buried. That, then, is the much-vaunted 'still life,' of which I heard so much when I was allured to England with golden promises. Had I known that I was to live here like a *state prisoner*, or like the poor countess in the castle at Eishausen, I assure you I should not be here. Do you not intend, your Highness, to have a black mask fastened on my face, such as that mysterious French prisoner wore?" then I burst into passionate weeping.

The prince stood at first rather dumbfounded; then, forcing a smile, he made an attempt at joking: "Oh! oh! does Mizi mean to revolt?"

"Am I not compelled to do so? I am not a slave, and shall never submit to slavery!" I cried out indignantly, ran away, and locked myself up in my sleeping-apartment.

The prince said to my baffled mother, with much equanimity, "I should scarcely have thought that artistes could be so passionate! But Mizi will come round again, no fear. A pity that I should thus lose to-day the new chapter of the novel; it had so excited my expectations!" and the prince began to drizzle without reading accompaniment, till my mother took pity on him, and read out to him the new chapter of

the "exciting" novel; but in what a depressed state of mind!

Oh, poor, good mother! your love has made for me many and great sacrifices, but in England certainly the greatest. What a joyless life did she lead as mother of Countess Montgomery! For months she patiently bore the pain of sitting there in full-dress toilette during the tedious hours that I read out, and to look on while his Highness drizzled. Then I requested her myself to give up the fruitless struggle with sleepiness and yawning fits, daily renewed, and to remain in her room. But solely the hope that the prince and I would more easily come to a homely harmonious life, when thus left alone, induced my mother to accede to my request. Of course, her hopes were not realized.

Things were made worse by annoyances caused by the importunity of the ever-spying Fanny. She even was bold enough to offer to my mother her company and society every day, till I made short work of her by setting my cousin this ultimatum: "Either Fanny leaves, or I leave!" That succeeded. Fanny returned to Claremont House. The prince made no objection to it, but only said, "Fanny was very pretty once."

"Well, if so, she is more in her place at Claremont than here," I answered sharply.

Of course, our "still life" was not rendered more agreeable by such scenes.

Then my cousin Christian one morning came galloping up, greatly excited. His face, ordinarily so pale, looked flushed, and his eyes sparkled, when, without having exchanged salutations, he called out to us, as he

approached, "The hour of deliverance is come. The crown of Greece has been definitely offered to the prince. Karoline, you are free!"

I went into transports of joy, embraced and kissed my cousin, and laughed and sobbed in the same breath, exclaiming,—

"Delivered from the night of the grave! Awakened to a new life! My God, I thank Thee that this luckless bond is being dissolved in peace, and not torn asunder in wrath! I thank Thee that I can leave without rancour and in peace a man whom I once thought I loved!"

Cousin Christian said gravely, "Karoline, I rejoice with you that you are free."

But alas! my exultation was premature. It had been merely a *dream* of freedom. *Le Marquis peu-à-peu* and *Monsieur tout doucement* had been left out of account.

In order to be better understood, I must enter more fully into particulars as regards the circumstances and character of Prince Leopold. For many of these notes I am indebted to communications made to me by cousin Christian; for, despite his famous diplomatic wisdom, he frequently blurted out confessions before us, like a true *enfant terrible*, when he had been unusually bothered with Prince Leopold.

CHAPTER V.

A RETROSPECT.

Claremont—The Portrait and the Likeness—The First Gentleman of England—The Story of Princess Charlotte—Her Death.

I had once been simple enough to imagine that I should live by the side of the prince, my loving husband, in beautiful Claremont.

How different everything had turned out! I was only permitted to enter Claremont House, and look through it, when the Prince stayed in London, just like a stranger. Cousin Christian or Hühnlein conducted my mother and me about.

Claremont House, so called after a former owner, Lord Clare, is a large and handsome structure, situated in a magnificent park, upon a green slope.

I was, of course, most interested in the apartments which Princess Charlotte, the prince's first spouse, had inhabited during her short matrimonial happiness here, and in the many reminiscences connected with her. Thus I found sitting on a pole in an antechamber an old grey parrot, named Coco, whom the

lively princess used to fondle. But it was badly neglected, and was covered with dirt and vermin.

When I asked the prince to give me poor Coco for some time to nurse, he at once made me a present of him, evidently glad to get rid of the dirty screamer in so convenient a manner. There was not a trace of emotion visible on his face to indicate fond recollection of the olden time.

Mother and I bathed and nursed the parrot diligently, and had the gratification of seeing him revive. Soon he talked away merrily, "Mutter—Lina —ich liebe dich!"

Coco followed us afterwards on all our theatrical tours—to Russia, Austria, Dresden. There he died in 1842, soon after my mother, perhaps from grief, because he no longer saw her who had nursed him so well.

I saw also in Claremont a picture of Princess Charlotte in a Russian costume—blue, with silver; it was a present from the Grand Duchess Catharina, who became afterwards Queen of Würtemburg, and who had been chiefly instrumental in bringing about the marriage between Prince Leopold and the princess. I happened to possess a very similar Russian national costume, which Mdme. Pleske had given me during my engagement in St. Petersburg, and in which I had so gaily learned the Russian national dance when there. Next day I received the prince in this costume, being myself surprised at my great likeness to Princess Charlotte. We resembled one another, like twins. The prince started, and turned a little pale, but there was no other token of emotion visible in his *blasé* counte-

nance. With the greatest equanimity he compared our points of resemblance. "Princess Charlotte had a more finely cut nose, but not so pretty a mouth as Mizi. Charlotte was fuller in form, Mizi is the more graceful. The fair hair and the fresh complexion are common to both," and so he continued his complacent analysis, till I impatiently interrupted him by saying, "Your Highness forgets the faithful hearts which in equal fulness beat, or have beaten, for you!" That put his Royal Highness a little out of countenance, which the prince only recovered at the drizzling-case.

Was it our outward resemblance? Was it the same fate uniting us to the same person, Prince Leopold? But I felt the liveliest interest in Princess Charlotte, and never tired of getting information about her from cousin Christian, who had, of course, known her personally. Perhaps it may have been the deep misfortune that could be traced through the whole life of the princess, which awakened my compassion for her. For is it not a dreadful misfortune for a girl, whether she be princess or beggar's child, to be unable to respect her parents? And more than once Christian Stockmar had heard from the mouth of the princess herself the dreadful words:—

"My mother may have been wicked, but she would not have turned so wicked had not my father been much more wicked still."

Her father was the Prince of Wales, born in 1762, the eldest of the twelve children of the blind, weak-minded King George III. of England, and of Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, whose brother

was father to Queen Luise of Prussia. The Prince of Wales was called by his flatterers, "the first gentleman of England," because for his toilette alone he spent the extravagant sum of £20,000 annually, and as a bachelor never managed to live on his yearly income of £50,000, so that he was ever "over head and ears" in debt. He was at the same time one of the most licentious men of his time, a *roué*, tippler, and gambler.

At the age of twenty-four the Prince of Wales, although enjoying an income of nearly 1000 thalers per day, had already accumulated encumbrances to the amount of £160,000. The king, whose relations with his prodigal son had been strained for a long time, refused payment of these debts. Then the prince's friends applied to Parliament for help. They wished, at any rate, to bring on a debate, to have a scandal.

Then Pitt rose in the House of Commons and threatened, if compelled, to make disclosures which might even jeopardize the succession of the Prince of Wales. The whole house trembled. Even the most unscrupulous followers of the prince grew pale, for everybody in the house, and in England, knew what Pitt was alluding to. It was an open secret that the prince had gone through a marriage ceremony with the beautiful Mrs. Fitz-Herbert, a Roman Catholic, although her husband was alive. If the prince's union with Mrs. Fitz-Herbert was a legitimate one, he was by it excluded from the succession, because the heir to the throne cannot marry, according to English law, a Roman Catholic. If this union was not valid, from the fact of the first husband of

Mrs. Fitz-Herbert being still alive, then it was undeniable that the Prince of Wales had been living in adultery with Mrs. Fitz-Herbert.

But the prince and his associates were not deterred by such delicate considerations. Boldly Fox and Sheridan demanded an official inquiry into the matter alluded to, and the "first gentleman of Europe" avowed that he had violated the marriage bond with regard to Mrs. Fitz-Herbert, cynically declaring, "No, I am not united to Mrs. Fitz-Herbert in legal matrimony. Only a mock marriage took place; the good woman herself was deceived."

And Pitt and Parliament not only dropped this delicate matter, but also paid the prince's debts, after he had promised, like a school-boy, that he would be sure not to do it again. And yet after only a few years the heir to the throne had heaped upon his round shoulders a new burden of debt of half a million pounds.

Now the king, the ministry and Parliament, and even the prince and his friends knew no other escape than a suitable marriage. An unfortunate victim was soon enough found in the person of Princess Caroline of Brunswick, whose mother was sister to King George III. The royal mother had been in favour of her niece, Princess Luise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Fortunately the king's project was adopted, for otherwise Luise would not have become Prussia's queen and guardian angel.

Lord Malmesbury, who was commissioned to act as proxy, describes the twenty-six-year-old bride as being tall and fair, with regular features, an open, lively expression and natural grace, rather than royal

dignity; but also as being too familiar, unrestrained, frivolously talkative and vulgar, and without taste in her toilette. Passionate and eccentric, she aimed at wit "more obstinately than happily or discreetly;" but he adds, that she was "good-natured and anxious to learn."

At the end of March, 1795, Princess Caroline entered for the first time upon English soil as the bride of the Prince of Wales, greeted by the whole nation as their "guardian angel." The clever caricaturist Gilray devoted to this "guardian angel" a very successful drawing: "The Lover's Dream." The stout "first gentleman" rests upon a luxurious couch. Upon the one side hovers as guardian angel the princess, his bride, with sweet gladdening smiles on her countenance, before which the prince's evil spirits, Fox and Sheridan, flee away into night and darkness upon the other side.

But this was but a dream. At their very first meeting the "first gentleman" showed himself to his intended in his full, dreadful reality. When Princess Caroline, shy and humble, walked up to meet him, and even bent the knee before her future executioner, the prince embraced her carelessly, and then, turning with ostentation to Lord Malmesbury, his proxy, uttered these offensive words, "Harris, I'm not well —get me a glass of brandy." With a coarse oath he turned his back upon his affrighted bride, and rudely went away.

Nay, the prince was audacious enough to force one of his many mistresses upon his bride, as her lady-in-waiting and daily companion.

And then followed that most melancholy wedding-

day, the 8th of April. The marriage ceremony took place in the chapel of the palace of St. James. It was said that the prince staggered to the altar in a state of semi-intoxication, persistently turned his back upon his bride, and ostentatiously nodded to a private pew, in which was seated a veiled lady, understood to be Mrs. Fitz-Herbert.

This lady had been married to him by a Protestant clergyman, in presence of two witnesses—and her marriage certificate is kept in the fire-proof vaults of the banking-firm of Coutts and Coutts to this very day—but agreed to be silent on his making the frivolous promise, "In the future, also, you, solely and alone, will be my true wife, whilst the princess will be so only in name. I shall always show publicly to whom I am attached by affection, and to whom by compulsion."

Poor, delivering "guardian angel!"

Intoxicated, the prince staggered to the wedding-banquet, and still more intoxicated he reeled into the bridal chamber.

The very next day the prince declared to the king that he could not live in matrimonial union with such a woman. And they were, and remained, separated for ever. Nevertheless the princess had to suffer the disgrace, for some time longer, of remaining under the same roof with her husband and his latest mistress, in Carlton House, to dine at the same table, and allow herself to be insulted and mocked at by her executioner and his accomplices every day anew. And there was nobody in this luckless, loveless, discord-torn, royal house, who lent the stranger a helping hand, except the old, half-blind, weak-minded King

George, the brother of her mother. Queen Charlotte, although a German princess, took up a hostile position towards her daughter-in-law from the very outset.

This Queen Charlotte must have been a disagreeable woman. On that point all her contemporaries agree. Lord Brougham says about her, "Her virtue was so much garnished with superfluous stiffness and prudery, that she put the feelings of esteem and sympathy to a severe test. Whilst nothing disturbed the regularity of her life, the tediousness of her company, together with the formality of her behaviour, and the pettiness of her soul, were calculated to make a respectable behaviour as little attractive as possible, and to leave the observer rather scared than attracted by morality."

And even Baron Christian Stockmar, the faithful adherent of the English royal family, thus depicts the queen-mother: "Small, deformed, a real mulatto-face!" How much the acute diplomatist has left to be inferred here! And how Princess Charlotte hated her grandmother!

Exactly nine months after that unhappy wedding-day, the Princess of Wales was delivered of a daughter, Princess Charlotte. The people received the little heiress to the throne with exultation; and also the princess-mother fondly hoped that this innocent child might form a bond of peace and love between father and mother. Vain hopes! The Prince of Wales' welcome to his daughter was that he now officially broke off every conjugal intercourse with his spouse.

The king was just and affectionate enough to ordain

that the bringing up of the princess till her eighth year was to be her mother's concern.

Freed from a heavy burden, the Princess of Wales now hastened every summer with her lovely little daughter from the prison of Carlton House into the solitude of the charming hilly lands between Charlton and Woolwich, where she resided in Shrewsbury Villa. These quiet summer days were the happiest of her life. In winter she was obliged to live again within the walls of Carlton House, with her unnatural husband, his mistresses, and bottle companions.

There exists an anecdote from the early years of Princess Charlotte, which manifests in the child precocity, earnest reflection, and a strong development of the consciousness of royalty.

The little princess was six years old when she watched a game of chess. She hears the word "check-mate," and on her inquiring about its meaning is told, "The king is mate; he has lost his power." After having quietly reflected for a while, the child says, "The king should not be mated. He should keep his power, to be able to rule. If I were a king, I should not allow myself to be check-mated!"

When Princess Charlotte was eight years old, there arose another struggle between her parents as to her future bringing up. At last the king came to the following decision:—

"Lower Lodge, in Windsor Park, is to be prepared for the reception of the Princess Charlotte. The king will make provision for her maintenance and education, and appoint a bishop for the purpose, since she,

being the heir-presumptive to the throne, must receive an education of a high standard. The bishop is to engage a clergyman, who is to instruct the princess in religion and Latin, and is to read prayers with her daily. Another tutor is to be appointed for history, geography, literature, and French; further, a writing, music, and dancing master. The care for her physical and moral welfare is to be entrusted to a governess; and, as she must be day and night under the supervision of responsible persons, an under-governess and assistant under-governess are to be appointed."

At the beginning of 1805 the Princess Charlotte took up her abode in Lower Lodge, her melancholy prison, as she often called it afterwards. In order to be nearer her daughter, the Princess of Wales went to live in Montague House, despite the protests of the Prince of Wales, whose whole endeavours were more and more obstinately directed towards the entire removal of the daughter from her mother's influence. But the old king took the mother's part.

Then the "first gentleman of England," in his rage and hatred, had recourse to the most infamous weapons. He, who had committed adultery scores of times, publicly accused his spouse of adultery with Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, Captain Manby, and the famous, handsome painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence; and asserted that the boy, Bill Austin, whom the Princess of Wales had adopted, as she was fond of children, and brought up with her daughter Charlotte, was her own illegitimate child.

The king entrusted four of his ministers with the "delicate investigation" of this affair. The Princess of Wales proved that Bill Austin was the legitimate

son of a poor sail-cloth maker in Charlton, and in July, 1806, she was completely exonerated, but not without a certain censure about the "imprudence of her conduct." Besides, it must be emphasized that the members of the commission of inquiry were all friends of the accuser, consequently foes of her who had been so vilely accused. The prince was even base enough to have his ten-year-old daughter, at least indirectly, sounded as a witness against her mother. But the little princess saw through the whole intrigue, and would not, even by the most insidious questions, be induced to make statements unfavourable to her mother; but, on the contrary, she communicated the whole manœuvre to her, assuring her at the same time of her unalterable love and veneration.

Poor child! whom her own father so early deprived of the charm of ignorance, thus despoiling her young heart of the purest and costliest flower, sacred filial love.

During this inquiry the Princess of Wales had been forbidden to see her daughter, and to visit the court at Windsor. And this cruel and disgraceful prohibition was not cancelled till the poor woman, provoked and reduced to extremity, threatened that she would publish the secret story of all these cabals and persecutions.

Soon afterwards, in April, 1807, the friends of the princess, Eldon, Percival, and Canning, entered the ministry. Immediately they ordered a general revision of the "delicate investigation," and now the Princess of Wales obtained brilliant satisfaction and a complete vindication of her honour. The princess was once more received at Court. Nevertheless the

Prince of Wales succeeded in obtaining the order that the mother was to visit her daughter in Lower Lodge henceforth but once a week. Nor did he tire of spreading the report, through his *entourage*, that, in spite of this acquittal and vindication, the princess was really nevertheless an adulteress; but that, because the law punished the adultery of a female member of the royal family by death, by command of the king the case had been quashed.

The answer of the princess to this was an energetically and repeatedly pronounced demand that all the records of the "delicate investigation" should be printed in the public press; that she had nothing to fear from publicity.

The minister Percival returned a crushing answer to the accusation of the prince in an anonymous, secretly printed, and secretly circulated book, which appeared under the strange name of "The Book," and which completely unmasked the prince and his *canaille*, for which reason it was bought up by them as fast as it appeared. "The Book" has long been among the greatest literary curiosities. However, it had attained its end, the English people took an even more pronounced part for the unhappy Princess of Wales, who was being systematically hunted down, against her hateful persecutor, the heir to the crown of England. How often would *he* have had to suffer the death of an adulterer, "according to the laws of England?"

What wonder then that the young Princess Charlotte always met her father with fear and terror, —nay, with abhorrence, when he visited her in her gloomy prison?

Yes, indeed, thou poor, poor soul, who hadst to

own afterwards, "My mother was wicked, but she would not have turned so wicked had not my father been much more wicked still!"

Cousin Christian and Prince Leopold said that the Princess of Wales had not been quite guiltless as wife and woman; that she had *liaison* upon *liaison*, but that she would assuredly have been a faithful spouse and mother if the prince had been to her a faithful and loving husband. From despair, and in order to forget her misfortune and to stupefy herself, the unhappy woman rushed from one sensual intoxication to another, till she perished in them.

In October, 1810, the blind king, George III., who had long been known to be weak-minded, became hopelessly deranged. On the 11th of February, 1811, a Regency Bill of Parliament appointed the Prince of Wales regent. The Princess of Wales and her daughter were only too soon to experience this new power of their executioner. Immediately the prince-regent took the education of his daughter, the Princess Charlotte, into his own hands. Lady Charlotte Bury, lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Wales, entered the following note into her diary, in December, 1810, apparently without bias: "I had the honour to meet Princess Charlotte at her grandmother's. She is very clever, but still shows the awkwardness of a schoolgirl, and talked all sorts of nonsense to me. She is a handsome piece of flesh and blood, but she can, when she likes, be dignified too, although it does not seem to come natural to her. What will be her fate?"

But a few days later, after a visit of the young Princess Charlotte at her mother's, the same diary contains the following: "Her mother showed her an

aigrette that had just arrived as a birthday present from the queen, who was known to be stingy, whereupon the princess remarked that the *aigrette* was not bad when one considered who sent it! In saying this she laughed with all her might her peculiar, loud but musical laugh."

Only a few months afterwards, in May, 1811, Lady Charlotte Bury finds the princess, then fifteen years old, exceedingly developed—into a handsome young lady with royal gait. "She is over medium height, her bust full formed and beautiful, her complexion white, her features handsome and expressive, her hands and feet of delicate aristocratic shape. Her character is a peculiar mixture of caprice, wilfulness, and obstinacy on the one hand, and good-heartedness, cleverness, and enthusiasm on the other. It seems that she would like to be more admired as a beautiful woman than as heiress to the throne. She is a vigorous, richly-endowed creature, whose virtues outweigh her faults."

Lord Brougham supplements this picuture in these words, "She was a person of great and tolerably developed abilities. With the vivacity of her mother she combined greater quickness of judgment; she had inherited from the latter resolute courage and much decision of character. Her temperament was impulsive and irritable, a disposition which neither her own endeavours nor those of her teachers had been able to overcome. But in her nature there was nothing low, mean, or malignant."

There is preserved an interesting tradition illustrating the "resolute courage and decision" attributed to the young princess.

In February, 1812, Princess Charlotte assists at a great banquet at her father's in Carlton House. The regent, full of wine, in a most scandalous way falls foul of the leader of the opposition in Parliament, Lord Grey (to whom, as well as to his party, the princess and her mother were attached with full sympathy, and naturally so because the Whigs—the prince-regent's adversaries—are their natural friends). At the injurious words of her father, tears of indignation burst from the eyes of the princess. Weeping, she leaves the table, to drive to the opera for the first time, where she was enthusiastically greeted by the public. Scarcely had she observed in a private box, opposite her own, Lord Grey, whom her father had so cruelly and unjustly reviled, than she rises in a flutter, and enthusiastically kisses her hand to him, heedless of the whole stupified house and of the inevitable outburst of wrath on the part of her father.

When London learned the incident, the princess became the heroine of the day. Everybody, even the press, openly took her part against her father, and young Lord Byron, who had just made a name for himself through the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," dedicated to her the poem which became so soon popular, "Lines to a Lady Weeping:" —

Weep, daughter of a royal line,
A sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
Ah! happy if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's fault away.
Weep, for thy tears are virtue's tears,
Auspicious to these suffering isles;
And be each drop in future years,
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!

The prince-regent was furious, and set his whole pack of paid pens on the track of the poet, as the

latter writes to his friend Murray: "The journals are in a fix, the town in uproar, and all this, as Bedreddin remarks in the 'Arabian Nights,' because I made a cream-tart with pepper. How comical that eight lines should be able to call into existence almost eight thousand!"

Publicly Byron answered this yelping by a new poem, "Windsor Poetics!" alluding to the newspaper notice that the prince-regent had visited the royal vault at Windsor, and stood between the coffins of Charles I. and Henry VIII.:—

> Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
> By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies;
> Between them stands another sceptred king—
> It moves, it reigns—in all but name a king;
> Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
> In him the double tyrant starts to life:
> Justice and death have mixed their dust in vain,
> Each royal vampire wakes to life again.
> Ah, what can tombs avail, since these disgorge
> The blood and dust of both to mould a George!

But the "Lady Weeping" henceforth became a favourite with all the people of England.

Princess Charlotte likewise attracted general attention on the occasion of her first appearance in Parliament, when the prince-regent opened the new session in December, 1812, by her elegance and refreshing cheerfulness, despite the furious looks of her father, who was very strict in enforcing etiquette as far as his own sacred person was concerned.

Soon afterwards the princess's independent demeanour provoked even more violently her father's wrath. She boldly wrote to the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, that she should be seventeen in a few weeks, and had therefore rather outgrown the nursery

and the guidance of governesses. She consequently desired to have, instead of governesses, maids of honour and a household becoming the Princess Royal of England.

The prince-regent's answer to this was that he called together all the members of the royal family to a privy council at Windsor, where Princess Charlotte was severely reprimanded by the queen and the princesses, whilst her furious papa called her again and again "a stiff-necked, stubborn girl and a silly fool," who merely owed it to his indulgence that he did not incarcerate her for the rest of her life—adding that she should never have a household of her own till she married.

The princess met all these outbreaks of rage on the part of her father with the greatest—nay, almost icy calmness and a persistent silence. At least she obtained this much, that instead of the two under-governesses, she received two maids of honour, and in Warwick House a town residence for herself, so that she was not compelled henceforth to live under the same roof in Carlton House with her father and his mistresses. The Duchess of Leeds was nominally appointed head governess—perhaps only head spy, for when, after that scene in Windsor, the princess for the first time visited her mother (whom she was now allowed to see only once a fortnight in company with the maids of honour) in the latter's town residence at Kensington Palace, in company with the Duchess of Leeds, she threw herself passionately into her mother's arms, whispering to her with a glance at the head governess, "For heaven's sake be kind to her!"

Lady Charlotte Bury was present during this sad meeting, and has left us the following description of it: "The princess was very pale, but beautiful. Her figure exhibited the bloom of full and robust development, her head, arms, hands, and feet were well-proportioned and of delicate shape. I never saw a face which, with so little shade, expresses so many lively and diverse emotions. She spoke concerning her situation, and declared in a very calm but determined manner that she would not bear it. Her whole appearance left the impression of a quick, penetrating mind, and of a strong, imperious will. But there is a touch of romance in her character which will easily lead her astray.

"Since the Princess of Wales was not allowed to speak to her daughter without witnesses, she had previously written down everything she wanted to relieve her mind of. These written communications, hidden in a pair of slippers, she gave her daughter to take home with her."

A new incident caused much talk among the people. The Princess Charlotte was to be presented at Court on the occasion of the first royal drawing-room of the season, on the 6th of February, 1813. But when the prince-regent brusquely refused her just demand that this presentation might be performed by her mother, as is usual, Princess Charlotte did not attend the drawing-room.

At the same time the Princess of Wales had sent a letter to her husband, in which she especially complained that her daughter was being kept away from her just when she was of an age in which a loving mother alone could complete her education and the

moulding of her heart, and also that the princess was not confirmed yet.

This letter was returned unopened to the princess, accompanied by a notice that the prince-regent did not wish to receive ány letters from the Princess of Wales.

Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister to whom the princess sent this letter for transmission and approval, expressed his regret at being unable to do anything in the matter.

Then the deeply mortified and provoked lady resolved on an extreme step—she published the letter in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 11th of February, 1813.

The effect of this was like an explosion! All London—all England was in an uproar. Public meetings were held in the city, in which addresses of loyalty and recognition to the Princess of Wales were adopted. Whitbread, a leader of the opposition, gave notice in Parliament of a motion that the House should express its disapproval of the Regent, and request the Government immediately to consider the complaints of the Princess of Wales and her daughter!

The prince-regent answered by a new wickedness. He commanded with ostentation that the "delicate investigation" against the Princess of Wales should be re-opened; he caused unconnected passages to be printed from Percival's book, which, as we know, had been written in justification of the princess, in order to prove with them the adultery of his spouse. At the same time the prince intimated to his daughter that she would not see her mother any more during the new trial.

Who would try to depict the psychical condition of this royal maiden of seventeen years who was thus most profoundly insulted and disgraced in her mother! We can only feel for her the deepest sympathy, whilst unspeakable disgust and abhorrence for this most unnatural of fathers fill our heart.

Princess Charlotte declared that, no longer permitted to see her unhappy and beloved mother, she would remain invisible for everybody. And she locked herself up in Warwick House, receiving no more visitors, and even gave up driving out, till it was whispered in her ears that there was a rumour of a criminal intercourse between Princess Charlotte and Captain Fitzclarence, the natural son of the Duke of Clarence, and that it was its consequence which prevented the princess from appearing in public.

At this time Princess Charlotte had not even seen Captain Fitzclarence.

But this abominable plot could not fail to produce its effect. With the tears of wrath in her beautiful eyes the princess showed herself again publicly in her drives and at the opera.

Also the new royal "delicate investigation commission" was not wicked enough to find the Princess of Wales guilty of adultery, according to the will of the prince-regent. It acquitted her, but so far nevertheless met the wishes of her husband as to declare that the Regent was perfectly entitled to strictly forbid every intercourse between mother and daughter.

All England was indignant at this decision, and gave expression to its indignation in fresh meetings, fresh addresses, and fresh speeches in Parliament in favour of the Princess of Wales and her daughter.

One day when the carriages of the two princesses—it is indifferent whether accidentally or after a previously concerted agreement—met in Hyde Park, and mother and daughter leaned out of the carriage windows, and, weeping, embraced each other whilst exchanging fleeting kisses and tender words, all the people stood about much moved, and accompanied both carriages with cheers and blessings. But Princess Charlotte's coachman immediately got strict orders, on pain of dismissal, always to avoid the carriage of the Princess of Wales, and never to stop, not even at the request of his mistress, when that forbidden carriage and the still more forbidden Princess of Wales should be in sight.

But, forbid a silkworm to spin! Forbid a fond mother and daughter to see, speak to, and love one another! The princesses, nevertheless, found by the help of their many friends frequent opportunities for secret interviews.

When the prince-regent heard of the rumour that Princess Charlotte loved her uncle, the thirty-seven years old Duke of Gloucester, and at another time that it was the young Duke of Devonshire whom she would like to marry, he said to Miss Knight, the maid of honour and confidante of his daughter,—

"Do not forget that Princess Charlotte must renounce the foolish thought that she has a will of her own; so long as I live she will be subject to me, whether she be thirty, forty, or forty-five years old."

It was about that period that the Hereditary Prince of Orange, for the first time in the life of Princess Charlotte, appeared on the scene as a suitor for her hand. His *début*, indeed, was not attractive.

It was on the birthday of the Regent, on the 12th of August, 1813, on the occasion of the festivities in connection with the inauguration of the new military training college at Sandhurst, that Princess Charlotte first saw the Prince of Orange, afterwards Hereditary Prince of the Netherlands, without being able to conceive a great liking for him. The Regent was in the worst of humours, and spoke neither to his daughter nor to her ladies. After dinner he remained at table over the bottle with his boon companions. When the Queen-mother left for Windsor, her son George was nowhere to be found. The Regent, it was said, lay with his brother, the Duke of York, his chosen son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, and other bottle companions under the table, dead drunk.

The Prince of Orange had served in Spain, and had come to England with despatches in his quality of aide-de-camp to Lord Wellesley. There already existed for him the prospect of becoming Hereditary Prince of the Netherlands after Napoleon's overthrow. This made him a specially welcome son-in-law for the Regent, who would have liked very much to have seen his hated daughter married abroad. Her growing popularity annoyed him, and, his daughter once gone, his detested wife would have wanted her chief support in England.

On all sides Princess Charlotte was prepared for the marriage, by the queen-mother, by the princesses, by the body-physician, and by her father. When she, on her part, told the latter that she loved her uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, the Regent flew at her in a rage, swearing that she would never receive his consent to such a marriage.

On the 11th of December the princess met the Prince of Orange at her father's. The latter was unusually kind to her, took her aside and asked, "Well, how do you like him? He won't do, I suppose?" She answered, "I don't say that: I like his manner well enough." Thereupon the Regent took her hand, placed it in that of the prince, and presented them to the assembled company as newly betrothed.

When, on the following morning, the princess related to her confidante, Miss Knight, this betrothal by surprise, she added with resignation, alluding to her intended, "He is not so disagreeable as I expected." Miss Knight finds the intended husband on his first visit looking rather common and sickly, and his behaviour somewhat boyishly frank and familiar, but not offensive in a young soldier. It appears that the unfortunate princess had accepted the first suitor, hoping by so doing to escape most effectively from her father's tyranny.

In the following January the engagement was announced to the various sovereigns confidentially. In March a Dutch envoy came to London, and in the name of the prince formally asked for the hand of the princess. She accepted him, and received the bridal presents. King William of the Netherlands officially announced to the states-general the impending marriage of the hereditary prince with the British princess-royal. Both sides appointed delegates to draw up the marriage contract.

In this marriage contract the prince-regent for the second time sought cunningly to overreach his daughter in order to get her out of England. When

the princess heard for the first time that she would have to follow her husband to the Netherlands, and live there at least for a great part of the year, she went into hysterics. It had never been her intention to leave England and her mother. And in the course of the negotiations she demanded, more and more obstinately, the insertion in the marriage contract of the condition that she should never be compelled to leave England against her wish.

This condition was at last granted, by the following paragraph inserted in the marriage contract: "There exists an arrangement and agreement to this effect—that H.R.H. the Princess Charlotte shall not at any time leave the United Kingdom without a written permission on the part of his Majesty or the prince-regent, and without her royal highness' own consent."

Thus then all the obstacles for this English-Oranian marriage seemed to be removed. And yet, eight days later, it was definitively broken off by the princess herself.

Well, she did not love the plain-looking, intemperate, unstable Prince of Orange. She said concerning him afterwards, "Perhaps he may make a very good cavalry general, but he is no husband for me; there is nothing princely about him."

She did not love her betrothed, and she had just begun to love another, the best-looking prince of his time, Leopold of Koburg.

On the 31st of March, 1814, the Emperors of Russia and Austria and King Friedrich Wilhelm III. of Prussia had entered Paris with their victorious troops.

On the 7th of June the three monarchs arrived in London on the invitation of the prince-regent and the English nation, and with them Prince Leopold of Koburg, who was then not four-and-twenty, and a remarkably fine-looking man. He came with the firm intention of making his fortune in England, if he could.

It is even probable that he had received from England a very distinct hint to come and outrival the Prince of Orange with the English princess-royal, which would be an easy matter for him, considering his winning manners. It is not less probable that he got this hint from a very clever and enterprising lady, who had already carefully studied the ground of the English royal court, and prepared the same for the noble knight Leopold.

This lady was Catherine, Grand Duchess of Russia, sister of Czar Alexander and widow of the Duke of Oldenburg. Prince Leopold was the brother-in-law of her brother Constantine, and the special *protégé* of the Czar, under whose guidance he had taken part in the war against France; the Grand Duchess Catherine was also personally well-disposed to Prince Leopold.

Suddenly, at the end of March, the Grand Duchess Catherine appeared at the court of St. James. What did she want there? Knowing people asserted that she wanted to marry the prince-regent as soon as he had obtained a divorce from Caroline of Brunswick. Still more knowing people afterwards maintained that she had come on a diplomatic mission. She was to prevent the matrimonial alliance between England and the Netherlands, that England might not obtain too great a preponderance on the

Continent. It certainly appeared to the interest of Russia that the Hereditary Prince of Orange should marry a Russian Grand Duchess, and the princess-royal of England a petty modest prince, related and devoted to the Russian imperial court, such, for instance, as the handsome Prince Leopold of Koburg.

But enough! So much is certain, that the Grand Duchess Catherine, if she did come to England with such far-reaching plans, knew how to play her cards very skilfully. A marriage with the monster of a regent I am sure never entered her head. She was too wise and nice for that. Did not the misfortune of the Princess of Wales stand daily before her eyes?

And all the rest the clever diplomatist obtained: and breaking off of the union between England and the Netherlands; the marriage between Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold; and the ultimate union of the Hereditary Prince of Orange with a Russian Grand Duchess, Anna Paulowna, a sister of Catherine herself.

Soon the Grand Duchess Catherine had become the intimate friend and adviser of the young Princess Charlotte. She came frequently to Warwick House. Miss Knight calls her "a great politician, not to say intriguer!" In the house of the Grand Duchess, Princess Charlotte first made the acquaintance of Prince Leopold. Still, the fine-looking, chivalrous Prince Friedrich of Prussia, a nephew of the king, is said to have made a much deeper impression on her susceptible heart at first, till her friend Catherine explained to her that, for political reasons, a union between England and Prussia would never be permitted.

Well, the poor, plain-looking, and unengaging Hereditary Prince had been "ousted." With the aid of the politic Grand Duchess a pretty plausible ground for a complete breach was found within a few days. It suddenly occurred to the Princess Charlotte that her betrothed neglected her mother, just as much as the foreign monarchs, who, at the request of the Regent, had not even paid her a visit. Her mother was excluded from all the Court festivities, and therefore also Princess Charlotte persistently kept aloof from them, despite the fury of her father.

In this frame of mind Princess Charlotte declared to her betrothed, both by word of mouth and in writing, on the 16th of June, that she felt it was impossible for her to leave England after the marriage. That it was her duty towards her mother, whose only safeguard she was, to remain near her. At the same time she was forced to demand that after the marriage their common residence should be open to the Princess of Wales.

When the hereditary prince, under pressure from the Regent, would not grant this, the princess at once declared energetically that under these circumstances there could be no question at all of marriage. And to this she adhered in spite of all prayers, remonstrances, and threats on the part of her father.

During the visit of the monarchs the Regent had to restrain himself in his conduct towards his daughter. But he was preparing a *coup d'état*. And then, when the two emperors and the King of Prussia had left England, suddenly, on the 12th of July, he appeared at Warwick House in the company of the Bishop of Salisbury, like an avenging angel with the fiery sword,

addressed his daughter in furious terms, and intimated to her that her whole household had been dismissed and would be replaced by another. She herself was to find time to consider her obstinacy in Cranbourne Lodge, a solitary house in the forest of Windsor. Nobody should be allowed to visit her there except the queen-mother once a week. The carriage was waiting to take her in the first place to Carlton House.

What a blow for the unsuspecting princess! In the greatest excitement she requests to be allowed to retire to prepare for the drive. In her dressing-room she falls on her knees and prays, "Almighty God, give me patience!" Then she hastily puts on a cloak and drives in a hack carriage to her mother in Connaught Place, whilst the prince-regent is waiting impatiently in the front room. At last, when he hears of this flight of his daughter, he exclaims with derisive exultation, "Very good! At least everybody will see now what kind of a person the princess is. This new story will become known on the Continent, and no prince will want to marry so frivolous a person."

Thereupon follows a night of excitement. On the one side the prince-regent holds a long council at Carlton House with the Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor, after having sent the Bishop of Salisbury and Miss Mercer Elphinstone, the most intimate friend of the princess, to Connaught Place, to bring back the fugitive. On the other side, the house of the Princess of Wales is in feverish excitement and activity. Special couriers bring to the spot the Princess of Wales, who was then staying at her villa at Blackheath, the Duke of Sussex, a brother of the prince-regent, who had shown himself particularly friendly to

his sister-in-law and her daughter, and the confidential adviser, Mr. Brougham. These are joined afterwards by Miss Knight, the Duke of York, and the Lord Chancellor Eldon. But all agree in this, at least, that she had no choice under the circumstances but to submit to paternal authority.

When Princess Charlotte laments that all forsake her, whilst the people are taking her side and that of her mother, Brougham takes her to the window and says, "I should only have to show you to the multitude which will in a few hours throng these streets and Hyde Park, now lying in nightly stillness, and Carlton House would probably be demolished. But an hour afterwards the military will appear, blood will flow, and if you live a hundred years people will never forget that your flight from your father's house was the cause of this calamity. And rely upon it, the English people have such a horror of bloodshed that they would never forgive you that hour."

After a long struggle the princess gave way to dire necessity. But before she left the house of her mother she drew up a protest against further measures of violence, and obtained for it the signature of all persons present. This protest runs thus, "I am resolved never to marry the Prince of Orange. If such a marriage should be announced I desire that one may recall this declaration of mine; it would be a marriage without my consent and against my will, and I request Augustus, Duke of Sussex, and Mr. Brougham especially to take notice of this."

The Duke of York and the Lord Chancellor Eldon accompanied the princess to her father at Carlton House—into confinement. The princess was not per-

mitted to leave her room, see any of her friends, or correspond with anybody. Nevertheless, London heard of this new act of violence on the part of the hated Regent, and murmured louder and louder. The Regent's own brother, the Duke of Sussex, delivered a violent speech against this incarceration of his niece, in the House of Lords on the 18th of July, at the same time asking the Prime Minister if it was true that the princess was put under restraint like an imprisoned person? Whether she was prevented from using the sea-baths ordered for her by her physicians? Whether the princess would have a household in keeping with her high rank?

Lord Liverpool replied to these questions and to all murmurings, that the prince-regent, by virtue of his paternal authority, had the sole power to dispose of Princess Charlotte, and that the House of Lords had not the least right to interfere.

The Regent now also began to rage against his rebellious brother; he declared to the members of his family that they might choose between him and the Duke of Sussex; that he would regard every one who continued in friendly intercourse with the latter as his personal enemy.

What a desolate, melancholy family picture here opens before our eyes, full of discord and rottenness.

But the speech of the Duke of Sussex at least had this effect, that the princess was removed from Carlton House to Cranbourne Lodge—to be sure only a change of prison. But, nevertheless, she breathed more freely in the wooded solitude of Cranbourne Lodge. At least, she felt that she no longer breathed the same air with her father and gaoler.

In these trying days Princess Charlotte was to lose her mother too. The Princess of Wales, still deeply stung by the disgraceful disregard with which she had been treated during the stay of the victorious monarchs, now gave up the struggle against her husband and executioner. She was tired of it. She prepared —against the advice of her most faithful friends—to leave England. She was permitted to embrace her daughter once more. On the 24th of July, 1814, mother and daughter took their leave, amid many tears, in the house at Connaught Place, not dreaming that it was their last in this world.

In what a desperate mood the Princess of Wales quitted England can be gathered from the following fact:—During the last dinner which she took in the company of her daughter, when the latter spoke of happier days, and a reconciliation of her mother and father, the Princess of Wales, in her impulsive way, took up a glass of wine and spilled it upon the table-cloth, crying, "Sooner will this spilled wine return to the bottle than I shall change my mind regarding those who have so grossly and wickedly calumniated me."

In Prince Leopold's diary—in which he always speaks of himself in the third person—may be read the following: "Prince Leopold accompanied the Czar Alexander to England. The Duke and Duchess of York were very kind to the prince, and so was the Duke of Kent. The prince-regent was very much enraged—in the first place because Princess Charlotte had refused the Prince of Orange, and, secondly, because the princess took refuge with her mother. The majority of the people were favourably disposed

towards the prince, even the ministers, especially the Wellesleys, Lord Castlereagh, and others. At the end of July Prince Leopold left London. Prior to his departure he was received most graciously by the prince-regent, who had come to the conviction that the prince had not been intriguing for his own ends. He also assisted at a brilliant ball at Carlton House, where he received tokens of friendship from the whole family. The prince opened the ball with the Princess Mary. The Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester were received neither by the regent nor by the ministers at that time."

Prince Leopold went to the Congress of Vienna, where he succeeded in enlisting the ever-venal Gentz in the interest of the House of Koburg. But he did not forget his own interests in England for all that. In his diary we read:—

"The Duke of Kent had the kindness to transmit some communications to the Princess Charlotte, who made known her resolution to adhere to her plans. The princess and her friends desired that the prince should come to England. But he in his turn maintained that there was no prudence in bringing on the thing by force; the matter would only become more complicated by that. The princess saw in this an excessive delicacy, and was out of temper; but, as became apparent afterwards, his caution proved very sensible."

The princess continued a prisoner in Cranbourne Lodge, even at the expense of her health. Not until the *Morning Chronicle*, in a sharp article, published a medical certificate in which the Princess Charlotte had, months ago, been urgently advised the use of

salt-water baths, did the Regent consent, in deference to public opinion, which began to make itself heard in an ever more threatening way, to the princess going to Weymouth at the end of August, to remain there till Christmas, for the purpose of using sea-baths.

During this time the Regent made a fresh attempt to marry his daughter to a Prince of Orange, this time a younger brother of the jilted Hereditary Prince. But the princess would not hear of this Orange either. In her heart the images of two princes contended for dominion—that of Prince Friedrich of Prussia, and Prince Leopold of Koburg. If it had depended on the princess, the chivalrous Prussian prince would have won an easy victory. But politics would not permit it.

In winter the princess was obliged once more to take up her residence in Carlton House. But although she lived under the same roof with her father, she saw him only when the Queen-mother came to visit there. Even then the Regent had neither a word nor look for his daughter; in fact, she only existed as an object for his stern orders. He himself had written out a list of the few persons whom she was permitted to see. Once a week she was allowed to attend the opera or theatre, but with orders to sit as much as possible concealed in her box, and always to quit the house before the conclusion of the performance, in order not to draw upon herself the attention and ovations of the people. For the same reason she was only allowed to take her drives in a perfectly close carriage, although she always felt unwell in a shut conveyance,

On the 20th of February, 1816, Prince Leopold of

Koburg once more arrived in England, invited by the Regent himself, with whom he had ingratiated himself by a certain pliability and submissiveness.

We read in the prince's diary, "In spite of the most pressing solicitations from England, Prince Leopold (owing to a severe cold) could not start for that country before February. In London he met Lord Castlereagh, with whom he went to Brighton, in order to be presented to the prince-regent, who, though suffering severely from gout, received him graciously, and spoke to him of his intentions regarding Princess Charlotte. Soon there came also Queen Charlotte and the Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, and Mary, together with Princess Charlotte. As their friends for the most part belonged to the Opposition Party, they had frightened her by saying that the prince would be too yielding to the Regent, and she gave very lively expression to this apprehension. A formal betrothal did not take place, but the marriage was declared to be arranged."

The "Diary of an Old Diplomatist" narrates with reference to it, "*London, 24th of February,* 1816. John Bull concerns himself very little about princes and their marriages, he possesses no idle curiosity, and his Highness of Saxe-Koburg is hardly thought of."

Nevertheless, the prudent and plausible Prince Leopold understood how to make himself a favourite, although, on account of his poverty, he had to suffer much derision from the purse-proud English. For example, people had found out that, being a younger prince of Koburg, he had a yearly income of only £200 sterling, and the honest London shop-keepers

laughingly calculated that in England this would just suffice to provide him with a couple of coats and a dozen shirts! "But what of that? We can afford to find him a good wardrobe."

Nevertheless, this project of marriage was also threatened with shipwreck at the eleventh hour. The Regent made another attempt to remove his daughter from England, even as spouse of Prince Leopold, for he intended to nominate the prince commander-in-chief of the forces in Hanover. But the princess, with that decision peculiar to her, declared that she would not go to Hanover. "I shall never leave England," she said; "I would rather forego the union with Prince Leopold!"

The "Old Diplomatist" notes the following on the 26th of February:—"The rumour is revived that Prince Leopold is to be the new Viceroy of Hanover; it has originated at Carlton House (residence of the prince-regent in London). In that case the princess will go with him.

"The court wind changes sixty times an hour, and blows from all the points of the compass in turn, so that news from court is less reliable than the moon, which is the ruling planet in the council of the Regent. Since the arrival of Prince Leopold another candidate has entered the lists, who, it is said, receives the support of the whole court; but his name is as yet a secret. The ministers are playing at blind man's buff, and, despite their great penetration, each of them is taunted with having his eyes blindfolded. Since the arrival of this German, there have been many pretty intrigues on foot.

"*April* 11*th*, 1816.—No news, excepting that the

court exhibits an unusually mysterious face. The princess's marriage has once more been postponed. It is said that there exists for the postponement a far more serious reason than was supposed. The Prince of Saxe-Koburg unfortunately seems to have been very unwell since his arrival here.

"*April 17th.*—Momus and his nocturnal host were assembled once more at Carlton House for a drinking-bout, when suddenly the news arrived that the beautiful Rose of the State had given her ultimatum with regard to the proposed marriage, and had refused the suit of the Prince of Koburg. Of course, that set the whole of the State's inquisition in a flutter. As the princess found herself without advice and aid, and cut off from all intercourse except with the spies attached to her person by the queen, she at last managed to despatch by post two letters to the Duke of Sussex in Kensington Palace. In these letters she dwells upon the peculiarity of her situation, and her unalterable resolution to obtain the definite promise from Parliament that, if indeed she married, she would not be sent out of the country, and further expresses without reserve her aversion to certain members of the royal house. But how did she succeed in sending off these communications? On her return from a drive in Windsor she just hit the time when the letter-bags were collected. Through this manœuvre she frustrated any artful *espionnage*.

"In the circles of the Opposition a very ridiculous anecdote was told. On the first appearance of Prince Leopold, Princess Charlotte asked who he was? His name was mentioned to her, and the prince approached with a respectful bow. 'There is a misunderstanding,'

Princess Charlotte exclaimed, 'you are not the right man; I meant your brother, Prince Ferdinand' (who in January, 1816, married the rich heiress of Prince Kohary). There are other rumours abroad. But one is authentic and speaks volumes—all her domestics are dismissed!

"*April* 18*th*.—The Princess Charlotte seems disposed to upset the whole scheme. Yesterday she said, 'I do not see that it is at all necessary for a queen to marry.'

"*April* 25*th*.—All possible means have been employed in order to win Princess Charlotte round. The Duke of Kent says, 'The whole project would have come to nought, if the prince-regent and the queen had not yielded. Now that the princess has attained her aim, she will probably marry this Saxe-Koburg, after all.

"During the time these marriage affairs were on the *tapis*, the court tried to carry things with a high hand. The high-spirited girl would not stand that. On the occasion of a discussion in Cranbourne Lodge the queen lost control of herself, and with more vehemence than gentleness reproached her for her obstinacy. Her Royal Highness had intended to devote the morning to novel-reading, and the book being in her hand, she threw it pretty sharply at the queen's head, who thereupon left in great indignation."

The wedding was to take place in May. Meanwhile Prince Leopold travelled through England and Scotland. The whole nation rejoiced at this happy union and the prospect of peace in the royal family. Parliament made ample provision for the new household: £60,000 sterling for the purchase of furniture, wardrobe, plate, jewels, etc., and a yearly allowance of

£60,000 for the young couple. For their town residence Camelford House, a palace of Earl Grenville's, in the vicinity of Hyde Park, was purchased and furnished; and, later on, the charming Claremont, previously the property of Mr. Ellis, for their country seat; it is situated fourteen miles from London.

On the 2nd of May, 1816, the marriage of Princess Charlotte to Prince Leopold was solemnly celebrated in the chapel of St. James. All England participated in this joyful event. At the same hour there were married in England, Scotland, and Ireland, 774 couples. From all parts the princess received the most overflowing congratulatory addresses, among them one from the county of Kent, which measured twenty yards in length. The people thought a good deal of the princess for having worn only home-made materials on her wedding-day.

At the same time a new little characteristic was related of the wilfulness and unrestraint of the high-spirited Princess Charlotte.

Prior to her driving to the chapel to be married, her lady-of-honour, Lady Rosslyn, had read her a long lecture about the etiquette and courtly decorum to be observed on this solemn occasion, and the princess apparently had listened with respectful attention. But whilst Lady Rosslyn and Lady Chichester, in fullest etiquette and stiffest dignity, walked up to the state equipage, the royal bride, to the astonishment and delight of the numerous spectators, hopped upon one leg, like a child playing, into the carriage.

When Lady Rosslyn had so far recovered from her consternation as to give the princess a new moral lecture about this want of decorum, the royal princess

called out in surprise, "How, my lady, you don't like hopping? Then I will quickly repeat it, for I do not know how to express my happiness otherwise;" and she did hop back to the portal and again to the carriage. In short, she hopped into matrimony.

But an "Old English Diplomatist," who was an eye-witness, has recorded the following note regarding the marriage ceremony:—"Princess Charlotte looked unusually dejected. As to her royal father, he was not visible at all. The carriage, surrounded by a strong cavalry detachment, left Carlton House at a great pace. His Highness alighted with the assistance of the servants, and proceeded to the royal apartment, but as usual with some difficulty.

"In spite of all the precautionary measures which the queen and prince-regent employ, Princess Charlotte begins already to exhibit hostile intentions. Her remark to Lady Rosslyn might be taken for a declaration of war. With reference to her royal father, the reckless princess said sharply, 'It is better to saddle horses than to lade asses,' alluding to the frivolous commissions with which the Regent burdened his favourites. All remonstrances are unavailing with her; she turns a deaf ear to them all, and, if I am not very much deceived, she will cause such a ferment as has never been witnessed before in Old England. She has threatened to publicly insult Lady Conyngham. Regarding her household, she said, 'Is it endurable that I should have a number of people about me who are literally no more than spies? I shall make a clear house of them.'"

Their honeymoon the young couple spent in Oatlands, a property of the Duke of York. Christian

Stockmar, the then body-physician of Prince Leopold, has left us a short but characteristic sketch of Princess Charlotte about this time, in the following passage of the 5th of May, 1816:—"At Oatlands I saw this constellation for the first time. I found her handsomer than I had expected, with strange manners, her hands constantly behind her back, her breast and body always stretched forward, never quiet on her legs, from time to time she would give a stamp with them, laugh much, and talk still more. I was measured from head to foot, but without being put out of countenance by it. My first impression was not very advantageous. At night I liked her better. Her dress was plain but tasteful."

Even the Dutch ambassador, Van der Duyn, had written concerning the princess, "The princess is a young lady who looks like a stubborn boy in petticoats (*a l'air d'un garçon mutin en cotillon*)."

Before May was over the newly-married couple went to occupy their town residence, Camelford House. Court and town gave them a succession of brilliant fêtes. She was always greeted with great enthusiasm on her drives and in the theatre. In the opera the whole house joined in singing "God Save the King." At Drury Lane, when Shakespeare's "Henry VIII." was given, in which Kemble, Kean, and Mrs. Siddons performed, the audience cheered lustily every passage which could be interpreted as an allusion to the tyrannical prince-regent and his unhappy spouse, the Princess of Wales, who had not even been permitted to be present at the wedding.

Prince Leopold received the orders of the Bath and Garter, the titles of Field-Marshal and Privy Councillor,

and was presented with the freedom of the City of London.

On the 21st of June, 1816, the "Old Diplomatist" relates, "I have just had a conversation with an intimate friend at Camelford House. He tells me that there has been a little scene between Prince Leopold and his bride. Princess Charlotte is very unhappy. This Koburg has a bad disposition.

"*July 16th.*—The measures taken to bring about a divorce of the prince-regent have not been given up yet. Report goes that Prince Leopold had his finger in the pie, and that this had been imposed on him as an indispensable condition before the sum of £60,000 was voted for him, in the case of the demise of her royal Highness. The queen and prince-regent have made up their minds to exclude Princess Charlotte from the succession. The poor souls! they do not know that public opinion begins to assume a very threatening aspect.

"*August 2nd.*—I have already referred on a former occasion to a disagreement between certain members of the royal family. Perhaps it is necessary to add that the Prince of Saxe-Koburg is not one of those embroiled. If his Highness takes a side at all, it is sure to be that of his father-in-law. He visits Carlton House almost daily.

"*August 6th.*—The prince-regent bobbed his head during the *tête-à-tête* dinner with Count Münster in a manner which reminds one of the well-known China figures. He talked incessantly. The principal, if not his only subject of conversation was his projected divorce from the Princess of Wales, on which topic his Royal Highness poured out his usual stream of

invectives. The Regent declared that it was necessary to counteract the growing influence of Princess Charlotte. This divorce he was not seeking with a view to re-marry, but in order to get a trump-card into his hand, which would give him absolute power over the princess. The question will be laid before the Upper House in the shape of a bill. It is not intended to appeal to the spiritual court, because this might open the door to recrimination.

"*August* 22*nd*.—Princess Charlotte has entirely renounced communication with her father. She says that it is her duty to appeal to the people. The ministerial party are very wroth that she did not once visit her father during his illness.

"*September* 6*th*.—The Regent has read the pamphlet in favour of Princess Charlotte, concerning the divorce, and suspects that the Duke of Sussex has something to do with it."

What could be more sad and unbecoming than such relations between father and daughter? The prince-regent watched jealously every fresh ovation which Princess Charlotte received from the people. At last, when he had not seen his daughter for several months, he paid her a visit in August, in order to tell her in the most unsparing manner that he now held in his hands the proofs of the repeated adultery of her mother, and that he should at once proceed against her! It is said that this passionate, exciting scene, in which the princess took the part of her unhappy mother, cost the young wife her first mother's hope.

With a sigh of relief the young people went, at the end of August, into the peaceful solitude of beautiful Claremont, away from the turmoil and excitements of

the town, away from the terrors of an unloving and unloved father. Here, in Claremont House, began a quiet, peaceful life, passed amid beautiful scenery, in their common favourite pastimes of gardening, music, and reading, and in mutual affectionate love. Here, in Claremont House, Princess Charlotte became, as she liked to call herself, the happiest woman in the land.

An English biography, which appeared anonymously immediately after the death of the princess, gives us a pleasing picture of this still life in Claremont. "Here, in a select circle of friends, the heiress to the crown of Great Britain, celebrated a true feast of love. More beautiful than ever did the outer and inner charms of the princess develop themselves in this rural solitude; a sweet dignity flashed from her clear eye, her figure had become fuller, her gait more majestic, and in her delicate complexion there seemed to be united the red and white roses of England. The often too-marked vivacity which had been peculiar to her in former years became calmer and more measured. Although she was now a happy wife, she still with much zeal endeavoured to further improve her attainments and talents. She never cared for finery, and only dressed herself in it if court etiquette demanded it. Her dress was always extremely neat and choice, but she could in nothing, except her truly royal bearing, be distinguished from the wife of an ordinary country gentleman. The same order and punctuality which were noticeable in her dress, she observed also in her other occupations. Her letters were patterns of clearness and precision. She had made it a rule never to leave a letter or petition longer than twenty-four hours without an answer.

"She, with her husband, strictly conformed to the duties of Sunday observance. When she settled in Claremont House, she did not only wish to enjoy a peaceful, quiet existence in the house, but also to attend to her devotional exercises on Sundays undisturbed. The parish of Esher was situated too near the capital for the prince and princess to have escaped there the eyes of idlers during divine service; the simple church soon became a sort of rendezvous for ladies and gentlemen in fashionable toilettes, who arrived in brilliant carriages, looked upon the place as a resort for Sunday recreation, and by their presence disturbed the illustrious couple as well as the honest countryfolk in their devotion, by gaping about in the church, and contending for the best places in the pews. The princess put a stop to this nuisance by having a private chapel fitted up in Claremont House. She appointed her former tutor, Dr. Short, private chaplain.

"Her beneficence was boundless. When during the great distress so many applied to her for aid, that her own purse was quite emptied, and the persons around her remarked that she would herself have to ask Parliament for assistance, she said, 'It does not matter; I must give as long as I have some myself, and I am convinced that the English people will never refuse me money to help the poor. To whom could the needy apply more naturally than to me?'

"Her affability was invariable towards all classes. If tradespeople came to Claremont on business, the first concern of the princess was to free them from awe and nervousness. And no discontented creditor was ever among them, for the princess considered nothing more disgraceful than debt.

"This modest retirement and economical domestic life in Claremont gave the princess more prestige with the people than any splendour of royal state could have done.

"One rarely saw the happy pair separated. They drove, rode, and walked together, visited in company the huts of the poor in the vicinity, spreading blessings wherever they came. The prince helped the princess to water her favourite flowers in the garden at Claremont, and she accompanied her husband when he went shooting. London they never visited, except when public affairs imperatively demanded their presence in the capital.

"The mornings were generally devoted to open-air exercise. After dinner they would study together. The prince instructed her in politics, political economy, and history; she taught him English. They made sketches together of the beautiful neighbourhood, with distant Windsor perhaps in the background. The evening was, as a rule, wound up with music, of which both were passionately fond.

"But, however fond the princess was of playing and singing, she nevertheless demanded a sincere expression of opinion on her performance. Thus she once asked her music-master for his opinion. He assured her, with the finest phrases, that she had sung charmingly and played delightfully. When he returned next day, he received his pay and dismissal, 'because her Royal Highness durst not hope to profit anything by the instruction of a teacher who was base enough to flatter her against his better knowledge, and did not possess sufficient sincerity to tell her without ceremony of her faults.'"

We are told, as a trait of the good-heartedness and justice of the princess, that "once she missed two elderly garden-helps at Claremont. Upon her inquiry she was told by the head gardener that the men were too old, and could no longer perform their work properly, and that therefore he had dismissed them. Full of indignation, the princess at once ordered the old men to be reinstated, and to have their wages paid to them till they died, even though they should work no more."

The opinions of two Germans concerning this epoch in Claremont are of a sober tone. Body-physician Stockmar made the following entry in his diary on the 25th of October, 1816:—"The princess is extremely agile and active, astonishingly susceptible, and nervously sensitive; and the feeling stirred up by the instantaneous impression not seldom determines her judgment and action. The intercourse with her husband, however, has had a most beneficial effect upon her, and she has gained in calmness and self-restraint in a surprising manner, so that it becomes more and more manifest how good and excellent she is at bottom. When she is in good spirits, she is very much disposed to kind acts towards all persons around her; but she has none the less sense of her own graciousness that she appears quite unconscious of it. An insufficient recognition of her kindness offends her greatly, and troubles the good opinion she had of men for a long time to come. She never forgets that she is a royal princess!"

And the Hanoverian, Justus Erich Bollmann, the remarkable man who so boldly freed Lafayette from the casemates of Olmütz, and who, in his eventful,

agitated life, came several times to England, where he entered into near relations with Prince Leopold, writes to Varnhagen, on the 1st of November, 1816—"Prince Koburg and his princess are in love with each other like simple burgess-folk. The unfortunate circumstances under which the latter has grown up have been a good school for her—that is, have hindered the moral waste and impoverishment so common to the life at court. She has strong feelings and a vigorous will. At a tragedy she weeps streams of tears, at the comedy she laughs so that her bosom trembles. Also does she nod to those in the play whom she likes, without ceremony—a strange princess, but an interesting creature."

But how regardless — nay, rude — this "strange princess" could be to those persons who were not sympathetic to her, is shown in a striking instance by Stockmar's diary of the 21st of December :—

"On the occasion of a great dinner they had invited also Duke Prosper of Aremberg. He is an ugly little fellow, black all over, and wore a star. The prince presented him to the princess, who was just then speaking to the minister, Castlereagh. She returned his two tremendous continental bows by a slight nod with the head without looking at him, or addressing a single word to him. At table Prosper was placed between Lady Castlereagh and the Princess, who did not speak a word with him, and put her elbows so near him that he could not stir. He always looked straight before him with a little embarrassment, speaking from time to time a few words in French with the great bulky Lady Castlereagh, beside whom he looked like a child. When he took his leave, the princess treated him in the same way as at the presentation, and

burst into loud laughter even before he had left the room."

It is to be regretted that Prince Prosper of Aremberg was not man enough to give this "strange princess" a sharp lesson that courtesy is the first duty of a host towards a guest, although the host may be a royal highness.

On the other hand, Stockmar's notes reconcile us with the princess, when we hear of the relations of the happy couple to one another. Thus he writes in his diary on the 17th of October, 1816:—"In this house rule concord, quietude, love, in short, all the requisites for domestic happiness. My master is the best of all husbands in all the five parts of the globe, and his wife possesses for him a sum of love whose greatness can only be likened to the national debt."

And a year after, on the 26th of August, 1817, he writes:—"The matrimonial life of this couple is a rare picture of love and fidelity: nor does this picture ever fail to produce its effect on all spectators who have ever preserved for themselves a little heart."

In December, 1816, the Regent assembled around him at Brighton all the members of the royal family for a universal feast of peace and reconciliation. And really the family stood very much in need of this, as has been indicated several times before. Also Princess Charlotte and her husband were present. How signally it failed to prove a feast of love is shown by the following characteristic anecdote:—

One evening the princess sang, I am certain with pointed intention, in the family circle, the masquerade song from "My Grandmother," a farce much in vogue at the time. When she had finished she turned to

General C., and asked with a harsh voice, "What do you think of 'My Grandmother'?"

"I think there is some humour in the piece," the general answered evasively.

The princess laid still more stress on these words, "To me it appears that there is very much *bad humour* in it. The piece does not please me at all."

This intermezzo will hardly have improved the "humour" of the lady grandmother. The meeting separated with hardly more mutual love than had been brought to it.

Also other remarks of the out-spoken princess were related, which were not less defiant. Thus she once said, when it was proposed to her to rent Marlborough House as a town residence, "I require no house in town; I prefer living in the country. I hate your old queen, and do not wish to come in contact with her."

On another occasion she said, laughing, "Leg of mutton is as little to my taste as my grandmother!"

In the spring of 1817, Princess Charlotte was once more expecting to become a mother. The news of it was received by the country with the greatest joy. People looked forward to a happy future, after this lamentable present, with a mad king and a regent besotted by debauchery. Enormous bets were laid on the sex of the expected child. On Exchange it was calculated that a princess would improve the stocks by two and a half per cent. only, but that a prince would send them up six per cent. The government desired that the princess should hold her important confinement in the capital, as, according to the laws of the

kingdom, grand dignitaries of the State had to be present. But Princess Charlotte would not leave her dear Claremont. And so she had her will.

Towards the end of October, the two royal physicians, Drs. Baillie and Sir Richard Croft, took up their residence at Claremont. The princess was very well —indeed, in the opinion of the physicians she was "too well." For some time past they had kept down her "abundance of humours" by repeated bleedings and the meagrest possible fare, unmindful that in so doing their patient was also deprived of the strength necessary for the severe hour. And so the unhappy princess, after a hard struggle of fifty-two hours, bore a dead boy on the 5th of November, 1817,—and five hours afterwards was herself a corpse. Her last wish had been that her husband might, some future day, be buried beside her. This wish has not been fulfilled. Leopold of Koburg, as King of the Belgians, reposes in Belgian soil, at the side of his royal spouse, Louise d'Orléans.

The body-physician, Christian Stockmar, meanwhile had understood how to win the confidence of Prince Leopold and Princess Charlotte in a very high degree. Soon the prince made use of him as a confidential secretary, and called him his "dearest body-and-soul-physician." Stockmar, however, with that prudence peculiar to him, firmly declined to lend his aid or advice to the unhappy princess during her pregnancy and delivery, so as to be in no way responsible for it afterwards. But I think that cousin Christian went too far in this his much-vaunted prudence, for he often afterwards told me that Princess Charlotte would not have had to die so young had he alone treated her after the German method.

Regarding her death, Stockmar relates in his diary: "On the 5th day, towards noon, the labours increased, and at last there was born, at nine o'clock in the evening, a beautiful, very large boy—dead. Artificial means had not been employed. Immediately after the birth the princess felt perfectly well. Also the news of the child being dead had not specially affected her. This seeming well-doing, however, only lasted till midnight. Then Croft came to my bed, saying that the princess was dangerously ill, and suggested that I should go to the prince and inform him of the state of matters. The prince had not left his wife for a moment during the last three days, and now, after the birth, had just retired to rest. I found him resigned as to the death of the child, nor did he seem to take the state of the princess as very serious. A quarter of an hour later Baillie sent word to me to come and see her. I hesitated, but at last went with him. She was in a state of great pain and restlessness, owing to severe cramp in the chest and difficulty in breathing; she constantly cast herself from one side to the other, spoke now with Baillie, then with Croft. Baillie said to her, 'Here comes an old friend of yours.' She gave me hastily her left hand, and squeezed mine violently twice. I felt her pulse; it beat very fast, the beats now great, now small, now intermittent. Baillie gave her wine constantly. She said to me in English, 'They have made me tipsy!' Thus I went, during a quarter of an hour, out and in several times; then her breath became rattling. I had just left the room, when she cried very vehemently, 'Stocky, Stocky!' I returned, the rattle in her throat continued, she turned several times on her stomach, drew up her legs,

her hands became cold; at two o'clock on the morning of the 6th of November, 1817—about five hours after the birth therefore—she had ceased to be."

And Prince Leopold stood not at the death-bed of his wife. He lay snugly in his own bed. Stockmar brought him the news of her death. His diary contains the following entry: "He thought that she could not be dead yet, and on the way to her he fell into a chair; I knelt beside him; he thought it was a dream only, he could not believe it. He sent me once more to look at her. I returned and said that all was really over. Now he went to the dying-room. Kneeling at her bed, he kissed her cold hands; then, rising, he embraced me, saying, 'Now I am quite forsaken, promise me always to remain with me!' I promised it. Immediately after he again reminded me if I knew, indeed, what I had promised. I said, 'Yes; I should not leave him as long as I could recognize that he trusted me, that he loved me, that I could be useful to him.'" And Christian Stockmar had kept his promise faithfully.

Soon after the death of the princess, Stockmar wrote to his sister in Koburg: "I only leave the prince when urgent affairs compel me to do so. I eat together with him; I sleep in his room. As soon as he awakes at night, I rise, and seat myself at his bedside, talking to him till he falls asleep again. I feel more and more that my portion in life is to undergo unexpected changes, and there will be more of them before it is over. I appear to be here more in order to care for others than for myself, and am quite satisfied with such a destiny."

Thus Christian Stockmar, from the body-physician, became the intimate, faithful friend and adviser of Prince Leopold—to his last breath.

On the 18th of November the bodies of Princess Charlotte and her child were conveyed from Claremont to the royal vault in St. George's Chapel in Windsor. At the request of Prince Leopold there was cut out so much of the wall of the narrow tomb that his coffin might find room there one day! We know that the labour was useless.

Prince Leopold was inconsolable. All England participated in his grief. Bollmann writes concerning it to Varnhagen on the 28th of November: "The death of Princess Charlotte has caused many sincere tears to flow. My daughters could not for many days recover their wonted peace of mind, and this frame of mind was universal. The beautiful example of a morally pure and most happy existence had awakened for the prince and princess a very lively, great, universal interest, which was accompanied by many hopes, now blasted. Quite a host of ideas and feelings are now drifting about in the void, without knowing where to link themselves; for the future succession looks now somewhat remote. Prince Koburg stands before the nation in a very favourable light. If he does not interrupt, in the public opinion, his association with the beloved dead, and remains prominently the noble man of blameless life among a corrupt rabble (the Prince of Wales and his brother), in my opinion further events may make his days of great consequence. But there lies so much in the way yet, and few remain the same under altered conditions."

Two days after the death of the princess the Regent caused his thanks to be conveyed, and his confidence to be expressed, to the luckless *accoucheur* in the following letter: "The prince-regent has commanded Sir Benjamin Blomfield to thank Sir

Richard Croft for the zeal and attention which he has shown during the accouchement of the beloved princess. At the same time his Royal Highness assures Sir Richard Croft of his full confidence in regard to the professionally correct treatment of the case, although his Royal Highness finds himself thus placed in deep bereavement by the will of Providence."

Three months after the death of Princess Charlotte Sir Richard Croft shot himself dead. Ever since the fatal case in Claremont he had continually found himself in a state of the greatest anxiety and nervous excitement. At the beginning of February he passed the night at the house of a lady, to assist in a case of difficult accouchement. When this proved to be a protracted one, as in the case of the princess, he shot himself dead during the night.

"I will live and die in Claremont, and employ every moment of my remaining life to carry out the thoughts and plans of the angel whom I have lost for this world," thus Prince Leopold had exclaimed in Claremont at the corpse of Princess Charlotte, when he was plunged in the first profound grief.

Fully twelve years he did continue to live in Claremont. From England he drew an allowance of £50,000 per annum, as previously settled by contract of marriage. In memory of Princess Charlotte he erected a monument—an urn over-shadowed by weeping willows—on an islet on the lake in the park. The hat and plaid which the princess had worn on her last walk hung untouched in my time in the same place as at her death.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GHOSTS OF CLAREMONT.

Royal Marriages—Deaths of the Duke of Kent and George III.—Accession of George IV.—Treatment of Queen Caroline by the King—Her Death—Was she Poisoned?—Prince Leopold and the Countess Ficquelmont—The Prince and Lady Ellenborough—Elopement of Lady Ellenborough with Prince Felix Schwarzenberg—She Marries Baron Venningen—She Elopes with Count Theotocki—Her Subsequent Career and Death.

During these twelve years in Claremont little was heard of Prince Leopold. It was a proof of great prudence that he kept as much as possible in the background during this time of confusion in the royal family.

This family was now seized by a perfect rage for marrying, in order, if possible, to give an heir to the British throne. The three sons of King George III., the prince-regent, the Dukes of York and Cumberland, who were married already, were childless. To the last-named only, in 1819, a son was born by Princess Friederike of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the sister

of the late Queen Louise of Prussia; he afterwards became King of Hanover—the last. The heir to the throne, Princess Charlotte, had not been dead a twelvemonth when the Duke of Clarence, then fifty-three, the Duke of Kent, fifty-one, and the Duke of Cambridge, forty-four years of age, had each married a German princess—namely, the Duke of Clarence a princess of Meiningen, the Duke of Kent a princess of Koburg, and the Duke of Cambridge one of Hesse-Kassel. Princess Victoria of Koburg was a sister of Prince Leopold and widow of the Prince of Leiningen. She was destined to give England an heir to the throne—the present Queen Victoria. That she was an early playmate of my mother I have already related.

Stockmar depicts the Princess of Leiningen, who was two-and-thirty at the time of her marriage with the Duke of Kent, in the following words: "She was of medium height, full, but well-made, with beautiful brown hair and eyes, of great youthful freshness, natural cheerfulness and affability—all in all a charming and sweet creature; moreover, she was fond of finery, and dressed herself well and tastefully. Nature had endowed her with warm feelings, and fitted her disposition for truth, love, friendship, disinterestedness, compassion—nay, even magnanimity."

The Duke of Kent, like the rest of his brothers, was deeply in debt, so that immediately after the marriage he removed to the Amorbach, a castle of the Princess of Leiningen in Bavaria, in order to save money on the Continent. Now, when in spring the duchess had reason to hope that she would give England a successor to the throne, and therefore it

was more than desirable that this gratifying event should take place in England, there were lacking even the necessary means for this transmigration. The Regent and the other brothers would or could not help, so that the necessary money had to be raised by friends. Thus the Duke of Kent was enabled to return with his spouse to England in the spring of 1819, and on the 24th of May of that year a little daughter was born, "round like a stuffed pigeon," called Victoria after her grandmother—to-day Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India. The old duke was not a little proud of his fat, rosy little daughter. He used to show this to all the world with the words, "Take care of her, for she will one day be Queen of England."

This prophecy has been fulfilled, but so was another that had been made to the same Duke of Kent: "In the year 1820 two members of your family will die." The good duke, of course, first thought of his old, deranged, blind father, King George III., who was eighty-one years old, and seriously asked himself the question, "Which of your licentious brothers will be the second?" For it was a favourite saying of his: "My brothers are less healthy than I; I have led a regular life, and shall survive them all; the throne will fall to me and my children."

And yet he was to be the first called away. He had gone with his family to Sidmouth on the south coast, "in order to cheat the winter." During a walk he caught cold, and inflammation of the lungs set in. Prince Leopold and his body-physician, Dr. Stockmar, were sent for by the duchess. Stockmar writes: "On the day preceding his death General Wetherall, an old

servant and friend of the duke, arrived. He put the question to us physicians, if it could be injurious to the prince to speak to him about signing a will. To help to decide this question, the duchess led me to the patient at five o'clock in the evening. I found him half delirious, and declared to the duchess that human aid was here unavailing, and that, as regarded the will, the question to be decided was, whether it would be possible to rouse the duke to so complete a recovery of consciousness that his testament could have legal force. Hereupon Wetherall went to the duke, and the presence of his early friend produced a remarkably reviving effect on the nervous system of the dying patient. Wetherall had scarcely addressed the duke when the latter completely recovered consciousness, inquired after different things and persons, and had his will read out to him twice. Gathering up his last strength, he prepared to sign it. With difficulty he wrote his 'Edward' underneath it, regarded attentively each letter, and asked if the signature was really distinct and legible. Then he sank back into his pillows, exhausted. Next morning he had ceased to live."

That took place on the 23rd of January, 1820. Six days later died also old King George III. The Prince of Wales ascended the throne of Great Britain as George IV.

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And what had become, during the time between the marriage of Princess Charlotte and her death after so short a matrimonial happiness—what had become of her unhappy mother?

On the 9th of August, 1814, the Princess of Wales

had gone in the first place to Brunswick, thence to Italy, to taste of the new freedom and the world in great thirsty draughts. Soon the world was full of the love adventures of the "mad princess." Her life henceforth resembled a motley bacchanalian carnival. After she had lived for several years in Milan, in her beautiful Villa d'Este on the Lake of Como, in Rome, at the court of Naples, in Sicily, in Greece, Ephesus, and Jerusalem, in the company of the Italian Bartolomeo Bergami—whom in quick succession she had raised from the post of courier to that of chamberlain, Baron della Francina, Knight of the Order of Malta, and Grand Master of the Order of St. Caroline, founded by her in Jerusalem—the Princess of Wales came to Karlsruhe in the spring of 1817; and here I had seen her repeatedly when I was a little girl of ten, not dreaming then that an odd fate had bestowed on me a portentous resemblance to the daughter of this luckless woman, and that, owing to it, my whole life would be forced into the most calamitous channel.

All Karlsruhe was in a great state of excitement when, on the afternoon of the 26th of March, the report gained currency in the town, that the Caroline of Brunswick, Princess of Wales, so much commented on by the newspapers, had just arrived with a large Italian suite, and in the oddest attire, and taken up her residence in the hotel "zur Post;" that she had at once driven in a court carriage to the Margravine and to the reigning Duchess Stéphanie, but had returned very quickly. The Margravine in her quality of mother-in-law of the Duke of Brunswick, who fell at Quatre-bras, was a relation of the Princess of Wales. The people talked of the splendour of the Turkish costumes

in which the "mad princess" and her suite, which included a live Mussulman, had appeared at Court. In the evening the princess dined in her hotel with open windows, and there prevailed much merriment and unconstraint.

I learned this from my former class-fellow, Fanny Glökner, who lived opposite the "Post," and could look into the princess's windows. Of course, next morning I called on Fanny, also to look a little into the windows of the interesting princess. And I was lucky, for soon our fine-looking courteous grand duke appeared at the door of the hotel, leading an elderly stout little lady in a scarlet riding-habit. Here, then, was the "mad princess!" But I considered our Grand Duchess Stéphanie much more beautiful and graceful.

Upon the Titus-head of the princess there sat defiantly a cap of black velvet, with white nodding plumes. With what loudness and unconstraint the scarlet amazon talked and laughed, whilst she boldly mounted her horse, so that her dress was lifted up high —very high—and the shocked people of Karlsruhe, who were assembled in great numbers, got a sight of flesh-coloured tights! The grand duke was evidently shocked at these manners of his merry cousin, who struck her horse a blow between the ears with her whip, and galloped away laughing, so that her cavalier was hardly able to follow her.

"Just like a circus-rider!" said Frau Glökner.

Another time the princess, dressed in a brilliant costume, as Pasha of Three Horse-tails, and accompanied by the whole shouting youth of Karlsruhe, including myself, rode through the town; but the grand duke was never again seen by her side.

In the evening Mozart's "Zauberflöte" was given in honour of the distinguished guest. My mother took me with her to the Opera. The house was brilliantly illuminated, and the ladies in grand toilette. In the box to the right of the proscenium were seated the grand duke and his lovely spouse. The grand duchess I see still before my mind's eye in all her loveliness; she wore a dress of light-blue satin, pearls around her delicately shaped neck, and white natural roses in her beautiful fair locks.

Her Serene Highness the Margravine, dressed in dark velvet with brilliants, waited for her guest in her purple-draped box, and cast glances through the house and over into the grand ducal box, that grew ever more embarrassed. The Princess of Wales kept them waiting for a long time.

The grand duke paid a visit to his revered mother in her box, and repeatedly looked impatiently at his watch. At last, after a painful delay of three quarters of an hour, the manager-general gave the signal to begin without the guest.

The overture passed off dashingly, the curtain rose, and yet no Princess of Wales was to be seen. Tamino fled before the serpents, the three ladies in black appeared, sang, and disappeared. At last, when Tamino sang in soft tones,—

> Dies Bildniss ist bezaubernd schön—
> So schön, wie ich noch nie gesehn!

then the door of the Margravine's box was opened noisily. All eyes turned that way, and from the gallery came down a ringing laughter, in which the whole house more or less joined.

There, in the Margravine's box, stood the Princess

of Wales in a huge Oberländer peasant's head-dress, with flying ribbons and glittering spangles.

Her Serene Highness the Margravine leaned back in her fauteuil nearly swooning, covering her eyes with her hands. Horror at the appearance of her strangely dressed-up guest seemed completely to have deprived her of countenance and speech.

But the Princess of Wales walked up to the balustrade of the box, and laughed over her whole round, red face, and sent cordial nods across to the grand ducal box, quite proud of the mad prank of having presented herself to the good Badeners in their peasants' national dress. I think I see the large black bows and broad sprangled ribbons still waving and nodding.

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Stéphanie at once withdrew to the background of their box, and soon left the house. At the conclusion of the act her Serene Highness the Margravine also rose to leave, and her guest had to follow her.

What remarks were made that evening in the Karlsruhe theatre about the "mad princess!"

I saw also "the handsome Bergami," likewise in the Oberland head-dress, in a side box. He was very tall and broad-shouldered, with dark, fiery, Italian eyes, black hair, and an arrogant smile upon his broad lips. He had something savage and vulgar in his face and his whole deportment. Upon his glaring, red uniform were glittering three huge orders and a golden chamberlain's key; upon his gold scabbard he had the portraits of the almost forgotten royal family, Murat of Naples. By the side of Bergami there appeared a fair youth, Billy Austin, whom the

princess called her "adopted son." It certainly is remarkable that the princess made this Billy Austin, the son of a sailor's widow in Deptford, her chief heir.

On the occasion of a court-dinner the Princess of Wales wore a dress with train, embroidered with silver, and very open in front; upon her round head she had an old Bavarian silver-ringlet head-dress, and on the top a diadem of brilliants, with a huge bouquet on her breast.

There are lying before me two pretty water-colour pictures; the one shows the Princess of Wales as she appeared at the Karlsruhe court, in a short lilac velvet dress, with broad silver embroidery, greatly padded around the hips, according to the mad fashion of the time (*cul de Paris*), led on the one hand by the thin little Baden Marshal von Ende, on the other by her huge scarlet-clad Bergami.

In the other picture the stout, little, old princess, in the same costume, upon her head a mighty *toque* of velvet, with waving ostrich feathers, with uplifted, round arms and cracking fingers, is dancing before the Karlsruhe court the fiery Neapolitan tarantella.

Both pictures were painted from nature at the time by a Baden court lady, and have been sent to me just now, after the lapse of more than half a century, by that lady's neice as a token of gratitude for my lately published reminiscences of the Karlsruhe court.

For a drive with the court to Baden the princess had dressed herself most beautifully as a circus rider.

The reckless princess offended the unhappy Queen Friederike of Sweden, a daughter of the Margravine, and who was likewise staying as a guest at the court.

of Karlsruhe, very deeply, in that she on every occasion embraced the queen with ostentation, and cried out noisily, "Chère cousine! we must hold together in friendship as faithful sisters in misfortune; both of us having been so shamefully forsaken by our husbands!"

But when the Princess of Wales could not shut her eyes any longer to the fact that she was not welcome in Karlsruhe, she returned to Italy, without home and peace, trying to forget her boundless misery in wild, bacchantic pleasures.

Like a thunderbolt the news of the death of her daughter fell into this endless, giddy, sensual carnival. It was a newspaper that told her one day, "Your daughter, Princess Charlotte, has died in child-bed on the 6th of November." No royal spouse, no mourning son-in-law, no sympathizing relations or friends, no courier of the British Government, such as carried the melancholy news to all the princely courts, brought this saddest of all tidings to the wretched mother—no, alas! the poor mother's heart had to read in the newspaper that she was now entirely forsaken.

In her villa on the lake of Como the unhappy mother mourned deep and long. And well she might! Had she not lost her all in losing her daughter, the heiress to the British throne?—her last support, her last love, and last hope? But unfortunately she also laid aside the last restraint she had hitherto laid upon herself. With a yelling laugh of despair, "Since nobody in England allows me now the great honour to be the Princess of Wales, so I will be solely Caroline, a happy, merry soul!" She again plunged into life and pleasure.

Only the news that on the 29th of January, 1820, her father-in-law, King George III., had also died, and the thought that her husband was now King of Great Britain and Ireland, as George IV., and that she was lawful Queen, once more roused Caroline's old energy.

In spite of the protest of King George IV. and his offer of an increased annual allowance, in spite of the contrary advice of her friends, and in spite of an old prophecy of her early years—that she would be a queen, but never sit on a throne or wear a crown —despite all these obstacles and considerations, Queen Caroline hastened to England to assume her royal rights.

Immediately King George, in his rage, ordered the Archbishop of Canterbury to strike the name of Queen Caroline out of the church prayers; and his Grace obeyed, which brought upon him the public reproach from Earl Grosvenor, that if he (Earl Grosvenor) had been Archbishop of Canterbury, he would sooner have thrown his prayer-book at the king's head than, against law and conscience, have struck the name of the queen from the liturgy!

On the 6th of June, 1820, Caroline arrived in London, festively welcomed by the enthusiastic people. But what new humiliations, what new disgraces on the part of the king, her consort, were in store for her! By his order she was not to exist as queen at all. And on the day of her arrival in London her husband, for the third time, brought an accusation of adultery against "the Princess of Wales" (as he obstinately styled the legitimate Queen of England) before the House of Lords. The king

had had her watched by spies on all her tours, and especially gathered material about the Italian Bergami. For five months their lordships sat in judgment over the unhappy queen; then she was acquitted a third time, "from want of proofs." This decision was received with the greatest tokens of joy in all England. London illuminated its houses three nights running in honour of the acquitted queen, and wherever she showed herself, she was received by shouts of the glad people, and expressions such as "God bless you, dear queen!" These were the last blinks of sunshine in the life of the unhappy wife, mother, queen.

On the 19th of July, 1821, King George IV. was crowned with great pomp in Westminster. Splendour and noise had to make up for the joyful demonstrations of the people, which were absent.

When Queen Caroline also was about to enter Westminster in grand court toilette, in order to occupy during the coronation the place due to her, next to the king, she was refused admittance, "because she could produce no card of invitation!"

On the eleventh evening after this coronation-day Queen Caroline drank a glass of lemonade in Drury Lane Theatre. Suddenly she cried out, "I am poisoned!" Suffering great pain she was taken home, and died on the 7th August. At her last request her corpse was removed to her native Brunswick. When the funeral procession moved through the streets of London, it was received everywhere with wailings and tears. But the carriage of the king was hooted, and the court mourning, which he had ordered, was laughed at.

Meanwhile Prince Leopold continued to stay in Claremont, wisely keeping as much as possible aloof from the wretched dissensions of the royal parents-in-law. But in order not entirely to lose the favour of the English people, who took so decidedly the part of the queen, he risked the anger of the king, and paid a single visit to the mother of his Charlotte.

In a short autobiography, written down in his old age for Queen Victoria, King Leopold of the Belgians speaks concerning those days as follows :—

"The new king, George IV., at first showed great friendliness towards Prince Leopold, probably in anticipation of matters which were now impending with his wife, Queen Caroline. The Duchess of Kent (Princess Victoria of Koburg, sister of Prince Leopold), with her two daughters, Princess Feodore of Leiningen, at present Princess Hohenlohe, and the little princess, now Queen Victoria, frequently stayed in Claremont. The arrival of Queen Caroline (June, 1820) threw the whole country into confusion. Prince Leopold's position, between her and the king, was intolerably disagreeable. A severe illness of his mother, the Dowager-Duchess of Koburg, might indeed have furnished a pretext for leaving England, and thus escaping the painful discord which now developed itself; the king also very much desired it, and sought through Lord Lauderdale to bring it about; but how could the prince have forsaken the mother of his departed Charlotte, who indeed knew her mother well, and yet loved her?

"The prince resolved not to mix himself up with the divorce suit at all, until the evidence against the queen had all been taken, thus avoiding the appear-

ance of wanting to exercise any influence in it. Evidently this resolution was as honest as it was impartial. So the prince waited till the taking of the evidence had been concluded, and then paid a visit to his mother-in-law. She received him in a very friendly manner, looked very strange, and said very strange things. The country grew very much excited over it, and for the queen this visit was a real triumph. On the House of Lords this visit had an effect which it ought not to have had, as it could change nothing in the established evidence; but certain it is that some lords changed their views, and that the ministers came to the conviction that matters ought not to be carried any further. They moved to drop the suit. The king, who, it must be allowed, had been badly treated in this melancholy business, was furious, especially against Prince Leopold. Revengeful as he was, he never forgave him; occasionally, indeed, he showed himself friendlier, especially so long as Canning was minister. At first, of course, he declared that the prince should never come before his eyes again. The Duke of York, however, arranged a meeting; and then the king, unable to control his curiosity, made the prince tell him how the queen had been dressed, and how she looked, and so on. After the coronation (July, 1821) Prince Leopold went to Koburg. . ." and only returned to England, *viâ* Vienna, Italy, and Paris, in January, 1823, when the unhappy Queen Caroline had long been dead and forgotten.

Prince Leopold, and Stockmar also, did, however, believe that she was poisoned; but they were, perhaps, glad to have got rid of her, or of the embarrassments she caused, so quickly.

That visit which Prince Leopold paid to Queen Caroline had yet another cause. The prince was very superstitious, and himself once related to me that the Princess Charlotte had appeared to him at that period, and looked at him sadly and reproachfully; thereupon he had visited her mother, and the spirit of Charlotte was apparently appeased, for it had not returned again.

Within this time of his retired still life in Claremont fell also those "silly *liaisons*" of the prince, of which cousin Christian had told us.

Two of the ladies alluded to I have met afterwards, with very strange feelings.

Countess Ficquelmont, wife of the Austrian ambassador at the court of St. Petersburg, I learned to know in 1831 through Countess Fersen. She was a dashing Viennese, and had soon proved too expensive for Prince Leopold, who was even in his amours exceedingly economical. She showed me, as one of her successors in the heart of the seductive prince, much sympathetic interest during my three years' engagement in St. Petersburg, and gave me very friendly letters of recommendation for my engagement in Vienna; among others, one to the French ambassadress, the Marquise de St. Aulaire, as well as to Prince Gortschakoff, so famous afterwards, who was, at that time, first *attaché* to the Russian embassy at the court of Vienna.

Another "silly *liaison*" of Prince Leopold was with Lady Ellenborough. That name was known all over the world in the third decade of the century. It stood in all newspapers, and lived on all lips, just as that of the Princess of Wales, Caroline of Bruns-

wick, had done ten years earlier. Both women, indeed, were much alike in the restlessness and recklessness of their wild hearts.

In the year 1824 the charming daughter of the highly esteemed Admiral Henry Digby, Jane Elizabeth, fifteen years old, and looked upon as the prime beauty of the London season, became, against her inclination, the spouse of the proud Tory, Lord Ellenborough, who was the chief support of the Wellington Cabinet at that time. But how does the song run?

Es war ein alter König,
Sein Sinn war starr, sein Haar war grau—
Der arme alte König
Er nahm eine junge Frau.

And there was also a fair young page, who carried the silken train of the young queen, and "sie hatten sich gar zu lieb."

But the sad old song does not suit any further when it says, "Sie mussten beide sterben."

The beautiful young Lady Ellenborough and her fair young page—"Leicht war sein Sinn"—did not die. They have honestly enjoyed their youth and their love.

Lady Ellenborough bore a beautiful fair boy at that time, who afterwards, when Lord Ellenborough had become Governor-General of India, distinguished himself in the wars of Afghanistan.

But Lady Ellenborough had taken a new fancy—his Royal Highness Prince Leopold. And one evening, on the occasion of a brilliant ball, she stood opposite the prince and smiled at him with her glittering blue eyes and white teeth, so very peculiarly, and pulled from the bouquet on her bosom two delicate

rose-buds, and kissed them and handed them to his Highness.

There were whispers for a time in fashionable society of a tender *liaison* between Lady Ellenborough and Prince Leopold of Koburg. But when the prince demanded that the beautiful lady should entirely renounce the giddy life of London, become altogether invisible for the world, and in strict seclusion devote herself wholly to him, then Lady Ellenborough, whose love had by this time evaporated before the prince's pedantry, drew herself away scared. She turned her beautiful back upon his egotistical Highness, and, love-thirsty, threw herself into the lovingly opened arms of the seductive Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, *attaché* to the Austrian embassy at the court of St. James'.

That took place in the spring of 1828. Prince Felix was twenty-eight, a free-thinker in love, and a spoiled and petted favourite of women, whom he assailed—now tenderly, now quick and boldly, mindful of Goethe's prescript. Prince Felix was a curiously mixed nature—now overflowing with sparkling sprightliness, high spirits, wit, and love of life; then soft and resigned, dreamy and melancholy, affected by the then prevalent fashion of "weltschmerz," shunning fashionable society, and burying himself in some green solitude.

And this illustrious chameleon, whose playing colours were dangerously attractive to the female heart, loved the beautiful fair lady, with the sweet child's smile and the pious flower-eyes, in consuming passion and wild fire, as he never yet had loved, and never would love again,—*that* he felt.

The lovers behaved ever more boldly, openly, recklessly. Lady Ellenborough held tender rendezvous with the prince in a public hotel, so that afterwards the waiter could depose before the court, "That he had watched with admiration through the keyhole how clever Prince Schwarzenberg was in handling the corset-laces at the toilette of a lady!"

When all London was talking of this scandal, Prince Felix Schwarzenberg went to Basel on "leave of absence" in the summer of 1829, and Lady Ellenborough accompanied him. With what triumphant scorn did cousin Christian relate to me this news, which had stirred up all London.

Now Lord Ellenborough could no longer be silent. He accused his runaway wife of adultery, and asked the English law-courts for a divorce. The proceedings of this protracted lawsuit, so rich in scandal, engaged the interest of all Europe hardly less than the divorce-case of the Princess of Wales. The name of "Lady Ellenborough" soon acquired world-wide fame, or rather, notoriety. That broke the last links that had bound this luckless woman to society.

In the autumn of 1829 Lady Ellenborough followed her lover (who had got himself transferred to Paris as *attaché* to the Austrian embassy) to the French court, and there I have repeatedly met Prince Felix Schwarzenberg and his exquisitely beautiful lady in the theatres and in the Champs Elysées.

I was watching delightedly a lovely young woman with a sweet innocent flower-face, dreamily cast-down blue eyes, and a winning child-smile, her head surrounded by long, light, English curls—it was at the Italian opera, when Malibran sang the part of

"Desdemona"—till my brother Louis whispered to me, "Voilà la belle blonde, Lady Ellenborough."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed excitedly, and almost too loud. "This lovely picture of flower-like innocence cannot be Lady Ellenborough!"

That it *was* possible I was to ascertain by-and-by myself.

In the revolutionary year of 1830 Prince Felix Schwarzenberg and Lady Ellenborough turned up in München. King Ludwig of Bavaria had the charming woman painted for his famous "Gallery of Beauties," where she is still to be seen, whilst the picture of Lola Montez has long vanished from its place.

But only a year later the restless heart of Lady Ellenborough followed other stars of love, and Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, an incurable wound in his breast, retired with the son whom Lady Ellenborough had borne him—to-day an officer in the Austrian army—to the solitude of his estates in Bohemia. But gradually he found his way, out of these storms and tumults of the heart, back to his diplomatic career, till he reached the head of the Austrian ministry. He also resumed his habits of homage to women, and practised them successfully to the end, as I, during my two engagements in Vienna, was myself to experience; but he has never tied a lasting bond for life. Lady Ellenborough had totally deprived him of his faith in female fidelity.

And then I saw Lady Ellenborough again in May, 1835, when I was "starring" in Mannheim.

It was on the very first evening of my stay in the famous little theatrical town of Dalberg, Schiller, and Iffland, that my mother, brother Karl (who had mean-

while got a captaincy), and I were present at the performance of Spohr's "Jessonda." There sat over against me a charming girlish being, in a simple dress of white muslin, her sweet flower-face almost hidden by long fair English curls, her blue eyes dreamily cast down. She wore no gloves, and played absently with a *lorgnette*, without putting it to her eyes, apparently without noticing that many curious malicious eyes were constantly directed towards her. Neither did the singing and playing on the stage appear to exist for her.

"Ah! Lady Ellenborough!" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Pardon, Baroness Venningen!" brother Karl said sarcastically, and he related to me the following sad little story, which he knew partly from the very mouth of his intimate friend Venningen:—

In Baden-Baden Baron Venningen, an aristocratic cavalier with an ancient name, an honest heart, and a large fortune, saw for the first time the strange loveliness of Lady Ellenborough; and he believed her angelic face, her gentle, blue-violet eyes, and her dreamy smiles, more than her world-wide reputation. He fell so passionately in love with this seductive beauty, that he forgot his proud, unblemished escutcheon, his brilliant position at the court of Karlsruhe and in society, despised the warning of relations and friends, and offered to the English enchantress in touching honesty his heart and hand, his fortune and name, and everlasting fidelity.

She looked at first amazed at the naïve German with the good, open face and the honest words, then almost pitifully, and at last she laughed loud and clear,

"Everlasting fidelity, *cher baron!* Have you never heard the story of Lady Ellenborough, tell me, and that of her luckless heart, which cannot be faithful when once weary? I will relate to you the story of this heart, from its first pure bud up to to-day, when it can produce only poisonous flowers. Faithfully and honestly I will tell you all; for *one* virtue at least the notorious Lady Ellenborough possesses—she tells no lies. She is true in her feelings, words, and deeds; true as she was in the most innocent days of her distant, happy childhood."

And the unfortunate woman unfolded to the unhappy Venningen her whole wild life. With the awful honesty peculiar to her she missed not a leaf, covered no dark spot. And he sat there in silence, though growing paler and paler.

"Well, Baron, will you still marry Lady Ellenborough?" she asked at the conclusion of her long tale. She knew his answer beforehand. She knew her irresistible power.

And in his mad fever the words came from his quivering lips, "Yes, I will, I must! I cannot do otherwise. I love you, even if this love is to be my death."

"Eh bien, cher baron, à votre risque! Let us make a trial; for you, too, please me just now. But I have warned you. Now your aim must not be to weary me. The bond of marriage is for me only a social form. I cast it off as soon as it is in my way, just like a pair of gloves which are too tight or too much worn. Once more, good baron, I warn you against Lady Ellenborough."

In vain. Karl Theodor Heribert Frieherr von

Venningen gave up his position at court, his family, his social connections, and married on the 10th of November, 1832, the divorced Lady Ellenborough. He retired to Mannheim with his beautiful wife. Did he build his hopes on the strength of his love, his faith?

Poor Venningen! how happy was he when his adored wife bore him within two or three years a son, Heribert, and a daughter, Bertha. And how confidently he looked forward to the future! Lady Ellenborough, this bad name even the Baroness Venningen never got rid of, had been faithful to him now for more than two years. Wonderful!

But then suddenly deadly *ennui* came over her. And it was in this dangerous state of soul and heart I found Lady Ellenborough in Mannheim in May, 1835, during the representation of Spohr's "Jessonda." The fair woman evidently wearied during the performance, and by the side of her husband.

But look! what a strange change came suddenly over the girlish, dreamy form sitting opposite me! Her rosy lips quivered, her blue eyes blazed and opened wider and wider, as if they would swallow with their glance something they saw. And these blazing eyes were firmly fixed upon the box next to ours.

This box had just been entered by a handsome young Greek in the flower of youth, dressed partly in his splendid national garb, and partly as a smart Heidelberg *bursch*. And at once there began an unrestrained *lorgnetting*, smiling and nodding hither and thither, so that the whole house only watched those two lovers now.

Baron Venningen turned dreadfully red, and moved restlessly to and fro on his chair, whispering to his wife hasty and vehement words; but she seemed scarcely to hear them, till Venningen almost by force took her arm and conducted her out of the theatre.

And only a few months later my brother Karl wrote to me, "Lady Ellenborough has eloped with the handsome Greek, a certain Count Theotocki, who was attending the university at Heidelberg, and whom you saw that evening in our theatre. Poor Venningen is quite crushed by this blow, and we are anxious about his reason."

Afterwards I heard a few more interesting details about this new love of Lady Ellenborough. As is well known, she was a daring horse-woman. Her favourite steed was "L'Infatigable," a splendid grey, which Baron Venningen had bought from my brother Karl. The latter had purchased it from two Polish refugees who, after the unsuccessful Polish insurrection, had arrived in Mannheim on their way to Paris. Of course Sister Lina had had to find the money. The two Poles were the Counts Cæsar and Ladislaus Broët Plater. I had known young Ladislaus in Berlin, and now he had accidentally come in contact with my brother. Years afterwards our roads were to meet again, and then only to part at death. Yea, fate plays strangely with us poor short-sighted mortals.

"L'Infatigable" was so wild and stubborn that my brother could not ride him on parade, and therefore had to sell him again. But that was just a horse for the wild Lady Ellenborough. How often has "L'Infatigable" carried the beautiful woman like a whirlwind, by day and by night, from Mannheim to

Heidelberg, where an enamoured student longingly awaited her arrival!

One morning Baroness Venningen returned to Mannheim on a peasant's waggon. "L'Infatigable" had fallen during the wild night-ride, never to rise again.

"I told you before, my poor Venningen, that you too would weary me in time, and then—"

That was ever her answer to all his prayers, warnings, threats. She had no sympathy for his unchangeable love, and for his passionate grief.

And one day the Baroness Venningen did not return at all from Heidelberg to Mannheim. Lady Ellenborough was on her way to Athens with her Greek student, to forsake him a few years later in favour of a wild Palikar chieftain. In Athens she went by the name of "Ianthe."

Lady Ianthe-Ellenborough went to Syria in 1854, where it is said that her Arab camel-driver, Sheikh Abdul, found favour in her eyes.

Mrs. Digby, as Lady Ellenborough now called herself, created for herself in the vicinity of Damascus, at the foot of the Antilebanon, a charming home, a cottage with five rooms in a beautiful little garden. In summer she sought the coolness of Homs on the Orontes.

Towards the end of her fifth decade Lady Ellenborough, all of a sudden, appeared again in London in connection with a succession suit. All papers were full again of her feminine charms, of the grace and elegance of her deportment, and of her old scandals.

Then she returned to Damascus, where she died in

1873. Baron Venningen, who never got over his love and his sorrow at her flight, fell, during a ride on horseback in München, dead from his horse a year after her death. The unhappy daughter of both, Bertha, lives to this day in the Baden asylum of Illenau, suffering from a fixed idea, that she is bewitched.

Neither luck nor star! Balzac has cleverly depicted Lady Ellenborough in the character of Lady Dudley in his novel, "Le Lys dans la Vallée."

I wonder if Prince Leopold preserved very long in Claremont house, and in his heart, the two portentous rose-buds of Lady Ellenborough?

These are sad spirits, indeed, which I have thus conjured up in my reminiscences, these ghosts of Claremont House. Also Countess Montgomery is of their number.

CHAPTER VII.

SEVERED.

The Indictment—The Greek Crown—Sorely Tried—Stockmar's Defence of Himself—Prince Leopold's Irresolution—King or Lover?—Neither—Karoline's Dream of Freedom is Over—Claremont—Meeting with the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria—The Villa in Regent's Park Occupied once more—Brother Karl again—Suspicion and Distrust—Karoline Parts from the Prince and Stockmar for ever—Her Summing up of their Characters.

The great, the heaven-crying wrong which Prince Leopold of Koburg and my cousin, Christian von Stockmar, have committed towards me, consists in this; that they put out one hand for the Greek crown, whilst at the same time they, with their other, drew me to England into ill-omened, mysterious relations, knowing very well that the prince could not hold both at the same time—the royal crown and his secret love. One he must drop, in order to keep the other.

And which he would throw away, both knew very

well. They were shrewd diplomatists, with the cool, acute, diplomatic heart.

Thus I was from the beginning sacrificed to a princely caprice: to serve as a pretty toy to while away a few idle hours of a wearied pedant, till the Greek crown might be ready for plucking.

It is true Christian Stockmar did in Koburg vaguely intimate that his master had some prospect of obtaining the Greek crown, and that in such case there could be no question of forming a matrimonial union with me, and that therefore I must quietly await the decision of this event before binding myself.

But, nevertheless, in the spring of 1829, there came to me from this very Christian Stockmar the decided, urgent summons to England, whilst the negotiations regarding the crown of Greece, which I, of course, believed completely broken off, were in full progress.

And for this crying wrong perpetrated on me I here accuse Prince Leopold and my cousin Christian, even after my death. I look for judgment beyond the stars.

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About his first relations to the Greek crown King Leopold of Belgium himself says in his short autobiography:—

"At the beginning of September, 1822, Prince Leopold went from Naples to Vienna, in order to confer with the Emperor Alexander. The late Lord Londonderry did his utmost to prepare a bad reception for the prince. So did Prince Metternich although on different grounds. He imagined that the Prince was coveting Greece, which was, however,

not the case. Later on the Duke of Wellington came and put an end to the calumnies of Londonderry, who was trying to ingratiate himself thereby with King George IV.

"1825. Prince Leopold went to Karlsbad for his health, afterwards for a year to Italy, and spent the winter in Naples. As early as 1825 overtures regarding Greece were made to him. Canning would not listen to the scheme; he thought the prince could be of much more use in England.

"1828. Prince Leopold went to Silesia, to the King Friedrich Wilhelm III. of Prussia. He went chiefly to see the best friend he ever had, Prince Wilhelm, the youngest brother of the king. The then Crown Prince of Germany projected a meeting with Prince Leopold in Naples, which indeed took place in November. In March, 1829, the prince returned to England by way of Paris.

"The proposals respecting Greece had meanwhile taken definite shape. Russia and France urgently wished the prince to accept the crown. Also in England matters made some progress. Great political events, however, took place here. At that time the Duke of Cumberland (afterwards King Ernst-August of Hanover) had considerable influence with the king, and was in determined opposition to the ministry of Wellington. He also took up a strong attitude on the Greek question, and won over the king for the candidature of Duke Karl of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a brother of the Duchess of Cumberland. The ministry, however, supported the candidature of Prince Leopold, and even threatened to resign on the point. That was most unfortunate for the Greek cause; the prince

could hardly force the conditions which, according to the opinion of many sensible people in England, were necessary for the prosperity of Greece, upon a cabinet which staked its very existence on the question. Prince Metternich wanted to ruin the young State at the very outset. As he did not succeed in this, he made use of his influence with the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen to propose a boundary which was altogether unacceptable."

And in this same month of May, 1829, when, trusting Prince Leopold's assurances of love and the guarantees of my cousin Stockmar, I so hopefully hastened to meet my new fortune in England, the two despatched Stockmar's brother Karl, who was the prince's confidential business-man, to Greece, to the President Capodistrias (Capo d'Istria) for the purpose of negotiating with the latter about the Greek crown in favour of Prince Leopold.

In the evening of the 14th of May, 1829, I played for the last time as royal Prussian court actress before Friedrich Wilhelm III. in Potsdam, and the good king gave me his good wishes and blessing for my love-bond (*Herzensbund*) in England—and on the 27th of May Karl Stockmar said to President Capodistrias in Athens, by command of his master,—

"The prince is ready to accept the invitation of Greece and the Great Powers (who at that time were conferring in London about the future of Greece and Prince Leopold), but only on two conditions. The first is, that Greece shall receive such boundaries as will give her dignity and influence among the European States. The other, that he may see ground for hoping to raise the material and moral state of a people de-

generated through long slavery." Further, the prince required that Greece should make specific application for him to the Great Powers.

Count Capodistrias, on the other hand, imposed the condition that Prince Leopold should bring as dower for his new country the islands of Samos and Candia (Crete). This the prince was unable to promise. And so the negotiations rested. Prince Leopold has ever suspected that his old friend, Capodistrias, played false in the matter, aspiring himself to the permanent presidency—nay, perhaps even to the Greek crown.

During my stay in Paris, which was prolonged in consequence, these negotiations were resumed in September, and on the 3rd of February, 1830, the Great Powers (Russia, France, and England) guaranteed to the Greeks complete independence of Turkey under a hereditary Christian prince, and formally offered the Greek crown to Prince Leopold of Koburg, who at first seized at it with his two hands, without any condition whatever.

When, one morning in February, cousin Christian brought me this joyful news, with what a jubilant heart I heard the words which were to restore to me my golden freedom, I have related already in a former chapter.

But when I was alone with mother, and we talked the great event over, then profound sadness seized us at the thought of the bitter disappointments England had had for us in the course of a few months, and that the short dream of happiness was now over for us for ever.

I even reproached myself for being so eager to leave

a man who had once in love and trust drawn me to his heart, although that heart had been burnt out long ago. The few burning sparks under the ashes had nevertheless glowed for me.

I also honestly endeavoured to forget everything by which the prince had offended me, and to remember only the good he had shown me.

In this meek disposition I bade the prince heartily welcome on his next visit, and with emotion greeted him as future King of the Greeks, and amid tears wished him God's speed and blessings in his high calling.

And what answer did his Highness return to my affectionate words?

"I hope very much that the mild climate may agree better with my health than this everlasting mist of England. I fancy it must be very pleasant to breathe the balmy air, whilst walking in myrtle and orange groves, or resting under airy silken tents, whilst fair Greek women sing to me their sweet national songs, and execute fantastic dances." And the prince enlarged copiously on the tents of blue and white striped silk, about the making of which he had already treated with a contractor.

Then my tears ceased, and with anger and indignation I was forced to think, "Here, then, is the man to whom you sacrified your artistic career and your reputation, who by his pretended love enticed you into this equivocal position, to whom you abandoned yourself body and soul, for whom you lived like a bird in a cage, and who does not find the smallest word to express regret at the approaching everlasting separation!" And I could have cried out, with Countess

Orsina,[1] "Is that all the excuse I am worth? Not a single lie left for me? Not a single little lie for me now?" Yes, I might really have been worth a small affectation of regret.

No, not even one single little question had this *blasé*, self-loving man, with the dried-up heart, for me. Not even a little social question of politeness, since we now must part, because fate thus wills it,—"How does Mizi"—(the familiar address of "du" never came over his lips!)—"how and where does Mizi intend to live in future? Will she settle in Paris as Countess Montgomery, or in Switzerland, or in Italy? Or does the hot, art-loving heart long to return, as Karoline Bauer, to the stage? I should be in favour of Countess Montgomery continuing to live in aristocratic retirement; for the sudden reappearance of Karoline Bauer on the stage might call forth fresh newspaper scandal, which I should not care for very much at present."

The ossified egotist did not even with a syllable allude to my future, or to my heart, how it would resign itself to the impending separation! He only thought of his own, dear, petted self, and of his own comfort.

With the same equanimity that the prince displayed when he spoke about the blue and white Greek royal tents he was about to order, did he now complacently select as his theme the choice of a future queen for Greece, whilst his slender, well-kept fingers, according to wont, "drizzled" quietly away. All the princesses of Europe had to pass in review, and were in a business-like way analyzed and criticized by him. The

[1] A character in Lessing's "Emilia Galeotti."

prince personally was most inclined to a Princess of Oldenburg, but from a political standpoint a French princess appeared to him more advantageous. If only the Duchesse de Berri had not been so eccentric and independent! As mother of the future King of France, she would have had the most chances in her favour. But the pedantic, narrow-hearted, timid Prince Leopold was, after all, too much afraid of this fiery, energetic woman, and with a sigh he decided in favour of a little Princess of Oldenburg, who, he thought, might have a future yet.

Does not this conversation, as addressed to me, indicate an almost incredible coarseness of heart, or a still more incredible naïveté on the part of the prince.

Almost choked with emotion, I nevertheless restrained myself by superhuman efforts from hurling into the prince's face truths he would not have liked to hear.

But scarcely had he gone, when I sent a few lines to cousin Christian: "Come, if you wish still to find us here. I am dying with woe and anger. My patience and my strength are at an end."

Early next morning Christian Stockmar came riding up. He found my mother and me in the greatest despair and excitement. Burning with wrath, and with convulsive sobs, I cried out impetuously to my cousin, after I had acquainted him with the debasing conversation of yesterday, "For this soulless puppet I have sacrificed myself; and you—the prudent cousin—you did not warn me. On the contrary, you are the accomplice of the prince, since you only thought of him and his pleasure, and believed you had done every-

thing for your poor deluded cousin, when you enacted an equivocal marriage ceremony for her reputation, and caused a certain sum to be deposited for her future existence. I charge you, Christian Stockmar, with having made me the mere plaything of a princely whim."

My cousin, in the highest degree out of countenance, answered, "Yes, I have done wrong, Karoline, to you and your mother, when I made you come to England. I did wrong, not to have given up my position with the prince rather than permit this luckless connection. But I had anticipated everything so differently, so much more pleasantly. I was gratified by the thought that the prince would enjoy an affectionate domesticity; I expected a revival of his youth by the side of a blooming and beloved young creature, and was also glad that you and your mother would secure an independent existence, far away from the confusion and cabals of stage-life; and I had hoped that the birth of children would make the union a pleasant and lasting one."

"Children!" I cried, beyond myself, "children! You know better than I that your sly master never desired any, and that this also was your wish and your diplomatic advice; so that the luckless bond might be dissolved as easily as it was tied, if it should suit your plans and politics. Why did the prince never address me by the familiar 'du'? Why did he, after my return from Paris, never come save quite formally to pay a stiff visit and a drizzle? Why did he never speak in a confiding way about his experiences in life, and why did he never inquire about mine? About Princess Charlotte he only told me that she

had appeared to him one night as a ghost, and that I was more beautiful than she. And why did you and the prince conceal from me that, at the very same time when I followed your allurements to England, your brother was seeking to obtain for him in Greece the royal crown—this crown which, you know, would immediately have broken again the bond that knitted us together? Why?—but there are already too many of these *whys*, which even all the diplomatists in the world would fail to answer to my satisfaction, but which are more than sufficient to give me the right to leave England for ever to-morrow. That I did not do so long ago was simply for the sake of my reputation. For the sake of that I ought, perhaps, to remain even longer in these crushing bonds, so as to part from him and you in peace, only when the Greek crown had been secured for him; but yesterday's mortifying experience forces it as a duty upon me to leave this narrow-hearted, egotistical man, with his dried-up heart and unmanly character, as soon as possible. Not a fibre of my heart binds me to him now." My voice here broke into passionate sobs.

Dumb and blank, only his finely-cut features disturbed by the nervous quiver peculiar to him, my cousin had sat opposite to me; now he took my hand and said, still remarkably quiet and calm, although his voice betrayed his inner emotion,—

"Yes, Karoline, you have been wronged by the prince and by me, whose good-nature once more got the better of my understanding and my conscience. My intentions were good, and pure also, so far as you and your mother are concerned, but circumstances proved too strong for me. In order, however, that no

greater wrong may be done you still, I must remind you that when you came to England you gave yourselves over to my counsel and leadership unconditionally. In this my responsible position I demand that you do not leave England precipitately, and that you will not leave the prince on any other than friendly terms. I demand that you shall patiently tarry for some days or weeks more, until the Greek crown be either definitely secured for the prince, or lost altogether. Then it shall be my sacred duty to arrange also your position in your interest. Promise me that."

And I promised with copious tears to have patience and again fresh patience!—till my cousin should say, "Now it is time to part. The King of Greece will remain a faithful friend to you—in the distance."

From this hour my cousin once more showed me the old confidence and the most solicitous cordiality. In his sputtering, humorous way he often said to me, "What a pity it is, Karoline, that I am married already, else I would make you my wife, and the Prince, or King, Leopold might spend his wonted innocent drizzling hour at our tea-table whilst I ruled Greece."

And Prince Leopold, the future king of Greece, how did he behave to me?

As if nothing whatever was changed between us. He came as usual to dinner, musical exercises, readings, drizzling, and only now and then naïvely spoke to us of his white and blue tents and future queens.

A man of noble character would either have desired that I might continue to stand by his side, as a true and loving mate, for the span of time still granted us

to be together, or in a delicate manner would have hastened on the inevitable—the solution of the union and my departure.

But this callous indifference and offensive nonchalance of the prince towards me was bound to rouse my deepest indignation, and wound me in my innermost heart. I lived in a continual uproar of the most conflicting feelings, and I had to muster all my moral strength to be able to keep my word to my cousin, and to force myself at least to an *outward* calmness in the prince's presence. In my heart there was grumbling and storming without intermission, threatening disaster. It was but too clear to myself that my life had suffered shipwreck.

The dismal villa threatened to choke me, and the longing for the free artist life, given up with such levity, burned within me day and night.

My sojourn with the prince under the old conditions appeared to me treachery to myself, for the mutual affection which alone was able to sanctify our peculiar alliance had forsaken us.

But for all that, my cousin, upon all my complaints, repeated, "Patience, wait, do not anticipate; time must decide and—solve."

Christian Stockmar was always in a most excitable mood while the question of the Greek crown was still in abeyance. Sometimes he would come rushing up to us like a storm, in order to relieve his oppressed heart about the doings of his master, void as they were of tact and decision, in this vital question for Greece.

In his impulsive excitement the otherwise so circumspect diplomatist would often sputter away very

incautiously; and as he knew that I regarded myself already as free from the alliance with the prince, he did not lay upon himself the slightest restraint so far as I was concerned. Here follow some specimens:—

"Oh, this irresolute, short-sighted, petty prince, who gropes about without energy and character, and himself never knows what he wants! Without me the prince would, long ago, have been lost in this Greek question. I have always to piece together with difficulty what he thoughtlessly tears asunder. There is not a nerve of firm manliness in him, only the dear, petted, and spoiled little self; and even in this question he only thinks of himself, of his own comfort, vanity, and self-complacency; and hardly, even in passing, of the poor Greeks, who surely require a strong, self-sacrificing king."

A few hours later, the prince would come driving up, tired, wearied, out of humour, and complaining that good Stocki was such a hypochondriacal pessimist, always tormenting him with unnecessary scruples. He was sick and tired of the whole Greek business.

Thus we had enough to do to quiet and distract both. Verily not an easy task!

One morning Stockmar came galloping up in great anger, and at once began to bluster forth,—

"No, it is unheard of—enough to drive one mad. Just imagine what the prince has done in his everlasting anxiety for his dear, sweet self, by his silly, timid precautions. There, they rouse me at night, about two o'clock, from my deepest sleep, and call upon me to attend the prince. He lies in his bed, like a very picture of wretchedness, looking at me, pale as death, and full of despair, lisping in a

hardly audible tone, 'Ah, dearest Stocki, help, save me from death. What a terrible accident has happened to me! Of course you know the two little golden clamps which I force between my back teeth at night, not to damage the enamel when I grind my teeth during sleep; and now I awake and find only *one* clamp between the teeth, the other I must have swallowed in my sleep; yes, I feel its sharp prongs and hooks already in my bowels. I am a dead man; good Stocki, save me!'

"I was myself dreadfully alarmed, and at first deprived of speech; for, had the prince in reality swallowed in his sleep the sharp-pronged clamp, which against my advice he had allowed a quack-dentist to palm off upon him, I had little hope for his recovery. I was forced to regard the prince as a lost man.

"'Stocki, you have no word of comfort for me?' the prince stammered more and more anxiously. 'Do you really fear bad results?'

"Then I gathered up all my moral strength, and said with the most unconcerned tone, and a forced cheerfulness, 'Prince, you have nothing whatsoever to apprehend. I shall be back directly with help.' So saying, I hastened to the prince's body-physician, wakened him, and we consulted together. Now we gave to the prince spoonful upon spoonful of electuary; and I must laugh even now when I think of the pitiful face the prince made as he swallowed the nauseous stuff, always declaring, however, 'Oh, I'll swallow anything, if I may but be spared!'

"After we had thus tormented the prince, and also ourselves, for some hours, Hühnlein suddenly

exclaims joyously, 'Here is the clamp, I found it jammed in between the mattress and bedstead.' 'Yes, that is it,' the prince said faintly, and closed his eyes, exhausted. In my first rage I threw the confounded thing out of the window, conjuring the prince to be sure to leave off such effeminate, dangerous trifling in future, for that I would not have given a penny for his safety."

"Cousin," I cried, with tragi-comical dismay, "I shall never get rid of the picture you have here drawn for us. For ever and for ever I shall see the prince before me in the agony of death, swallowing spoonful upon spoonful of the horrid electuary, b-r-r-r! And such a picture is ill-suited to the idol of my dreams. Thank God, that the danger is over."

"Over! yes, for to-day," Stockmar blurted out. "But who knows what his Highness' ingenuity may devise to-morrow to preserve his beloved body? Is it not enough to turn one mad, to see a man, otherwise so sensible, occupy himself ever and ever, and solely, with his beloved person, and in so doing fall into all kinds of silly childishness? Does he not walk about upon his treble-soled boots, as stiff as a stork in a field of clover, for fear he may get cold in his dear feet? Does he not wear a coal-black wig, to appear younger? Have you ever seen him ride boldly, like a man—or heard him speak loudly, and without restraint? Like another Don Quixote, he only rides small ponies, so that his feet almost touch the ground, to prevent the disagreeable shaking, and the danger of his Highness falling off. Speaking in a low voice is said to preserve the chest and throat. Thus I can easily understand that *Monsieur tout doucement*,

in spite of his inborn amiability and former personal charms, in all his former 'silly *liaisons*' has never been able to inspire women with a true and lasting passion, nor you either, Karoline. The first comer, if a gay, jolly cavalier, easily unseated him with his ladies."

"But did not Countess Ficquelmont want to leave her husband the ambassador, for the prince's sake?"

"Because her aged husband wearied her, and because the intriguing Viennese expected to play an important part in England as mistress, perhaps even spouse of the prince; and because she hoped to grow rich through him. But what a mistake! After his Highness had drizzled to her in sweet tête-à-tête a dozen times or so, her Excellency and her passion took swiftly to their heels."

"Yes, cousin, drizzling is the most terrible of terrors, and much worse than 'man in his madness.' Had Schiller only seen his Highness drizzle once!" I burst out laughing with a touch of my old, almost-forgotten humour.

Stockmar said, amused, "And yet, Karoline, you have not seen our gracious master drizzle in company with Lord R——. It is sufficient to make one bolt, when both worthy gentlemen sit stiff, and grave, and in silence, opposite each other, and do nothing else but drizzle at each other. Lord R—— taught the prince this noble amusement."

"Cousin, what will the Greeks say, I wonder, when his Majesty on the throne gives them a drizzling-treat?"

"We are far from that yet," and cousin Christian relapsed into his gloomy mood, and rode home to Claremont in deep thought.

Stockmar was right; the prince's irresolution and fickleness in the Greek question caused him much trouble at that time, and, indeed, eventually brought the whole affair to shipwreck. In his desire for the glittering king's crown, and for the *dolce far niente* under silk tents in the balmy air of Greece, the prince exposed again and again his weakness. In his anxiety not to lose the pretty little throne, Prince Leopold at first conceded to the London conference a dangerous tutorage over himself, and, like a good boy, said to everything "yes;" so that his final "no" was all the more grating to the ear. And what severe lessons the prince had to pocket from his tutors!

Thus when the prince had already declared his assent to all the conditions of the conference, and then, at the eleventh hour, asked Candia for Greece, Lord Aberdeen wrote to him on the 31st of January, 1830, in these severe terms:—"There has never and nowhere been any mention of Crete hitherto. In spite of all that has been done in the matter, you are indeed still at liberty to decline; but the refusal of Crete could not account for such a resolve. Consider how such a procedure can be reconciled with your dignity, and your reputation for consistency. The Powers do not intend to negotiate with you. They expect a simple acceptance of their proposal, and would regard a qualified one as a refusal."

Nevertheless, the prince tried yet several times by letter to smuggle a few stipulations into the proposals of the conference, but was just as quickly ready to withdraw his letters and stipulations, when

Lord Aberdeen demanded it in the name of the Great Powers.

Early in April Prince Leopold went to Paris, in order to ask, as chosen King of Greece, the hand of a Princess of Orleans. But at the end of the same month, on receiving the news of the serious indisposition of his father-in-law, King George IV., he returned with a refusal, and now thought once more seriously of the little Princess of Oldenburg.

Suddenly, on the 21st May, Prince Leopold wrote to the conference of the Great Powers that he did not see his way to force himself, as their king, upon a people who were not satisfied with the guarantees he brought with him from the London conference, and so he declined the proffered throne with thanks.

But this was hardly the true reason, for, if so, Prince Leopold could not have accepted the crown in the first instance. It was generally thought at the time that the approaching death of the king, and the chance of an English regency during the minority of his niece Victoria, had induced the prince to commit this act of inconsistency. Thus the aged Baron Stein, whose advice in the matter of the Greek crown Prince Leopold had repeatedly asked, formally wrote to the prince concerning his unjustified final refusal in these reproving terms:—

"When Emperor Alexander, in 1812, began the contest with Napoleon, he took for his motto: 'Confiance en Dieu, courage, persévérance, union!' and with the 'believing eye that looks firmly and boldly up to heaven' he abandoned himself to the inspirations of his high-minded, noble character, and stretched the giant on the ground. Human reason may recognize

what lies close to us, but is unable to penetrate the darkness of the distant future. Here sense of duty, confidence in God, renunciation of self must guide us."

More contemptuously still Stein writes to the Archbishop of Cologne :—

"What does your Grace say to the behaviour of Prince Leopold? It is quite in keeping with the character of the *Marquis peu-à-peu*, as King George IV. used to call him. Instead of removing the difficulties, instead of completing the undertaking begun by him, he cowardly takes his hands from the plough, whilst he calculates the changes that may arise through the death of King George IV. A man of such a weak character is not competent to vigorously put his shoulder to the wheel. He is colourless!"

In a similar way Stein characterizes the prince in a letter to Freiherr von Gagern :—

"He had the consciousness that he would prove unequal to the enterprise, and at the same time he cast a side glance at his probable influence in England, which, however, he will not obtain, owing to his weakness of character, and at best will lose again as soon as Princess Victoria is grown up—that is, within six or seven years."

Also Prince Metternich censured the prince's "weakness of character and timidity," and a French writer called the prince a "man of the world—so *blasé* that not even ambition could adhere to him permanently."

And Dr. Karl Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the son of my early friend Felix, writes in his historical work regarding "Count John Capodistrias :"—

"Even at the last moment Prince Leopold might have come to a manly resolution:—to accept the crown, just because it was a crown of thorns, and thus at the same time tear to pieces the net of intrigues that had been spun to scare him off his path. But instead of counteracting the intrigues of his adversaries, he utilized them in order to conceal his own fickleness and the suddenly altered aims of his ambition. Instead of quickly and vigorously taking up the hard but noble task, he trifled for months with the hopes of a nation writhing in despair."

When cousin Christian, at the end of May, in the greatest excitement brought me the crushing news, "The prince has now definitively declined the Greek crown, because he feels that he is incapable of dealing with the state of affairs in that country. So we shall stay in England, and all remains as before!"—I broke down, completely discouraged and discountenanced. It had been so sweet to dream of the approaching freedom, and of a new life as a free, happy artiste! The awaking was fraught with the bitterest disappointment and pains. The violent mental agitation brought upon me a burning fever. I would have rather died—"then all would have been still at once."

When I recovered, and the prince once more sat opposite me, drizzling, then he did not ask, "Is Mizi still devoted to me? May I hope for reawakening love?".

No, the used-up, selfish man, with the dried-up heart, had not a word of apology or explanation for me. He behaved as if not the least thing had come

between us—no enticing Greek crown, no blue and white royal tents, no princesses of Orleans or Oldenburg. He seemed to regard it as a matter of course that the old, dismal life should quietly continue, that he should drive up to dinner every day, that we should go through some music together, that finally, whilst I read to him, he should drizzle—drizzle—drizzle.

I felt humiliated by it in the profoundest degree. This bitter indignation of my heart brought back my old energy of character, and I urged forcibly upon Christian Stockmar my obviously just claim to be free —rather to-day than to-morrow.

But my mentor was inexorable. He appealed to my reason and my heart, "At this moment you must not think of leaving the prince—now, when, owing to manifold disappointments, he finds himself in a specially depressed mood. He requires your sympathy now, just as much as my assistance. Therefore just a little more patience, Karoline. Who knows what the coming weeks may bring for us? King George may die any day, and then there will be great changes—also for us. Just let us await this important event yet. First of all, you will go with your mother to live once more, for the London season, in the pretty villa in the Regent's Park. Then soon after follows the summer-trip to the Continent. The prince has to take the waters in Karlsbad, I have to go to Koburg, and you and your mother may visit brother Louis in Paris, or go to Baden-Baden, or wherever else you would like to go. If your heart should not draw you back to the prince in autumn, then you simply stay away and com-

mission me, as your representative, to dissolve the union. Thus the separation will take place without mutual excitement, without rancour or bitterness, and without public *éclat!*"

After vehement resistance, I at last yielded to my cousin Christian's remonstrances, and stayed, but with a heavy heart. Would I had followed my own feelings, and gone at once! How much bitterness I should thus have been spared!

Before we removed to the Regent's Park, we were to have a painful *rencontre.*

On a beautiful evening in spring, when the lilacs were in blossom and the nightingales singing, mother and I felt impelled by unconquerable longing to quit our gloomy grounds and enter the laughing, sunny world beyond. Why should we not take a walk to beautiful Claremont? The prince and cousin Christian were staying in London. Only when the prince himself was present there, had Claremont been forbidden us.

Thus we promenaded, very glad to have escaped the damp prison, through the charming plantations, and from an eminence were enjoying the hazy view of the distant Windsor Castle, when a clear girl's voice and childish laughter reached our ears. Upon a silver-grey pony, accompanied by a large, white, shaggy dog, a girl of about eleven years came trotting up with waving tresses and large, shining eyes. These eyes looked at me, surprised and inquisitive, whilst her little hand steadily checked the horse. And the little Amazon suddenly turned round, and soon returned with a stately round lady. She too started, and her eyes glided away over us, not without severity,

and I felt how I blushed with shame under this glance. Then the lady called out to her a word in English, and both disappeared in the copse, leaving us behind in great confusion.

We had recognized each other. It was the Duchess of Kent, the sister of Prince Leopold, with her little daughter, the present Queen of England.

And the Duchess of Kent, Princess Victoria of Koburg, durst not recognize and salute friendlily her early playmate, Christelchen Stockmar, and her daughter.

My poor mother and I had become in the eyes of the Duchess of Kent very doubtful persons.

Sobbing, almost crushed with shame, I sank into my mother's arms. In the most depressed mood we returned to our prison. By what had I merited all this wretchedness and all this disgrace? And the following day we over and above heard the bitterest reproaches from the prince and Stockmar, for having visited Claremont Park of our own accord whilst the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria were on a visit there.

After that, when we once more occupied the pleasant villa in Regent's Park, and I again walked through the old familiar rooms and the lovely garden, I burst into tears. How much had changed within me and around me since I, just a year ago, "upon my journey to fortune," entered this new home for the first time. I felt as if I had aged by many years during this twelvemonth. So many young hopes, illusions, dreams, ideals had meanwhile faded from me. So much richer had I grown in sad experiences

and disappointments! So completely impoverished did I feel!

The only refreshing ray out of those days of June in 1830 is the remembrance of Maria Malibran's sweet singing. I was never to see her again.

Otherwise days and weeks passed in the old gloomy monotony. The prince arrived on his tedious drizzling-visit; cousin Christian sometimes came to tea in the evening. Their whole interest was concentrated on King George IV., who still lay dying, but would not die.

For years the king, unnerved by excesses of all kinds, suffered from various maladies—gout, dropsy, asthma, ossification of the heart, general debility, and frequent swooning fits. He could no longer walk alone. A special machine was devised to enable him to mount a horse. A rolling chair brought his Majesty up a gently rising incline to a platform. From it the enormously swollen colossus, with the thin, emaciated legs—which, so it was said, on festive occasions were bolstered up and stiffened by six pairs of stockings and high-lacing boots—was lifted up by a crane, softly lowered into the saddle, and now the ride down the front could begin. The nervous system of the king had become so weakened, that he drank brandy or rum without ceasing, often eleven large glasses a day, besides strong whisky-punch, just to keep himself alive. In January, 1830, Christian Stockmar brought us the news that the king had lost the sight of both eyes, and was, furthermore, perpetually drunk, so as to be invisible for everybody. On the 24th of May, formal communication was made

to Parliament that the king's weakness was so extreme that he could no longer sign his name.

On the 10th of July my mother wrote from London to my guardian and our trusty legal adviser, *Hofgerichtadvokat* Bayer, at Karlsruhe, as follows :—

"Prince Salm, who starts for Karlsruhe to-morrow, will give you, my highly honoured friend, this letter, together with my life certificate, so as to enable my son Karl to touch the amount of my pension. Should that certificate not be sufficient, the matter must be put off till Lina and I come into your neighbourhood, which is sure to take place in July. Here much has changed, and we shall be heartily glad to see you soon again, and to be able to discuss and consult with you on everything. The death of King George IV. may be expected every moment; he is said to have been unconscious for several days, and we sincerely hope that he will soon be released from his sufferings. As soon as the burial is over, Prince Leopold will be able to set out for Karlsbad; and we too are quite ready to start. Lina and I are going to Switzerland, where I am to use the waters, probably of Schinznach or Baden. Upon this tour we hope to have the pleasure of meeting you in Baden-Baden or Karlsruhe, for there is much I have to tell you, and much to discuss with you also, regarding my son Karl, who has still got the insane idea of that marriage in his head. But you, honoured friend, know but too well that Lina and I cannot give him the large amount of money he requires for his 'caution.' He must look out for a rich wife. And how soon the young, wild, light-headed officer would get tired of the faded Leo-

poldine von Hinkeldey, who is older than himself! When will Karl at last get sense? Louis is still in Switzerland, but will soon come over to London altogether, as my nephew, Christian von Stockmar, has offered him a good post as secretary to Prince Leopold, which makes us very happy. Lina is in good health, and contented, and sends her affectionate regards to her dear guardian. My good nephew was ill not merely all the winter, but also throughout this spring, and we have been very anxious on his account. Now he is doing better, and we hope he will completely recruit himself in Switzerland. On no account would he have gone to Greece, owing to his delicate health. That matter which caused us so much care and mental anxiety last winter is now fortunately over too, as you may know. Those were evil days; but who could imagine that such a thing would happen, and bring us into new difficulties? More about all this orally. If only heaven would grant that we may keep out of the newspapers for once! It always causes new agitation, to see Lina's name so often mentioned with all sorts of allusions, even in the Greek affair. We would gladly be forgotten by all the world, except by you, dear friend. Farewell! May we meet again soon, hale and hearty, in our old home."

But this meeting was destined not to be a joyful one, and to be frightfully accelerated by an unforeseen event; my heart and hand are quivering even now at the mere thought of those dreadful hours.

One evening in June, towards dusk, mother and I were alone in our little garden saloon. Suddenly we hear a knock at the door, hasty steps approached, and

before us stands brother Karl, with an air of consternation and unsteady look.

We were as if stunned, and had not a word of welcome; not a warm squeeze of the hand for Karl—we foreboded something dreadful.

"Unhappy man, what have you done?" mother exclaimed. "Whence come you so suddenly, like a thief at night? What do you want here, and of us?"

"Mother, I *must* marry Leopoldine von Hinkeldey, or I must shoot myself, for I have pledged to her my word of honour, and she will drown herself—she will not outlive the shame."

"Oh you child of misfortune, shoot yourself then!" my mother shrieked, quite beside herself. "Your poor sister is no longer to be your victim, and to be ruined by you. The measure is full."

Karl, as repentant sinner, implored our compassion, promised his very best for the future if we would only this one time, this last time, save him from despair. My tears flowed. I sought to pacify my mother, and promised to tell cousin Christian and the prince everything. Accordingly, trembling like a criminal, I spoke next morning to my cousin, told him all, and entreated him to pay the required 16,000 florins of security for Karl, and to deduct the sum from my invested capital.

This brought on the most frightful scene. Christian Stockmar became furious. He taunted my mother and me as if it had been all a preconcerted plot to extort money from him and from the prince. "For this purpose we had secretly sent for Karl," and so on.

In vain my mother offered for ever to relinquish the pension which had been settled on her, in case she should survive me.

Christian's distrust remained. He called us the most insulting names, "adventuresses," "crafty *intrigantes*," who had drawn the wealthy prince into our nets, and had only come to England in order to sponge upon him.

In vain I sought protection and vindication from the prince. He proved even pettier in his distrust than Stockmar. This was intensified by his sordid avarice. He calculated indeed that he would lose the interest of the 16,000 florins if they were to be already deducted from the capital settled upon me. He, in short, refused in the most offensive way to pay the caution-money for my brother.

Then my so cruelly outraged pride blazed out with all the passion of my hot artiste blood, and I hurled reproaches at Prince Leopold and Christian Stockmar which I can maintain and justify even to-day.

I told them that they had abused my confiding credulity when with deceitful promises they allured me to England in order to sweeten a few weary hours to a *blasé* prince, that it had been a downright crime to snatch me from my respected social and artistic position, and to bring me into an equivocal relationship, and to keep secret from me that the prince was at the same time aiming at the crown of Greece, which, as they well knew, must, as a matter of course, put a speedy termination to our alliance, ruining my reputation for ever. I told them that, while promising me a retired domestic life, they had held me like a prisoner

of state. I hurled into their paling faces my whole crushed and degraded heart, till my voice was choked by hysterical sobs.

So I parted from Prince Leopold of Koburg, to whom I had given myself up body and soul with the confidence of a loving heart only a year before, and from my cousin Christian Stockmar, whom I had loved and honoured like an elder brother, in whom I and my mother had put the blindest confidence.

I have never seen either of the men again, never again exchanged a line with them. That ugly severance went through the whole long human life.

My union with Prince Leopold was dissolved by our mutual representative, Karl Stockmar, in the same mysterious manner as it had been formed the year before. Karl Stockmar has sent me regularly the interest of the modest capital which was stipulated for me in the marriage contract, till new troubles necessitated the payment of the capital itself.

My brother Louis did *not* come to London for good, and of course did *not* enter the prince's service.

On the 26th of June, 1830, died King George IV. of England, seated in his chair. His head suddenly fell upon the page's shoulder, and he uttered faintly, "Oh God, I am dying! This is death." And he *was* dead. He had burst a blood-vessel.

Whilst the people were jubilant over the king's decease, and great preparations were being made for a brilliant funeral, my mother and I drove out of the excited London, and took the road for Dover, leaving England for ever.

With what different feelings had we traversed the same route hardly thirteen months before, trusting in loving allurements and golden promises! And how completely were the pinions of our souls broken now!

Although when in the oppressive bonds I had often cried "Freedom, freedom!" as the hart panteth for the water-brooks! although on mother's trying to console me by saying, "Lina, at least here we have no more sordid cares as at the theatre!" I had ever answered, "But also no joy! Oh mother could I move about with the poorest wandering, troop, and play and struggle for the daily bread, I should be happier than here in the gilded cage in which I feel spirit and heart grow more and more torpid every day."

Now I was free, but at what cost! How much that was sad and bitter had I experienced during these thirteen months! I felt humbled before myself—disgraced. My heart was sore and full of bitterness and weary to death.

So I returned into my German home. I felt so autumnally dull, as if within me and around me all, everything, had withered and burned out. And I was but three-and-twenty!

As I write down these words I weep painful tears —tears of the most heartfelt compassion for the blooming, fair Lina, who till a year before had been childlike, harmless, and pure of heart, who in the prime of life was destined to experience so much that was painful and depressing. I feel as if it was not I for whom I am mourning, but for a Lina long departed.

This is intensified by the tormenting "Why? why such bitter things for me?" which has been tormenting me for almost half a century, and to which I cannot find an answer yet.

Why was it that a true, noble mother and her happily gifted, enthusiastic daughter were destined to be brought into a troubled ambiguous connection, to the complications of which they were unequal, owing to their complete want of practical worldly wisdom? We too had never understood how to calculate cunningly, how to watch for and utilize worldly advantages, in fact, how to assert ourselves.

Why was it permitted that a sweet, charming felicity was held out to me in a mirror, which turned out to be but a deceitful will-o'-the-wisp to allure me into the mire?

Why was it that I, just I, a young, sanguine life-loving creature, should fall the prey of a surfeited, heart-shrunk, self-loving pedant, to be his toy for a moment, a toy which amuses to-day and is caressed, which is abandoned indifferently to-morrow, and then may perish in the dust.

Why? This query tormented my mother on her death-bed, and she found no answer to it. I am still facing this "why?"

Shall I, in my last hour on earth, shall I, beyond the stars, ever learn the whole truth, and have an insight into this "why?"

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Before I conclude this, the most painful chapter of my life, I have still something to say regarding the characters of its two heroes.

Since King Leopold I. of Belgium belongs to history, and since Ernst Baron Stockmar, formerly keeper of the privy purse to Queen Victoria of England, and, later on, private secretary to the Crown Princess Victoria of Prussia, edited and published the "Memorable Events from the Papers of Baron Christian Friedrich von Stockmar," both King Leopold and Christian von Stockmar stand in the eyes of the world as great, wise, unselfish politicians, and strong, noble characters; and yet I, a young, inexperienced girl, have observed in both, but too often, ignoble purposes, vacillating action, and very human weakness, and not rarely have had the courage to differ from them.

Christian Stockmar was my near relation, my friend, my counsellor, in whom I had had the most implicit confidence from infancy. His protecting hand led me into the arms of Prince Leopold. It was his letter to Private Chamberlain Timm that induced the good King Friedrich Wilhelm III. to relax my stage contract, and with a "God speed," to allow me to set out on that luckless "journey to fortune," confiding in Baron Christian von Stockmar and Prince Leopold of Koburg, in their words and their reputation.

Stockmar's nature was a strange mixture; on the one side he was strong and unmanageable as a bull, shaking off everybody who wanted to seize him by the horns in order to guide him; on the other hand, weak as a lamb, whom a shrew can terrify. Through his own strength, energy, and cleverness he had risen, from the modest position of body-physician to the

prince, to the influential post of counsellor to a future king who gratefully called him "mon fidèle soutien et ami." With pride Christian Freiherr von Stockmar might apply to himself our Schiller's words :—

> Rühmend darf's der Deutsche sagen
> Höher darf das Herz ihm schlagen,
> *Selbst* erschuf er sich den Werth !

But this pride, and his strongly developed self-sufficiency not rarely degenerated into haughtiness, wanton and despotic arbitrariness. Christian Stockmar loved Prince Leopold, his "most gracious master," sincerely, but yet not without some selfishness, though that selfishness was quite aloof from pecuniary interest. He much surpassed the prince in knowledge, cleverness, sagacity, energy, and strength of character; consequently he watched over, tutored, and ruled him in downright tyrannical fashion. Trusting to his pecuniary independence, obtained through a prudent marriage with his rich unloved cousin, he would not suffer the least opposition from his "most gracious master." At the same time he, in a high degree, possessed the difficult diplomatic art of making himself always indispensable.

Baron Stockmar loved Prince Leopold and his own influential position far more than he did us, the sister of his father and her daughter, for otherwise he could never have permitted that we, poor inexperienced creatures, should be sacrificed to the princely caprice of his most gracious master, whom, of course, he knew inwardly and outwardly, even to the most hidden folds of his heart. As the noble, unselfish adviser of two

inexperienced women, he ought sooner to have sacrificed his position with the prince than to have allowed that prince to allure us to England into an equivocal relationship.

It is true my cousin warned me at the beginning of the prince's suit, in a friendly way, on the occasion of our meeting in Koburg, against giving a hearing to the prince and his love-lure. But he, in doing so, merely expressed the apprehension that I, the life-loving, spoiled young artiste, would not be able to endure the "retired, still life as the morganatic spouse of the prince."

And he concealed from me that this "retired, still life" in reality was to be a kind of solitary imprisonment in a golden cell.

He did not tell me, "My master is an egotistical pedant, tormented by *ennui*, who is longing for a new piquant toy. He is but the ruin of a man, whose heart has long ceased to glow. He is no longer capable of the love that makes another happy. You must necessarily wither and perish at his desolate side, unless you can accustom yourself to a dismal vegetation."

The great diplomatist, Christian von Stockmar, did not tell me anything of all this, because he preferred to see his wearied, "most gracious master," agreeably occupied by my side, rather than in the dangerous nets of a Countess Ficquelmont, a Lady Ellenborough, or other "silly *liaisons*" which might prove dangerous even to the *fidèle soutien et ami* and his all-powerful position. He knew that the prince would be cheated and plundered neither by me nor by my mother, and that we should never try to interfere with his own influence

with the prince. Nay, that this influence could not but be strengthened through us.

If cousin Christian Stockmar had felt more readiness to sacrifice something for us than for Prince Leopold, his duty would have urged him not merely to prevent our coming to England, by all means at his command, but also to make it possible for me to continue at the stage with honour. It would have been an easy thing for his influence and that of Prince Leopold, who, with his apathetic nature, would have had no difficulty in reconciling himself to my not coming to obtain from King Friedrich Wilhelm III. a long contract, with increased salary and ultimate pension, at the Berlin court stage. Besides, the rich cousin could easily have assured us of his assistance if illness or unhappy circumstances should make the burden of the family duties too heavy for my weak shoulders. But my cousin did not possess any capacity for self-sacrifice, and so he allowed me to become the sacrifice instead.

Nor can I altogether acquit the otherwise so prudent, sagacious courtier and man of the world of frivolity,—nay, of levity, when he tied the mysterious knot. He had imagined: "When Karoline Bauer has once disappeared in England, without leaving a trace in Berlin, in Germany, nobody will think of her any more. She is as good as dead for the world, and we have her securely in our hands." The prince and Christian had no idea that a popular Berlin actress could not be suddenly effaced from the memory of her many friends like a figure you wipe off the blackboard. Great, therefore, was the dismay of these prudent, world-wise men, when, before we had reached England, there ap-

peared a paragraph in the *Spenersche Zeitung*, "Karoline Bauer, court actress of this place, is about to enter into matrimony with a German prince, residing abroad." And the sparrows on the roof twittered afterwards, "This prince is Leopold of Koburg, the widowed Prince Consort of England, the favourite candidate for the Greek crown." It was an ever new excitement when my name, coupled with that of the prince, ran through the newspapers, and each time mother and I had to pay for it. The prince and Stockmar were angry with us, as if *we* were the writers of the newspaper paragraphs; and only a year after, just a few days before the final breach, my poor mother said, sighing, "Would to Heaven we could cease to be the talk of newspapers!"

Once when, after a similar notice in a paper, I said to my cousin that dubious light would always rest upon the bond between the prince and me, since I was strictly prohibited from telling the exact truth about my relationship to the prince, Stockmar replied excitedly, "Yes, I underrated the difficulties to be overcome, and you, Karoline, are justified in charging me with having acted rashly. Of the promise to preserve silence on the point, I can, however, not release you even to-day,—nay, perhaps never. The prince's position and future in England, since, we think, his regency is not impossible, as well as his allowance of £50,000, are jeopardized if the secret about your union were to be prematurely revealed. As regards your honour in the eyes of the world, be unconcerned. I, Freiherr von Stockmar, love and esteem you now as before; and if you should become free, and I a

widower, I should not hesitate for a moment to offer you my hand and my immaculate name. You have become the prince's mate for life in as honourable a way as it was possible to effect, and nobody will dare to assert that Christian Stockmar had procured his cousin to be the prince's mistress. Should, nevertheless, attacks on your honour and reputation be made at any time, I shall know how to parry them with all my power and my whole authority."

But when, nevertheless, all kinds of nasty rumours about my connection with the prince did pass from mouth to mouth, and through the newspapers ; when Dame Fame, in her well-known passion to lay on the colour nice and thick, allotted to me one, then two, and at last even three princely sons, whom their royal father was causing to be brought up conformably to their rank as Counts Montgomery, and who later entered the Saxon army as officers, whilst I, most unnatural mother, did not concern myself about them in the smallest degree, returning merrily to the stage as Mdlle. Karoline Bauer ; when people were commenting on and inventing many other stupid things, then Christian Freiherr von Stockmar did not even once make use of his sounding name and his sharp-pointed pen for me, for his poor sacrificed cousin. Perhaps he had even totally forgotten that in England he once ventured to express such very tender feelings for me, in order to console me for neglect on the part of his most gracious master, that I indignantly showed him the door.

King Leopold of Belgium and his most humble servant, Baron Stockmar, have never pardoned me for

having bravely returned to the stage as Karoline Bauer, an enthusiastic artiste and actress, and for not having buried myself in some obscure nook of the world as the mourning "Countess Montgomery," living on the memory of the "brilliant past" and my modest royal allowance.

The Countess Montgomery would have been fast forgotten in the bustle of the world, while the artiste Karoline Bauer continued to live for years on the stage and in the journals, as an ever-gnawing worm at the conscience of King Leopold and Baron Stockmar.

These sad revelations I owe to myself before I die, after having for fully five-and-forty years preserved the strictest silence, neither confirming favourable reports about my relationship to Prince Leopold and to Baron Stockmar, nor refuting unfavourable ones. I owe to myself these confessions of one dying, in order to make clear why I returned to the stage as "Karoline Bauer," instead of posing as a *Dido abbandonata.* My glance had pierced too deeply into the so-called higher spheres of life, and the selfish, petty hearts that beat there. I had seen the miserable weakness of greatly admired men too closely. I had experienced in my own person the deadly canker of idleness, of living only for the amusement of wearied men of high birth, even to the stale dregs. I had been obliged, since I left the beloved stage, to play in life the most wretched comedy, day after day, even to self-contempt. Who could condemn me that I now, free, free once more like the bird in the air, with rapture and with a perfect thirst for human

society, returned to the natural, healthy, hale and hearty artist colony, and gaily took upon myself once more many of my old cares and misinterpretations of all sorts, and patiently bore the wrath of King Leopold and my cousin, rather than continue to vegetate as Countess Montgomery, forgotten and out of sight?

* * * * * *

Prince Leopold was soon to find a brilliant compensation for the Greek crown, lost by his own weakness. The Belgian revolution of September built up a new royal throne. Belgium tore herself from Holland, and actually chose, on the recommendation of France and England, the little Koburger for her king. Since Louis Philippe could not have this throne for his son Nemours, he was very glad to make his beloved daughter Louise Queen of the Belgians, the same daughter whom he had cautiously refused to give to the proposed King of Greece, from fear that the game of Greek royalty would not last long, and that he might, along with his daughter, have a poor son-in-law thrown back on his hands. The good citizen-king said about Prince Leopold, "I have known him long; he is a handsome cavalier, a perfect gentleman, very well instructed, very well brought up; the queen knows him too, and appreciates his merits."

Thus Leopold had to bid good-bye to England, to beautiful, quiet Claremont and its reminiscences, to the grave of his beloved Charlotte, and to the empty place by her side, which the inconsolable widower had once designated for himself.

But what became of Claremont House and the £50,000 of annual allowance which had been settled "for life" on Prince Leopold, as widower of Princess Charlotte of England? Was he to have the benefit of this allowance also as King of the Belgians in Brussels? People in England were preparing to dispute the right of the King of the Belgians to remain an English pensioner. It would certainly have caused great scandal, although Leopold's claim to the money, which had been voted to him by Parliament unconditionally, could not have been legally disallowed. And the general feeling in England was loudly expressed to the effect that as a gentleman the King of the Belgians could not accept a pension from England!

And so Leopold, well advised by his faithful Stockmar, showed himself also a prudent man. However hard he may have felt it, considering his well-known love for money, to abandon his claim to the pension, he yielded to necessity when Lord Londonderry, on the evening of the 15th July, 1831—on the 16th the new king was to set out for Brussels—questioned the Ministry in the Upper House as to what arrangement had been made with the prince regarding the continuance of his English allowance; whether it was the intention of the Government to pay the prince his English pension also when in Belgium? Lord Grey, the Prime Minister, answered evasively that a discussion on this point was unsuitable, since the annual allowance of the prince was fixed by Act of Parliament, and that the Government had not the power of interfering with it!

Christian Stockmar, in his "Memorable Events," relates regarding this matter: "Late that very evening Stockmar drew up the letter to Lord Grey. On the morning of the 16th of July he laid the draft before his master, who made some alterations, then copied it, and sent the letter, which had been dated back to the 15th, to the Minister. The letter ran somewhat thus:—

"'My Dear Lord Grey,—Before I leave the country I desire to express to you in writing the views and intentions regarding my English allowance which this morning I had the pleasure of communicating to you verbally. It is not my intention, as sovereign of Belgium, to draw any part of those revenues which at the time of my marriage were settled upon me by Act of Parliament. However, it will be known to your lordship that I have continued my household on its former footing up to the moment when I leave England, and that in consequence I have to discharge pecuniary obligations and outstanding debts, the amount of which I am unable to state with accuracy at present. As soon as the settlement of all these claims shall be accomplished, I intend to hand over my whole English annuities to trustees, immediately to be appointed, for the following purposes:—

"'The trustees are to keep the house, garden, and park of Claremont in good condition, further to pay all the salaries, pensions, and allowances which will appear to me suitable rewards for those persons who have claims on me for their faithful services during my sojourn in this country. The trustees shall, more-

over, continue to pay all contributions made either by the Princess Charlotte or by myself for benevolent purposes up to the present time. When all these claims have been satisfied, it is my desire that the balance of the annuity be paid back into the British exchequer.

"'LEOPOLD.'

"This letter Lord Grey read to the House of Lords on the 18th of July, and the Duke of Wellington expressed himself in very flattering terms about this generous resolution of the prince; for it would afford the people whom he was going to rule proof that their sovereign was above every suspicion of dependence on a foreign country. Also some honourable members of the Lower House expatiated in 'reverence and admiration' on the 'extraordinary magnanimity' of the prince, and this act of wisdom on his part. *Tant de bruit* about a matter on which two opinions could not be entertained!"

Nevertheless, Prince Leopold and Stockmar understood how to make out a pretty little account against the English, so that of the £50,000 no very great sum ever returned to the English exchequer till the death of the King of the Belgians. Naturally, also, the "pension" which I drew from King Leopold was, under some heading or other, among the "allowances" "which will appear to me suitable rewards for those persons who have claims on me for their faithful services during my sojourn in this country." Also Christian Stockmar's pension was put down to this account.

On the 21st of July, King Leopold I. made his

entry into Brussels. Ten days later his kingdom was invaded by 50,000 armed Dutch. With the aid of the English and French, Leopold succeeded in maintaining himself on his throne.

Christian Stockmar followed his most gracious master to Brussels as his confidential adviser and friend, without holding any official position in the state, in order not to rouse the distrust of the Belgians; and to his counsel and influence we may with assurance ascribe the best acts for which "the truly constitutional" King Leopold gets so much credit in the pages of history to-day. When I saw the papers praise the king's wonderful virtues, his noble manliness, lofty character, wise circumspection, penetration, courage, energy, magnanimity, a very peculiar smile would often come over me at the remembrance of that Prince Leopold I had known and found out in England.

Then, when on the 20th of June, 1837, young Queen Victoria ascended the throne, Baron Stockmar was given to her as confidential adviser by her uncle, and with the more special object of bringing about the marriage of the queen with her cousin, Prince Albert of Koburg. And this position as confidential adviser at the courts of St. James and Brussels Christian Stockmar knew how to maintain to the end by his fidelity, prudence, and disinterestedness. It was likewise Stockmar who negotiated the union of the Princess Royal Victoria of England with the Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia.

Only in the spring of 1857, Stockmar retired for good to Koburg into private life. This he announced to King Leopold in these words:—

"In the year 1837, or more than twenty years ago, I once more came to England in order to assist Princess Victoria, now queen. I shall be seventy this year, and mentally and physically am no longer fit to perform the duties of a paternal friend and tried confessor. I must say good-bye, and this time it will be for ever. The law of nature will have it thus. And I am happy that I can do so with a pure conscience; for as long as I had the strength to do so I worked with an irreproachable intention. This consciousness is the reward I alone desired to win, and my beloved master and friend, readily and gladly, in his innermost heart, from a perfect knowledge of all things and persons concerned, gives me the testimony that I merit it."

It was a melancholy "still life" and a dismal tranquillity which Stockmar went to enjoy in Koburg. On the 3rd of March, 1863, he wrote to King Leopold: "I confess that I was not prepared for so comfortless an old age. Often, very often, I am near despair. The riddles of this life prove more and more difficult for me hourly. Mind and soul grow confused when a sort of melancholy has become the fundamental character of their reflections."

Old, broken, dying Stockmar had most to suffer from the hard heart and the hard hand of his unloving wife, who now most bitterly revenged herself for all the neglect and want of love on his part when he was young and away from her. And the man who once had ruled princes and peoples was now powerless, face to face with the tyranny and sordid avarice of his wife. During his illness, which lasted several years, he could not always, either by prayers or commands,

procure in his own house even a bowl of broth, and felt grateful when his two aged sisters brought him the refreshing food! And how keenly must he, the generous, noble courtier and man of the world, have felt when his wife, the Baroness Fanny von Stockmar, was fined fifteen thalers in a Koburg court, for having set before her servant food unfit for human consumption. Yes, it is true, as was said by Euripides of old, "Of all things the most difficult to conquer is a woman!" and Freiherr von Abschatz likewise sang two hundred years ago:—

Kräht die Henne und schweigt der Hahn.
Ist das Haus gar übel dran!

On the 9th of June, 1863, Freiherr Christian von Stockmar died at Koburg. His last hour was terrible. When he lay at the point of death, his hard wife took off his back his shirt and flannel jacket, that after his death, according to Koburg custom, the undertaker might not claim these objects.

Then the dying man once more opens his eyes, already dimmed by death, and looks into eyes full of hatred and scorn and satiated vengeance.

What an awful dying hour! The most wretched and forlorn beggar would not have exchanged his hour of parting with the rich, powerful, celebrated Baron Stockmar.

When Stockmar's sister Friederika told me this and other particulars, hardly less distressing, from the last period of her poor brother's life, I wept with her bitterly. No, I should not have wished so horrible a dying hour for my unhappy cousin, not even in our

bitter hour of parting, when he stung me to the quick, and wronged me in the most crying manner.

Princely gratitude has raised to Stockmar in the cemetery of Koburg a magnificent marble monument, after a design of the Crown Princess Victoria of Prussia, bearing the following inscription in German:—

"In memory of Freiherr Christian Friedrich von Stockmar, born 22nd of August, 1787, died 9th of July, 1863. Erected by his friends in the reigning houses of Belgium, Koburg, England and Prussia.

"'There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.'—Prov. xviii, 24."

Christian Stockmar has characterized himself very accurately in a letter in which he said that he seemed to exist more to care for others than for himself, and that he was very well satisfied with this fate! Later he said:—

"The singularity of my position demanded that I should always carefully efface myself, and conceal like a crime the best I intended and often carried into effect. Like a thief in the night, I often placed the seed corn in the ground, and when the plant grew up and could be seen by all, I *knew* how to ascribe the merit to others, and I *had to* do it."

Thus many a meritorious act put down to King Leopold's account was in reality due to Stockmar.

Lord Palmerston honours him with the great encomium,—

"Among politicians I have only met one man who was altogether disinterested—Stockmar."

He was, at all events, a remarkable man, to whom

I owe much, but in whom, also, I have much to forgive.

How differently my poor life might have been, how much better, happier, and purer, if cousin Christian Stockmar had been as faithful a friend to me as he was to Prince Leopold!

Also King Leopold's evening of life was a sad one, a slow, distressing decay. At last, on the 10th of December, 1865, death released him from the sufferings of years. "He died, deeply mourned by his country,—nay, by Europe, a noble prince, the circumspect founder of the Belgian dynasty," as may be read in an obituary.

The town of Mons erected a brazen monument in memory of the first King of the Belgians, with the high-sounding inscription, "Freedom of Church and schools, educational freedom, liberty to form unions, freedom of the press, independence, peace, prosperity, order, and freedom."

Almost contemporary with this a little story circulated in French newspapers which is very characteristic of the King of the Belgians, although not equally to his credit. The Parisian *Feuilletoniste* relates: "It is known that the king was passionately fond of the piano. From early in the morning till late at night a pianist played in a cabinet which a simple curtain separated from the king's apartment. The most curious thing is that the king never felt the desire to make the acquaintance of the artist who delighted him by his skill. A marshal of the court every morning prepared the programme of the day for him. After five years our pianist resolved to marry, and for this purpose asked for a day's leave of absence. '*Diable!*'

cried the majordomo, 'what are you asking? A day's leave of absence! Are you aware that this is an important matter?' 'But a marriage, *vis major*.' 'No doubt, no doubt, but a day's leave of absence!' 'But five years without interruption.' 'Certainly, certainly! I will lay the matter before him, but I don't believe—'

"Next morning the pianist, full of anxiety, called for an answer. 'What did the king resolve?' 'He has roundly refused it; I told you so at first.' And our poor artist had to get hurriedly married during a pause between two pieces."

Who does not in this story recognize the old pedantic egotist for whom I too had once to play hour after hour with benumbed fingers and dull, desolate heart, whilst his Highness, clad in fur, warmed himself at a blazing fire?

"But let all be forgotten and forgiven, that the same may be done to me," wrote Christian Stockmar shortly before his death, when closing his moral account-books.

Also I will try to forget and to forgive.

END OF VOL. II.